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MODERN HAGIOLOGY:

An Examination of

THE NATURE AND TENDENCY OF SOME LEGENDARY AND DEVOTIONAL WORKS

LATELY PUBLISHED UNDER THE SANCTION OF

THE REV. J. H. NEWMAN, THE REV. DR. PUSEY,
AND
THE REV. F. OAKELEY.

BY THE REV.

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RECTOR OF ST. MARY-AT-HILL, AND ST. ANDREW HUBBARD, LONDON.

VOL. I.

Whatsoever is not truth can be no part of Christian religion.—South.

LONDON:

JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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PREFACE.

The following pages, which originally appeared, in a somewhat different form, in *The British Magazine*, are now reprinted, with no other alterations in the text, than such as appeared necessary in order to render my meaning more distinctly understood. With the same intention, I have thought it advisable to introduce a few additional sentences; and, in one or two cases, passages from the books under consideration, which I had omitted to notice in the Magazine, have been inserted under their proper heads. These alterations, however, as I have already stated, affect my work no further than to make my meaning plainer; since, on the most careful consideration, I have found no reason to retract anything which I had originally said. On the contrary, the events of the last few weeks, have given but too sad a confirmation to the views I had taken of a movement, which has left such fearful memorials of the erroneous principles on which it was undertaken and conducted. It may be right (though I

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suppose it can scarcely be necessary) to state, that the views here submitted to the public were not founded on private information relative to the state of the party, or the secret intentions of their leaders. How far any persons among them might have connected themselves with the agents of the Jesuits and the emissaries of Rome, I had no means of knowing, when I began to write. I had no secret intelligence. I pretended to none. But, looking solely to that which it was as competent to any one else in the community to pronounce upon,—namely, their own works, and the books published, without any attempt at concealment, under their sanction or direction, it appeared to me, that no reasonable doubt could be entertained of this party having a formed and settled design to introduce popery into the church of England, and to bring the country back again once more into subjection to the Court of Rome.

It was with such views of the projects of this party that, in November, 1844, I commenced in the British Magazine, the series of papers entitled Modern Hagiology, which were continued in the Magazine, without any interruption, until December, 1845, and which form the substance of the present work.

I mention these dates merely to let my reader understand, that very much the greater portion of these volumes had been printed before Mr. Newman had declared himself a Roman Catholic, and while

many of his friends were unwilling to believe that he had any intention of taking such a step. Since that step has been taken, indeed, some of his friends have informed the public, that for the last four years he had, while outwardly conforming to the church, been in heart and intention a Roman Catholic. But, whatever be the truth of that statement—whatever authority they may have had for making it—I had no information when I wrote, to lead me to suppose that such were Mr. Newman's intentions. The view of the nature and tendencies of this movement taken in the following pages, was formed solely on a consideration of his published writings,—of books published under his sanction,—and of the works of his friends and coadjutors.

This, however, would scarcely have been considered a sufficient reason for giving these volumes to the public, had there not been other circumstances which made it appear desirable that the statements and arguments they contain should have a wider circulation, and be offered to the notice of some who may not be in the habit of seeing the Magazine in which they originally appeared.

I cannot but think, that there is something in this movement far more deserving the attention of the public, than either the fate of the movement itself, or the conduct of its leaders. There are features in this system of permanent interest; and it has been my constant anxiety and effort in this work to impress

this on my reader's mind. What has made this movement so mischievous, is not the particular direction it has taken. No man is less disposed than I am to underrate the evils or the errors of Popery. But I believe, that we deceive ourselves, when we suffer the Romanizings of this party to divert our attention from the origin and source (as it has happened) of their Romanizings. For, from the year 1828, when Dr. Pusey came forward to charge the late Mr. Rose with abandoning the fundamental principles of Protestantism, and derogating from the independence and inherent power of the Word of God, down to 1845, when his principles have developed themselves into an undisguised advocacy and propagation of Jesuitism,—it was the loose method this party adopted of interpreting—or, rather, of explaining away—the Holy Scriptures, and the defective notions of the value and sacredness of truth they have from the beginning manifested, and which lie at the root of all such spiritual and allegorical interpretations,—this it was, which constituted the real evil and danger of the movement. This it was, which gave the party an inherent determination to error of some sort or other. This it was which infected all their views of theology, urged them downwards from one stage of error to another, and made them,—all along, and at every period of their unhappy career,—whether as commentators, as dogmatic divines, as ecclesiastical historians, or as

parish priests,—the unsafe guides which the church has by too painful an experience proved them to have been.

Besides the necessity of exposing these false principles, for the sake of such as may still be in danger of being misled by those of the party who have not yet left the Church,—the chief reason for discussing the character of this movement must be, to lead men to regard it, as an illustration and a warning, (as it really is) of the danger of the false principles themselves. For whatever becomes of this movement—loose methods of interpreting Scripture, and loose notions of truth and falsehood can never be otherwise than mischievous to the Church. Nor is the Church ever likely to be wholly secure against the dangers arising from these sources, so long as weak and vain and restless men,—so long as men fonder of poetry than of fact, shall be found within her pale. A most instructive warning, indeed, has this movement given us, of the fatal consequences of trifling with truth ; and for this reason alone, it appeared likely to be of some service to the Church hereafter to have that warning put on record.

There is no security—there can be none,—no protection whatever, against heresy of any sort or degree, in any Church where the figurative, and spiritual, and mystical, and allegorical modes of explaining away the inspired volume find toleration. Be it the School of Origen,—or the School of Meditation,

—or the Prophetical School, with its year-day hypothesis to evade the grammatical meaning of the text, —whether the tendency be to Romanism or Mysticism, to Presbyterianism or Neologianism—the principle of interpretation is the same;—and the same want of reverence for truth,—gloss it over as men will —lies at the root and foundation of the principle, into whatever form of error the principle may be developed. This is a permanent danger. And the exhibition of the consequences of surrendering one's judgment to such a principle, is that which seems to me to give its chief value to any investigation of the system and movement of which Mr. Newman and Dr. Pusey are the exponents.

And, be it remembered, that though Mr. Newman has become a Romanist, and Mr. Oakeley has followed the example of his leader, Dr. Pusey still remains;— and since Mr. Newman has left the Church, Dr. Pusey, as his friends have informed the public, (and his conduct abundantly confirms the information) has put himself forward as the leader of the party. Under such circumstances, it seems a plain duty, to give the public an opportunity of judging of the nature of the system which Dr. Pusey is now endeavouring to propagate amongst us; and it is believed, that abundant materials for forming such a judgment will be found in these volumes. How far Dr. Pusey may or may not have connected himself with the Jesuits in this country, I know not.

But of this I am certain, that a very moderate acquaintance with the doctrine, morals, and discipline of the Jesuits, and of the methods by which they contrive to entrap young people into their society, will convince any one who reads the works lately published by Dr. Pusey, that—whatever may be his ulterior object—he is now endeavouring, not merely to Romanize the Church, but to propagate Jesuitism, in its worst and most mischievous form, among the young and inexperienced of both sexes in this country. It is melancholy to be obliged to bring proofs of such a charge. But if men choose to engage in such pernicious projects, it becomes a duty to give warning of their proceedings. The charge and the proofs are now laid before the public. The evil still exists. The danger is still imminent. The scheme is not abandoned—far from it. The reins have fallen from Mr. Newman's hands indeed; —rather he has resigned them to Dr. Pusey—and Dr. Pusey seems determined to persevere in his career, until he has impregnated the Church with Jesuitical principles, and has laid the foundation of such a schism as even Mr. Newman's influence and example have failed to effect.

While such schemes, therefore, are on foot, it seems a duty to call attention to the proceedings of those engaged in them, and with this object these volumes have been prepared for publication.

Some, perhaps, are still disposed to give credence

to specious generalities and plausible professions of attachment to the Church, which appear to say a vast deal—but which, when those who make them shall have proceeded to secession, we shall be told contain nothing they need to retract. If any such charitable persons should happen to open these volumes, I shall beg their serious consideration of the matter here laid before them. The great body of the clergy in both countries, are not likely to have their principles shaken. For the young and inexperienced the warning may be more needful. Would that I might have reason to hope, that any who have already been beguiled into the paths of error, may be led by anything I have written, to pause—to consider what the end of such courses must be—and to retrace their steps before it be too late.

In conclusion, let me commend to the attention of my readers, the following observations of Bacon,—in his "Advertisement, touching the Controversies of the Church of England,"—descriptive of a state of things in so many particulars similar to the present.

"The Church never wanteth a kind of persons which love the salutation of *Rabbi*, *Master;* not in ceremony, or compliment, but in an inward authority, which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinions, and to seek knowledge at their lips. These men are the true successors of *Diotrephes* the lover of pre-eminence; and not, *Lord Bishops.* Such spirits do light upon

another sort of natures, which do adhere to these men; *Quorum gloria in obsequio;* stiff followers, and such as zeal marvellously for those whom they have chosen for their masters. This latter sort, for the most part, are men of young years and superficial understanding; carried away with partial respects of persons, or with the enticing appearance of godly names and pretences: *Pauci res ipsas sequuntur, plures nomina rerum, plurimi nomina magistrorum.* Few follow the things themselves, more the names of the things, and most the names of their masters.

"About these general affections, are wreathed and interlaced, accidental and private emulations and discontentments; all which, together, break forth into contentions; such as either violate truth, sobriety, or peace. These generalities apply themselves. The universities are the seat, or the continent, of this disease; whence it hath been, and is derived, into the rest of the realm. There men will no longer be, *é numero,* of the number. There do others side themselves, before they know their right hand from their left. So it is true, which is said; *Transeunt ab ignorantiâ, ad præjudicium.* They skip from ignorance to a prejudicate opinion, and never take a sound judgment in their way. But, as it is well noted; *Inter juvenile judicium, et senile præjudicium, omnis veritas corrumpitur:* through want of years, when men are not indif-

ferent, but partial, then their judgment is weak and unripe. And when it groweth to strength and ripeness, by that time, it is forestalled with such a number of prejudicate opinions, as it is made unprofitable: so as, between these two, all truth is corrupted. In the meanwhile the honourable names of sincerity, reformation, and discipline, are put in the fore-ward; so as contentions and evil zeals cannot be touched, except these holy things be thought first to be violated. But, howsoever they shall infer the solicitation for the peace of the Church to proceed from *carnal sense*, yet, I will conclude, ever, with the apostle Paul; *Cum sit inter vos, zelus et contentio, nonne carnales estis?* While there is amongst you zeal and contention, are ye not carnal? And howsoever they esteem the compounding of controversies to savour of *man's wisdom*, and *human policy*, and think themselves led by the wisdom which is from above; yet I say with Saint James; *Non est ista sapientia desursum descendens; sed terrena, animalis, diabolica. Ubi enim zelus, et contentio, ibi inconstantia, et omne opus pravum.* Of this inconstancy it is said by a learned Father; *Procedere volunt, non ad perfectionem, sed ad permutationem:* they seek to go forward still, not to perfection, but to change."

On reading such a description one feels, that, after all, the Tractarian movement is nothing more than a new development of Puritanism. How far this

later development may have been originated and directed by secret intrigues, similar to those, which, when Bacon wrote, were stealthily and darkly preparing the way for the destruction of the Church and throne, and the calamities of the great rebellion, time alone will discover.

J. C. CROSTHWAITE.

St. Mary-at-Hill.
January, 1846.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: THEIR ROMISH CHARACTER—PRAISE OF THE JESUITS.

Those persons who, at different periods, have endeavoured to propagate opinions on questions of religion and morals, have seldom failed to perceive the use that may be made of biography. Few instruments, indeed, can be found more powerful for such a purpose,—whenever the writer has the skill and ingenuity to insinuate his own peculiar views, by the exhibition of the actions and character of some real or imaginary person, in whom he contrives to interest his readers, before they have discovered, that what they are reading has been written and constructed for a purpose. Where the purpose has been honestly avowed, the reader has, of course, no reason to complain of being entrapped into the reception of opinions without notice or expectation. Still, even where the purpose is sufficiently indicated to protect the writer from a charge of disingenuousness on that score, it may sometimes be the duty of those who have any share in conducting the periodical literature of the country, to interfere, and point out the objectionable character

of a work. For instance, when anything like a systematic effort is made to introduce and recommend error and heresy in an attractive and seductive form, it becomes necessary to protect from danger those, who could perhaps protect themselves, if they would take the trouble to put together and compare passages and statements, that may occur incidentally in a series of volumes,—but who are either too indolent to take this trouble for themselves, or have not the opportunity, or, from various reasons, require to have facts pointed out to their observation. And, indeed, if this office be honestly and fairly discharged, it is, perhaps, one of the most useful services that can be rendered to the church, and therefore, one of the most legitimate employments for the pages of such a publication as the British Magazine has always aimed to be.

The movement which originated twelve years ago in Oxford, is part of the history of the church of England. What its ultimate effects will be, it is not for human sagacity to conjecture. But it is impossible for any one who has any regard for the doctrines of the Bible and Common Prayer Book, to read the works now in course of publication under Mr. Newman's sanction, without feeling it to be the imperative duty of those who are at all concerned in watching over the publications of the day, to bring clearly and distinctly before the church, the nature and tendency of the opinions

which this party are avowedly endeavouring to disseminate.

Rather more than a twelvemonth ago, Mr. Newman issued a prospectus of a work in periodical numbers, to be entitled, the *Lives of the English Saints.* Of these, seven volumes* have been already published. They scarcely pretend to throw any light on the history of our church; and, indeed, the writers are not very particular in telling us, where they met with the strange stories they are retailing rather as legends than as matters of fact; so that the chief, perhaps the only, value of the work is, the illustration it affords of the ultimate objects of the movement of which Mr. Newman is the acknowledged leader. Any question of that sort the "Lives of the English Saints" must set completely at rest. Of course, it is not meant, that any doubt can exist as to the nature of Mr. Newman's teaching. The British Critic, his printed Sermons on Subjects of the Day, his Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles,—any one of these is sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous. But still this new work comes later;—and, consequently, it will serve to answer, and, in point of fact, it does fully and completely answer, a question, which charity would desire to see answered in a manner favourable to his reputation—namely, whether he has been induced to reconsider opinions, and modify, if not retract, language, that, he is per-

* Six more have appeared since.

fectly aware, have been deemed objectionable and improper by the highest authorities in the church of which he is still understood to be a clergyman.

The character, then, of this new work, the *Lives of the English Saints*, is decidedly, and on many points, extravagantly Romish. It is, in fact, Popish, using that term, to distinguish the ultra-Romanist from the more moderate school of that communion. On points where ultra-Romanists have disagreed, there does not appear much to indicate the writers belonging to any particular school of theology within that communion—for example, the Dominican as opposed to the Franciscan. Their doctrinal opinions may be various; but, as Mr. Newman says, they are "not divergent." Certainly, there is no symptom of any degree of variety, amounting to divergency from any peculiar or distinguishing tenet of popery. On the contrary, the impression on the attentive reader's mind would be, that these works were either written by members of the order of Jesuits, or by those who, (however willing some of them perhaps may still be, to be thought in communion with our church,) are endeavouring to promote the views of that order. The following passage seems inexplicable on any other supposition. It occurs in the sixth volume, in the commencement of the *Life of St. Adamnan*:—

To a pious person, surely, no matter what his opinions may be, the degeneracy of religious institutes and orders

must be a humbling and distressing subject for reflection. Yet by literary men of later days, and especially by *Protestants and other heretics*, this degeneracy has been laid hold of with almost a desperate eagerness, either for the purpose of sneering at religion altogether, or vilifying the *holy Roman church*, or discountenancing the strictness of catholic morals. Now let it be admitted fully that this degeneracy is a fact, and that it has taken place in many instances almost incredibly soon after the first fervour of a new institute, *always excepting*, as truth compels us, *the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*, which, *next to the visible church*, may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world*.—pp. 119, 120.

Whether the author of this passage be a Jesuit—a *professed* member of what he is pleased to call "*the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*," or not, it may not be easy for "*Protestants and other heretics*" to ascertain. But this much is evident, that no one who knew what he was writing about, would have committed himself in such a manner, unless he was willing to be thought an admirer of the Jesuits, and a promoter of their designs. And certainly, the fact of such a passage appearing in a work brought out by Mr. Newman,*

* I think it right to say here, once for all, what has been already stated in an Editorial note in the January number of the British Magazine, 1845, p. 36, with reference to Mr. Newman's connexion with the Lives of the English Saints; namely,—that, whether he has ever written a single line in these books or not, he has made himself responsible for the whole, and such he is considered by every well-informed person whom I have conversed with. In September, 1843, Mr. Newman issued a prospectus, stating that he was about to edit a series of Lives of the English Saints: and in the second

gives a very remarkable colour to the movement in which he has occupied so prominent a position. When an author sneers at "*Protestants and other heretics*," as the vilifiers of the "*holy Roman church*," there can be but one feeling among right-minded persons, as to the indecency of a clergyman of our church giving any countenance or sanction to such

---

volume of these lives, when they did appear, Mr. Newman put an advertisement dated April 1, 1844, in which he refers to the "earlier prospectus, in which Lives of the English Saints, by various authors, were promised under his *editorship*," and he distinctly repeats the statement he had made in the first volume, "that the Lives now published formed part of that series." It is Mr. Newman himself, therefore, who has informed the public that he is the editor of these pernicious books. He did so, first in his original prospectus, announcing his intention of editing the series. He has done so since, by stating, in an advertisement prefixed to one of these volumes, that though he is not the author, he is the editor, and that these books are part of the series he had "promised under his editorship." Every word of the papers in the British Magazine was written, as I now write, under a full and conscientious belief, that for these Lives of the English Saints Mr. Newman, and Mr. Newman *alone*, is responsible. There may be anonymous persons, whose responsibility is devolved on him; but this is done by his permission, and with a full consciousness on his part, that, while he thus voluntarily places himself between them and the public, all the praise or blame is exclusively his own.

The Advertisement referred to is in these words:—

"*The Editor* of the Life of St. Stephen Harding is concerned to find that he should have so expressed himself about it as to be mistaken by some persons for *the author*. He thought he had sufficiently guarded against such an accident by his reference, in the Advertisement, to an earlier Prospectus, in which Lives of the English Saints *by various authors*, were promised under his *editorship*, and by his statement that *the Lives now published* formed portions of that series. "J. H. N.

"April 1, 1844."

writing. But when a clergyman in Mr. Newman's position in the University, the head of a party still exercising considerable influence among the younger members of the church, comes forward as the editor of a work in which the order of Jesuits is described as "the *most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*, which, next to the visible church, may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world*,"—the whole movement must be felt to assume a very serious aspect indeed.

This is not the only passage in these works, in which the writer connects his attachment to "St. Ignatius" with a sneer at the Reformation. The words in immediate connexion with the passage just quoted from the Life of St. Adamnan, will afford another example of the same sort. The writer continues his defence of monasticism thus—

> History certainly bears witness to this decay; but it must not be stated in the exaggerated way usual to many. It was not till the end of the tenth century that the decline of monastic fervour began to lead to abuses and corruptions; and for at least six centuries what almost miraculous perfection, heavenly love, self-crucifying austerities, mystical union with God, and stout-hearted defence of the orthodox faith, reigned among the quietly succeeding generations of the Egyptian cenobites and solitaries? In the thirteenth century again the church interfered, and at her touch, as if with the rod of Moses, there sprung forth those copious streams which satisfied the extraordinary thirst of Christendom in those times. The revered names of St. Dominic and St. Francis may remind us of what that age did.—p. 120.

This is not exactly the manner in which any sound member of our church would write: but it is the sentences which follow, that the reader is requested to attend to.

And when was the church of Rome ever so great, ever so obviously the mother of saints, or when did she ever so wonderfully develope the hidden life within her, *as in the sixteenth century? St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis Borgia*, St. Francis of Sales, St. Philip Neri, St. Felix of Cantalice, and many others, sprung almost simultaneously from the bosom of a church, *so utterly corrupt and anti-Christian* that *part of mankind deemed it necessary to fall off from her lest their souls should not be saved!*—Ibid.

Of course, it may be natural enough for those who regard the church of Rome in the sixteenth century as "the *Mother of Saints,*" in the full *development of* "*the hidden life within her,*" to look with pity and contempt on the infatuation and stupidity of those who "deemed it necessary to fall off from her, lest their souls should not be saved." This is all natural enough; but the connexion of the names of St. Ignatius and his brother Jesuits with this sneer at the Reformation, is too remarkable to be passed over. Nor will any one, who knows anything of the Jesuits' notions of civil government, fail of being struck by the language which follows. The writer goes on to say:—

Stated then, fairly and moderately, let the fact of monastic degeneracy be admitted, and what follows? Is it anything more than an illustration of the catholic doctrine of original sin? Is it a fit or decent subject of triumph to miserable sinners who share personally in the corrup-

tion of their fellows? When such boastings are introduced into historical panegyrics of *constitutions*, *parliaments*, *monarchies*, republics, federacies, and the like, *what is it but an à fortiori argument against such mere worldly institutions?*—Ibid.

Really it is high time for people to ask, where this movement is to end; and whether its authors mean to take the state in hand, when they have completed the revolutionizing of the church?

In the same volume, in the life of St. Oswald, there is another very remarkable passage, where the author connects a scarcely covert defence of the iniquitous conduct of the Jesuits in their foreign missions, with a rather curious disclosure of the ultimate designs of the present movement:—

There is nothing which the world has so doggedly continued to misunderstand as the conduct of missionaries among barbarians and misbelievers. It is ever demanding in their conduct towards their converts a strictness which it calls gloom and bigotry when brought near to itself; and unable to comprehend *the pliancy there is in Christian wisdom*, and what a depth there is in *the very simplicity of its policy*, men cry out against what they call *lax accommodations and a betraying of the truth*. Yet it is not a little significant that the very persons who have been mostly accused of this have been in their treatment of themselves most self-denying and austere.—p. 56.

So far the reference seems merely to the missions of the Jesuits. But the author, without any apparent reason, immediately transfers his argument from a heathen mission to one in a country professedly Christian;—leaving an impression on the mind, as if he thought it somehow necessary to

explain the reason, why a certain policy which some of his friends may deem over-cautious and temporizing, is still pursued at home. His words are as follows:—

A strict discipline is not the remedy for a *long chronic disorder of laxity and remissness.* It amounts to an excommunication; and destroys souls by repelling them from the very shadow of the influence under which its object is to bring them. Of course it is a difficult thing *to raise the standard of holiness in a church*, a see, a parish, or a monastery, without somewhat terrifying the minds of men; yet it is possible, and it is needful, to find the means of doing so *without* the *sudden introduction* of such a severe and ascetic discipline *as one hopes to come to at the last.* The lives of half the saints on record were spent in the successful solution of this problem: missionaries among the heathen, bishops in sees wasted with simony, priests in parishes lost in ignorant superstitions, abbots in dissolute monasteries. And *it may be that this is the very problem which is to be somehow or other solved in our own days among us descendants of those very Saxons* whom the zeal of Corman failed to convert, but whom the gentle rigours of St. Aidan built up as living stones into a very great and glorious church. The tender but pure system of discipline introduced into Italy by St. Alfonso,* toward the conclusion of the last century, though it met with clamour and opposition from the rigid party, has probably been one main cause of the singular revival of spirituality in that part of the church.—pp. 56, 57.

How clearly indicative of the designs of the party this passage is, will probably appear before we have gone much further.

* This is Liguori, the author of that fearfully blasphemous and idolatrous work, *The Glories of Mary.*

CHAPTER II.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: THEIR DOCTRINE OF EXPIATORY PENANCE.

In demonstrating that the object of these Lives of the English Saints is to recommend the peculiar doctrines of the church of Rome, the abundance of proof is so great, that the chief difficulty lies in the necessity of selection, lest the patience of the reader should be wearied by multiplicity of quotations. Some of the most important passages shall now be laid before him.

For instance,—take the Romish doctrine of the expiatory nature of penance. In the fourth volume, —in the Life of St. Bartholomew the hermit,—the author (in pursuance of a notion frequently put forward in these books, that monks and hermits are the only persons likely to succeed as missionaries) says:—

> Who but such a confessor could have forced men like the wild border barons of the north to relax their iron grasp on the spoils of the poor, and *to atone for their sins* by penance?—*Hermit Saints*, p. 144.

Again, in the conclusion of the Life of St. Bettelin, in the same volume, we read—

> And this is all that is known, and more than all,—yet nothing to what the angels know,—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and *did penance and washed out his sins*, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven.—p. 72.

This notion of *washing out sins* by means of penance, occurs in other places. In the first volume, —in the Life of St. Stephen the founder of the Cistercians,—a certain person is represented as having seen the Cistercians in a vision, and having been desired by the Lord Jesus Christ to enter their order. In his vision, he sees a river which is too deep for him to ford. The story goes on to say:—

As he roamed about in quest of a place where he might cross it, he saw upon the bank, twelve or fourteen poor men washing their garments in the stream. Amongst them was one clad in a white garment of dazzling brightness, and his countenance and form were very different from the rest; he went about helping the poor men to wash the spots off their clothes; when he had helped one, he went to help another. The clerk went up to this august person, and said, 'What men are ye?' And he answered, 'These poor men are *doing penance, and washing themselves from their sins; I am the Son of God, Jesus Christ*, without whose aid neither they nor any one else can do good. This beautiful city which thou seest is paradise, where I dwell; he who has washed his clothes white—that is, *done penance for his sins*—shall enter into it. Thou thyself hast been searching long enough for the way to enter into it, but there is no other way, but this one which leads to it.'—pp. 75, 76.

Few persons can need to have the impiety of such a fable pointed out to their notice. It is, indeed, of falsehoods and fables that the lives of these saints are chiefly constructed, and by such impostures are the authors seeking to recommend the errors which they themselves have adopted. But the veracity of

the stories and the regard the authors have manifested for truth must be considered hereafter.

In the life of St. William, (p. 44,) we read the following:—

The tears which gush from the really broken and contrite heart, *unite in wonderful co-operation with the blood of the Holy Lamb, to wash*, as we may say, *once more the sinful soul.*

To persons educated in ignorance and superstition, one has no wish to ascribe any irreverence in the use of language like this. But how any one brought up in one of our universities—educated in the worship and faith of our church, can write and print such fearful impiety, is wholly inexplicable. However, it is perfectly vain in those who write in this way, to profess any attachment to our church, or any regard for the vows of their ordination.

Take another instance:—

Pain in itself is not pleasing to God, and an austere life, *unless it be joined by charity to Christ's sufferings*, becomes simple pain, for His merits alone *convert our sufferings into something sacramental*, and *make them meritorious in the eyes of God.*—St. Stephen, p. 98.

Another, still more remarkable, is in the life of St. Oswald. A plague broke out among his people—

And though it does not appear that the plague was lying on the people because of the monarch's sins, yet he humbly *entreated God to take himself and his family as victims of the cruel disease, and to spare his people.*—p. 62.

The impiety of such a prayer the author felt to be rather too obvious, and so he proceeds to say,

Of course none but a very holy person could venture without profaneness on such a prayer as this: and like St. Paul's supplication for Israel, it was PERHAPS offered up *under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.*—Ibid.

And so, although the prayer is palpably and avowedly profane, yet the author sees no profanity in suggesting, by way of helping out the difficulty of imputing such a prayer to a saint, that "PERHAPS" it was "offered up under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." But let us see how he proceeds—

To pray for the high and awful privileges of suffering is something more than to covet them. Love will prompt even those, whose obedience is but scant and sorry measure, to covet earnestly for poverty, contempt, obscurity, loneliness, and pain, who yet would feel that it was unbecoming for men of their poor attainments to pray directly for such things, lest the petition should spring from a momentary heat, not from a bold and steadfast tranquillity; and then *it would be so very dreadful were God to answer it*, and we to fail beneath the trial.—St. Oswald, pp. 62, 63.

This is pretty much what Mr. Newman had already said, in one of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. But, that any one, unless his notions of Christianity were radically false and erroneous, could write in such a manner, is impossible. The author goes on then to tell us, that St. Oswald's "*venturous* prayer" (rather an extraordinary term to apply to a prayer which even this author does not dare to justify, except on the ground that, "*perhaps*," it was inspired,) was literally answered. Oswald was seized with an unusually violent attack

of the plague, and—but let the author speak for himself—

> And there he lay upon his cross, *an acceptable expiation, through the meritorious intercession* of his Lord, *for the sins of his people.*

Really, one knows not what to say or think of such a passage as this. God forbid that the church of England should ever be reduced to such a state of ignorance and superstition, as to require any one to point out the impiety of such writing. And is this, then, the end of the Movement which professed to restore church principles? Is this the doctrine which is to be substituted for the doctrine of the church of England? Is this the end of university distinctions, and literary fame, and the reputation of learning, and a name for a high and transcendental piety, and an influence at one time as wide as ever was exercised by any private clergyman in our church?

Oswald, however, did not die. "While he thus lay expecting death, *offering his life for the life of others*," he saw a vision, which foretold his recovery, and subsequent martyrdom: and then the author tells us—

> His bodily health was now restored, the infection went no further, for the plague was stayed in the person of the saint, and *the angel of wrath appeased by his self-sacrifice.* —p. 64.

When one recollects with what indignation Mr. Newman's party used to endeavour to clear them-

selves of the charge of obscuring the doctrine of the atonement by their system, such passages as these appear in no small degree instructive.

If such is the view of the atonement and the expiatory power of penance which Mr. Newman is desiring to introduce into our church, one cannot wonder at his doctrine of confession. In the life of St. Adamnan is a long passage, in which the writer endeavours to prove, that if the church were in a proper state, young men, who had been led into habits of vicious indulgence and dissipation in their youth, would not be suffered quietly to reform their conduct, "enter on their professions, marry, settle in life, and by an imperceptible process slide into good Christian people." No; they should first be put through a course, and an enduring course, of penance. It is not quite clear, whether the author does not think that they should even be compelled, or at least recommended, to enter the cloister. St. Adamnan, whom he proposes for an example of what should be done in such cases, became a monk.

> He led a life of the strictest continence, *took the monastic habit and vows*, often spent entire nights in prayer, and *ate only on Thursdays and Sundays, taking no sustenance of any kind during the rest of the week.*—p. 129.

And this, the author pretends, has "a great many things in it strikingly resembling St. Paul's carefulness, clearing of themselves, indignation, fear, vehement desire, zeal, and revenge, whereof he speaks to

the Corinthians." He seems, however, to feel, that it is going rather too far to lay down this pattern as a universal rule, and so he resorts (as elsewhere in these books) to the Romish notion (expressed, too, in all the technicalities of popery) of one sort of religion being required in some particular persons, and another in the generality of mankind.

> We are not saying that penance is not true penance if it falls short of St. Adamnan's, or that it must needs take the peculiar shape of his austerities. There are ordinary Christians who serve God acceptably *without being called to the eminences of the saints.* Penance may be true penance, and yet have none of that *heroicity in it which the promoter of the faith would demand if canonization were claimed for the penitent.*—pp. 129, 130.

The reader will please to recollect that this passage occurs in the same life, and a few pages after the passage in which the Jesuits are called "*the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius;* which, next to the visible church, may, perhaps, be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world.*"

Unless, then, these books be written by disguised Romanists and Jesuits, they are the work of persons anxious to appear as patrons and admirers of the enemies of their own church. There is, in truth, all through them, a studied affectation of the phraseology of Romanists. Take an instance in connexion with the passage under consideration.

> What is the first step which a rightly instructed Christian must take, when it pleases God to give him the grace

of compunction? Clearly he must resort to the consolations of the Gospel and the merits of the Saviour *as laid up in the sacrament of penance*.—p. 127.

And a little before:—

Sacramental confession does not exist among us *as a system:* penance has no *tribunals* in the Anglican church. Of course many consequences result from this, such as that it makes our ecclesiastical system so startlingly unlike anything primitive, that the long prevalent arrogation to ourselves of a primitive model seems an almost unaccountable infatuation.—p. 125.

As if any moderately informed person believed that sacramental confession was a primitive notion, or auricular confession at the tribunal of penance had any pretension to be considered a part of primitive discipline. And yet this writer talks of the *Anglican church* (too cautious, perhaps, to compromise the rights of "the holy Roman church" by saying the *church of England*) as if he were really and honestly a member of our communion. "Sacramental confession does not exist *among us* as a system." But we must allow him to proceed.

This is, perhaps, not of paramount importance to a community which has a *duty nearer home and more at hand*—that is, *reconciliation with the present Catholic church*.—Ibid.

Plain speaking, truly; and it is hoped that "*Protestants and other heretics*" who are in the habit of "*vilifying the holy Roman church*," will bethink themselves in time, when they are thus informed, that the real and (now) the avowed object of this

movement is, to enforce, as a duty—*nearer home and more at hand* than any trifling details of reformation, such as sacramental confession and the tribunal of penance—"reconciliation with the present Catholic church." Lamentable indeed it is, and most humiliating, to see clergymen of a Protestant church entertaining projects so irreconcilable with their profession and obligations. But if they *will* set about revolutionary designs of this sort, we cannot be too thankful that they have avowed them so distinctly.

CHAPTER III.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: PRAISE OF MONASTICISM.

From what has already been transcribed from these books, the reader will be prepared to find Monasticism forming one of the main features of the system they are written to recommend. In truth, a very large portion of the series is occupied with this subject alone. But to give an idea of the manner in which it is put forward, the following extracts may suffice:—

. . . monastic discipline is only *Christianity in its perfection*, hallowing and taking up into itself the meanest relations of life.—St. Gilbert, p. 54.

The church, by regulating monastic vows, *only pointed out one way of doing what Christ prescribed in the general*, and furnished her children with the means of gaining this blessing. The Bible says nothing about monks and nuns, but it says a great deal about prayer and about taking up the cross.—p. 51.

Just so: and one has only to assume that prayer and taking up the cross mean monastic vows, and then it is quite clear, that, though "the Bible says nothing about monks and nuns," yet "monastic discipline is only Christianity in its perfection," and monks and nuns are, as Mr. Newman would call them, "*Bible* Christians."*

* Sermons on Subjects of the Day, p. 327.

Again, in the Life of St. Stephen,—

Monastic vows are, in one sense, *only the completion of the vows of baptism.*—p. 5.

A notion, which does not quite harmonize with what is found in another part of the same volume, where the author says:—

To the generality of the world many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of perfection; but to monks who have sworn to quit the world they are *precepts of obligation.*—p. 24.

And so, although these monastic vows be "only the completion of the vows of baptism," yet they are not binding on all, as "precepts of obligation;" but to some,—nay, "to the generality of the world," —in fact, to all but those who have taken these self-imposed vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience,—"*many of the commandments of Christ*" (all and every one of which Christians have hitherto considered themselves bound by "the vows of baptism" to obey) *are only* "*precepts of perfection.*" If this be not what is meant by making void the commandments of God, in order to establish the traditions of men, the church has yet to learn in what the crime consists.

Such a passage as the following must appear simply absurd and ludicrous—even to many respectable Roman catholics:—

True monks everywhere have a sort of instinct of what is the good and the right side; they have no earthly interest to dim their vision of what is God's cause, and we

may trust a monk for being, ever in his place—for the Church against the world.—Ibid. p. 39.

Yet, somehow or other,—if church history be not wholly fabulous,—monks have not been thought quite to come up to this standard of unearthliness in all times and places. Yes; but "true monks."—Very well. But, unhappily, there have been such long and desperate quarrels and malignant hatreds between monks, and orders of monks, that,—without a very uncatholic exercise of private judgment,—it has not been at all times easy to determine, while they were biting and devouring one another, which were the "true monks" and which the false.

CHAPTER IV.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: HOLY VIRGINITY.

It will not be surprising (even if one had not seen what Mr. Newman has published elsewhere) that works in which one finds such praises of monasticism, should be equally vehement in their praise of celibacy. On this subject, indeed, these volumes contain such specimens of extravagance and of false and erroneous teaching, that I scarcely know how to treat the subject as it deserves. And it is to be hoped, that few of my readers will require more than to have the passages referred to fairly put before them.

Holy virginity is no less a portion of Christianity than holy penitence, and *the denial of the virtue of the one most certainly impairs the full belief in the other*, for the communion of saints and the forgiveness of sins lie close together in the creed.—St. Gilbert, p. 49.

The logic is certainly worthy of the cause. But we must not interrupt the author.

Nor is holy virginity the creation of an age of romance; Gilbert, when he built the cloister at Sempringham, thought but little, as we shall soon see, of picturesque processions and flowing robes of white; he only thought of the blessed Virgin, and of St. John, and of the white-robed choir in heaven, who have followed *the Virgin Lamb*, wherever he hath gone. Still less did he think about the usefulness of what he was doing; as well might he have thought about the uses of chastity, for *virginity is only*

chastity carried to a supernatural degree. . . . They who deny the merit of virginity leave out a portion of Christian morals.—Ibid. pp. 49, 50.

The merit of virginity a portion of Christian morals! And yet, on the very next page the author tells us "the Bible says nothing about monks and nuns." But the Bible will go but a short way to the development of what are now called "Christian morals."

Again:—

Happiest of all is she who is marked out for ever from the world, whose slightest action assumes the character of adoration, because she is bound by a vow to her heavenly spouse, as an earthly bride is bound by the nuptial vow to her earthly lord.—Ibid. p. 51.

In like manner, towards the end of the volume,—

In proportion as they realize the incarnation of the Lord, they will love more and more to contemplate the saints, and especially St. Mary, for a reverence for her is inseparable from that right faith in the humanity of the Son of God, which we must all believe and confess. They will learn that *the high honour in which the church has ever held holy virginity is a necessary portion of Christian doctrine*, and not a rhapsody peculiar to any age.—pp. 132, 133.

There is no mistaking the Romanism of these passages. But is there any truth in these views? Are they not undoubtedly false and unscriptural? Is it not clearly the revealed will of God—that men should marry and bring up children in his holy fear? —and is it not equally certain that the unmarried state has no perfection or pre-eminence *in itself?*

Under particular and temporary circumstances of the church,—as, for instance, during a season of persecution,—it may be expedient that Christian men and women should keep themselves free and disengaged: but to speak of virginity as *in itself* more excellent,—as if there was *any dishonour or impurity* in the married state,—is plainly contrary to the word of God. And indeed,—to say what it is painful even to think,—these extravagant praises of virginity are not merely false and unscriptural, they are anything but symptomatic of the purity of those who deal in them. Pure minds are as little likely to be occupied with thinking of their purity, as lowly minds of their humility. What precautions and vigilance a man may feel bound to use, who is suffering the temptations incident to a mind which had been suffered to become habituated to impure thoughts and passions, is not here the question. But the notion these writers have of saints seems to be this: that saints (and be it observed they speak in the same extraordinary manner of females as of men) are persons whose dispositions would force them to run into the very grossest excesses and extremities of vice if they did not keep themselves under continual check, by means of self-invented tortures, penances, and restraints. The author of the life of St. Ebba, in this series, tells us that " St. Cuthbert carried the jealousy of women, characteristic of all the saints, to a very extraordi-

nary pitch," so that, whenever he visited her monastery, to hold spiritual conversation with St. Ebba, he used to go out of the gates at nightfall, and spend the hours of darkness in prayer, "*either up to his neck in the water*, or in the chilly air." (p. 114.) Persons who invent such tales, and those who retail them, do, most undoubtedly, cast very grave and just suspicions on the purity of their own minds. And young persons who talk and think much in this way, are in extreme danger of falling into sinful habits. As to the volumes before us, the authors have, in their fanatical panegyrics of virginity, made use of language downright profane: and they have likewise spoken of marriage in a tone too nearly approaching the sentiments of some of the vilest of the ancient heretics.

CHAPTER V.

LIVES OF THE ENGLISH SAINTS: HOLY VIRGINITY—ST. BEGA — DISPARAGEMENT OF MARRIAGE — ST. OSWALD — ST. STEPHEN.

THE life of St. Bega presents, probably, as extraordinary specimens of this false teaching as can be found in the whole range of fanaticism. She is said to have been the daughter of an Irish king, "a Christian, and an earnest man to boot." Her father wished her to marry a Norwegian prince, but, being determined to be a nun, she ran away from her father's house, crossed the sea in a ship with some strange sailors, and settled at the place now called St. Bees.

It is in this manner the writer speaks of her—

In *very childhood* God inspired her with *an ardent love of holy virginity*, and she seems to have been *almost* preserved from the pollution of impure thoughts.—p. 137.

But did it not strike this author, that such an idea as "*holy virginity*," much more "*an ardent longing*" for it,—was utterly unnatural to the mind of "*very childhood*," and, in fact, could have no place in the mind of a child,—except one that was either preternaturally diseased, or precociously wicked and impure? He goes on,—

As a girl she avoided all public amusements, and *fearing* lest idleness should prove a source of sin, she was studious to fill up the whole of her time with some employment.—p. 137.

This conduct might be very natural and right: but it is evident the author means to imply, that this girl feared that she should fall into impurity and vice: and then the question will be, what sort of mind a young Christian girl must have, which could be constantly under the influence of such a fear. Let any Christian parent ask himself, what must be the fruits of a system which thus labours to put such shocking ideas into the heads of young girls and little children.

By and by, Bega, (if there ever was such a person) grew up to be a woman, and "offers of marriage poured in upon her from Irish and foreign princes." This, be it observed, was about the early part of the seventh century. But, says our author,—

> Her thoughts were ever running upon the excellencies of a monastic life; to be a nun was more after her heart than to be a queen, for *that sweet truth was never out of her mind*, that the angels neither marry nor are given in marriage; and she would fain be as they, if so be it would please God to give her the peerless gift; and who that heartily covets it is not assisted thereto?—pp. 138, 139.

But with what reason can any one desire to be *as the angels*, in the sense of our Redeemer's words, in this state of being? And is it possible to pervert the meaning of Holy Scripture in this way without very great irreverence? To proceed:—

> This *panting after holy virginity*, for which many of the saints have been so conspicuous *almost from their cradles*,

seems unreal to the children of the world. Of course it does: they cannot even put themselves for a moment in the position of those who so feel. It would require a transposing of all their affections quite out of the question in their case, even in imagination; a new nomenclature, both for things earthly, and things heavenly; a new measure and a new balance, which even they who fall, and by God's grace rise again, do but handle clumsily for a long while.—p. 139.

It is very easy to sneer at those who hesitate to run headlong into the extreme fanaticism of popish monkery, as "children of the world." One gets callous to this mode of argument: and these authors deal in it so constantly on all occasions, that it ceases to have any effect. But, seriously, is the author of this melancholy nonsense a sane person? And is it possible that Mr. Newman has fallen so low, even in the scale of human intellect, as to lend his sanction to such miserable rubbish? Unhappily, his Sermons on Subjects of the Day but too clearly prove, how much acceptance any fanaticism of the sort is likely to receive from him. Saints, then, it now appears, are *panting after holy virginity, almost from their cradles.* The idea may well be thought "unreal." It is worse, it is unnatural. And, how it ever could occur to a sane mind of any ordinary degree of purity, seems very hard to imagine, and harder still to believe. But the author having thus referred to the case of penitents, proceeds:—

How do all graces seem, even to such penitents, as nothing, because they can never attain that one so fair, so

bright, so beautiful! What is there in penance so productive of humility as the keen, rankling thought that the virgin's crown is lost? And if they are blessed who so learn to humble and to afflict themselves, if they are blessed who are the least in the kingdom of heaven, is it too much *to kneel with lowliest veneration and a supplicating spirit before the altars of the virgin saints*, where God is honoured in his servants, praying him *to quicken their prevailing* prayers, that we may have *nerve to bring our penance to a safe issue*, and so attain unto our rest?—p. 139.

This may pass for piety among the admirers of popery. But, bad and shocking as it is, it will be felt to be moderate compared with the profanity of what follows.

The case being so with the most sweet gift of virginity, Bega, says her biographer, in his TOUCHING way, "studied to hear *the bleating of the heavenly Lamb*, with the ear of hearing; and *to weave herself a nuptial robe from its fleece*, that she might be able to go forth to its nuptials, like a bride ornamented with her jewels, to see her betrothed decorated with a crown, and to be clothed by him with the garment of salvation, and that she might deserve to be surrounded by the robe of eternal gladness."—pp. 139, 140.

Now, what St. Bega may have said or thought (that is, if there ever was such a person) may in her case have been nothing worse than ignorant folly and superstition; and even of the anilities of the monkish legend from which Mr. Newman or his fellow-labourer has borrowed this account, I feel no disposition to speak with greater harshness. But what shall we say of such profaneness and

blasphemy being collected, for the benefit of what Mr. Newman calls in his prospectus, "most erring and most unfortunate England"? It is needless to insult the understanding or piety of the reader by such a question.

The author, however, goes on thus:—

Despising thus all the allurements of this impure world, its vanities, and false delusions, the venerable virgin, offering up her virginity one day to God, bound herself by a vow that she would not contract nor experience the bonds of marriage with any one, by her own will, that* *not knowing the marriage-bed in sin*, she might have fruit in respect of holy souls.—p. 140.

One would feel reluctant to believe that, by adopting such language, the author intended to give countenance to the heretical notion of there being anything sinful or impure in the marriage state; although the patrons of monasticism and clerical celibacy have been but too apt to use language and arguments that would give room for such a suspicion. Yet, comparing this passage with one that occurs a few pages after, it seems very difficult to understand him otherwise; for, in describing the establishment of the monastery at Hartlepool, he says, it

was not only thronged with world-renouncing virgins, but it was the cause of an *outbreak of zeal and holy love*, like the zeal of "Shecaniah, the son of Jehiel, one of the sons of Elam," in the days of Ezra, who proposed the

* On this word is the following note: "This is the third Antiphon in the Commune Virginum."

putting away of strange wives; for Bega's biographer tells us, that "not only many virgins were brought after her to the Heavenly King, invited and stirred up by her exhortation and example, but also many converts, *repenting of their married state* and secular conversation, were offered in joy and exultation in the temple to the Divine King, and subjected to his service.—p. 161.

It is certainly very important to be informed—that Mr. Newman's school regards such a transaction, as a number of married people violating their vows, and going into monasteries, as an "*outbreak of zeal and holy love.*" The Bible, to be sure, would teach us that the Lord hateth putting away, and that it is the duty of Christian men and women to abide in their married state, even in the case of a Christian married to a heathen. And there was a time, before Christianity had been developed into the contradictory of itself, when putting away one's wife under the pretence of piety would not have been regarded as "*an outbreak of zeal and holy love,*" or anything else of a respectable character. But all is changed. And the "*married state*" is now to be considered as something sinful, which, whenever *zeal and holy love* come to *an outbreak*, people will *repent of* and be *converted* from. And to prop up this wicked heresy, this author,—after the common practice of his school,—presumes to quote the word of God—as if the putting away of strange wives, practised under the Mosaic law, was lawful in the Christian dispensation; or,—whether it were lawful or not,—

could give any countenance to Christian men and women "repenting of their *married state*," or could by any possibility be tortured into a justification of the putting asunder, under the pretence of religion, of those whom God had joined together.

And this is not the only place where these authors have recommended this unchristian practice and the heretical doctrine on which it really rests. Thus, in the Life of St. Oswald, we are told, that

> Feeling how intimately allied the grace of chastity was with this blissful communion with the world of spirit, he prevailed upon his queen to consent to their living a life of continence, that so they might more resemble those happy spirits who neither marry nor are given in marriage, and might the rather become to them an object of special love, ministry and protection.—p. 61.

The use of the word "chastity" in this passage demonstrates the heretical nature of the doctrine taught.

This point is so important, that it seems advisable to quote here one or two passages of a similar character from another of these volumes. They occur in the life of St. Stephen, where the author is relating the manner in which St. Bernard persuaded his brothers to enter the monastery of Citeaux along with him. The author is speaking of St. Bernard's eldest brother, Guy:—

> He was a married man, and his young wife loved him tenderly, besides which he had more than one daughter, with whom it was hard indeed to part in the age of their childhood; and even after he had yielded to his brother's

persuasions, and had broken through all these ties, a greater difficulty than all remained behind.—p. 109.

One might have thought, that to one who had made up his mind to act in such direct violation of the laws of God and nature, "a *greater difficulty*" could scarcely remain behind. But such has ever been the way in which the votaries of superstition have exalted human traditions, above the authority of conscience and the holy scripture. We shall see what was the *greater difficulty*, and how it was got over.

It was a *law of the church*, that neither of a married pair could enter a cloister without the consent of the other; and how was it possible that a delicate and highborn woman could consent to part with her husband and enter into a monastery?—Ibid.

The difficulty, too, in this case, was increased by what the author does not think fit to repeat here—namely, that this "young wife loved" her husband "tenderly," and that she was required by these fanatics, (if the story be true,) not only to forsake her husband, but to desert her little daughters. However, a way was found to get rid of the difficulty occasioned by the law of the church, even though,—according to Mr. Newman's school,—*that* difficulty was a greater one than any created by the commandments of God, the vows of marriage, the voice of conscience, or the duties of nature.

Bernard, however, declared to Guy, that *if she did not consent, God would smite her with a deadly disease;* and so it

turned out. She soon after fell ill, and "*finding*," says William of St. Thierry, "*that it was hard for her to kick against the pricks*, she sent for Bernard," and gave her consent.—Ibid.

What was the value of a *consent*, extorted in this way, is a matter of concern only to those who are inconvenienced by these clashings of their laws and superstitions. But this is the real secret of the getting up of,—what the author of the life of St. Bega calls—*an outbreak of zeal and holy love;* and thus it is, that Mr. Newman's school is teaching men to make void the commandments of God by their traditions.

And this was a very considerable *outbreak;* for, of the thirty noble companions of St. Bernard, our author tells us, that "as *many of them were married men*, their wives also *had to give up* the world."—p. 111.

And so, again, he asks—

What shall we say when young mothers *quit their husbands and their families*, to bury themselves in a cloister?—p. 112.

What shall we say? Why, what could any Christian say,—except this,—that, unless they were the victims of threats and persecutions,—such as this author ascribes to St. Bernard,—or were besotted with superstition and fanaticism, to such a degree of fatuity as not to be accountable for their actions,—these unhappy creatures were guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty, and a plain violation of the will

and word of God. Is this the answer suggested by our author, or anything like it? We shall see.

One word suffices to silence all these murmurers; Ecce Homo, Behold the Man. The wonders of the incarnation are an answer to all *cavils*. Why, it may as well be asked, did our blessed Lord choose to be a poor man, instead of being clothed in purple and fine linen? Why was His mother a poor virgin? Why was He born in an inn and laid in a manger? Why did He leave His blessed mother, and almost repulse her, when she would speak to Him? Why was that mother's soul pierced with agony at the sufferings of her divine Son? Why, when one drop of His precious blood would have healed the whole creation, did He pour it all out for us? In a word, why, when He might have died (if it be not wrong to say so) what the world calls a glorious death, did He choose out the most shameful, besides heaping to Himself every form of insult, and pain of body and soul? He did all this to shew us, that suffering was now to be the natural state of the new man, just as pleasure is the natural state of the old.—pp. 112, 113.

Really, I know not what to say or think of such writing, except this, that—considering all this has been brought forward to justify the violation of marriage vows, husbands deserting their wives, and wives being terrified into giving up their husbands and their infant children, and the branding of the married state as a sin to be repented of—it does seem a very needless expenditure of profaneness and irreverence. And, to speak plainly, the church must be in a most deplorable state, if persons who propagate such notions are tolerated in Christian society.

A little farther on, our author says:—

After casting our eyes on the holy rood, does it never occur to us to wonder *how it can be possible to be saved in the midst of the endearments of a family*, and the joys of domestic life? God forbid that any one should deny the possibility! But does it not, at first sight, require proof that heaven *can be won by a life spent in this quiet way*, [as easily, perhaps, as by a life spent in the restless propagation of error, superstition, and revolutionary schemes.] Again, let us consider the dreadful nature of sin, even of what are called the least sins, and would not any one wish to cast in his lot with Stephen, and *wash them away by continual penance?*—p. 113.

The author subjoins that "miracles were really wrought to beckon them on; at least they were firmly convinced of the truth of those miracles, which is enough for our purpose," &c. And having fortunately recollected the awkwardness of pleading miracles as a reason for "reversing the commands of the Decalogue," he is driven at last to resort to the maxims of the Jesuits and Puritans:—"We may surely *excuse* St. Bernard and his brothers for conduct *which was so amply justified by the event.*" —p. 114. Surely we may;—that is, if we only grant that *any event* can *justify* the doing of what God has expressly forbidden in his written word, or that the violation of God's commandments can be the path of perfection, and the atonement by which a penitent is to *wash away his sins.*

There is a good deal more in what follows, deserving of notice, as explanatory of Mr. Newman's teaching, but, for the present, it seems as well to return to St. Bega.

CHAPTER VI.

ST. BEGA—HOLY VIRGINITY—DISREGARD OF PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

We left St. Bega taking a vow of virginity by herself—not a very canonical mode of proceeding,—but this the author of her life leaves untouched; as he says elsewhere,—"Of course one would deprecate anything like an apologetic tone or a patronizing explanation when speaking of the blessed saints, whom the catholic church holds up to our affectionate reverence;" (p. 146;) which notion of the saints doing no wrong is by no means novel,—being at least as old as the age of Oliver Cromwell and the puritans.

The Prince of Norway, it seems, sought St. Bega in marriage, and gained her father's consent, and on the next day they were to be married. It does not appear that she had any personal dislike to the prince, or any reason whatever for refusing to comply with her father's wishes, except her determination to continue unmarried. This is the language of the author:—

Alas! she knew too well the purport of the prince's visit; she knew the ambition of her father; she knew that to all appearance the secret wish of her heart, her holy covetousness, was not to be satisfied. As her biographer says, she was exceedingly troubled within herself, fearing and imagining that the lily of her secluded garden was

about to be immediately plucked and defiled, and that her precious treasure, preserved with great care and much labour in an earthen vessel, yea, if I may so say, in a vase of glass, was about to be snatched away.—p. 142.

The author then describes how desperate her situation was; how the palace gates were locked, and, —to say nothing of watchmen and sentinels,—there were "the bravest men in Ireland on their accustomed guard, round the bedside of the king, and in all the passages of his dwelling, with a dagger on their thighs, a battle-axe on their shoulders, and a javelin in their hands:"—from which it would appear that Ireland must have been in rather a disturbed state just then. However, the story,—or fable,—for really one would be sorry to suppose it true—assumes a graver character just at this point. For St. Bega, it seems, in her distress, "poured out her heart like water, offering up her prayer with the choice offering of holy tears." Her prayer is given at length, and is really too painful to transcribe, were it not a plain duty to set fairly before the reader the sort of piety which Mr. Newman's party are labouring to recommend. Here it follows:—

O Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and of the Virgin, the author and lover, inspirer and consecrator, preserver and crowner of virginity, as Thou knowest how, as it pleaseth Thee, and as Thou art able to do, preserve in me untouched the resolution I have taken, that I may dedicate it to Thee in the heart, and in the flesh of integrity. For Thou, author of nature, didst, in the time of the natural law, bedeck thy shepherd Abel with a double

wreath, namely, *of virginity* and of martyrdom; Thou, under the written law, didst snatch away to the heavens Elijah, clothed in the whiteness of integrity; Thou didst send before Thee, Thy Baptist and precursor, John, ignorant of stain, and of snowy chastity. Thou also didst set forth *the main hope of the world, our Lady*, as a most beautiful and special mirror for grace and honour among virgins, out of whose womb, taking upon Thyself *the failings* of our nature, like a bridegroom going forth from his nuptial couch, Thou didst appear a Saviour to the world. Thou also, calling Thy beloved John from the nuptials to the wedding feast of the Lamb, hast preserved him for ever, blooming in the unfading flower of virginity, and hast delivered to him to be guarded, *the box of Thy ointments, the propitiation of human reconciliation.* Thou hast crowned Agnes, Agatha, Lucia and Catherine, and very many others wrestling in the faith of Thy name for their chastity, and hast magnified Thy blessed name by these triumphant signs. Therefore I pray, by the grace of these, that I, Thine handmaid, may find favour in Thine eyes, that Thou mayest be a helper to me in what I ought to do in my trouble; that Thou being my Benefactor, Leader, Ruler and Protector, I may render to Thee the vow which my lips have pronounced.—pp. 143, 144.

Such a prayer, it is sincerely hoped, no one ever yet did dare to offer. That, however, is not the question at present. The very existence of St. Bega is wholly uncertain. But this is the sort of prayer which Mr. Newman's school thinks befitting the sanctity of a perfect character. This is the piety it is endeavouring to substitute for the truth and simplicity of our worship. This is a sample of the "catholic temper," "to recal" which, as this author informs us, is "one great object in writing

the lives of the saints." Whether the party may not have miscalculated the weight and extent of their influence, and gone too fast and too far for their admirers to keep pace with them, time will tell.

St. Bega's prayer was followed by a miracle. In the night came a sounding voice desiring her to remove to "Britain, which is called England, and there," says the speaker,

> thy days being ended in good, *I* will take thee into the fellowship of angels. Arise, therefore, and take the bracelet *by which thou art pledged to Me*, and descending to the sea, thou shalt find a ship ready prepared, which will transport thee into Britain.—p. 145.

Yet, although the author here ascribes the flight of St. Bega to the express command of Christ, and says that "every step was smoothed by miracles," he thinks it necessary to defend her conduct against the charge of a breach of the fifth commandment,—especially "as the objection which may be raised against this single act will apply to the whole monastic system, and the teaching of monastic writers." "Admitting, then, that the actions of the saints are not always imitable," he says, "we would contend that Bega was justified in this act of flying from her father's house to fulfil her vow of virginity." The argument by which he attempts to prove this is too long for transcription. Nor is it necessary. It consists of but two points; first, the necessity of sacramental confession, and the direction of a spiritual superior; and secondly, the duty and force of

election—that is, "of electing one rather than another line of life or conduct, and making that election a solemn ritual act, under the spiritual guidance of another, and according to systematic rules." His arguments are avowedly taken from Ignatius Loyola, Suarez and Rodriguez the Jesuits—Alphonso Liguori, and Thomas Aquinas, and his conclusion is,

> that, in the election of our state, God's vocation, conscientiously ascertained so far as we can, [namely—since miracles are not to be pleaded against the Decalogue—by the direction of a spiritual superior in confession,] is to *supersede the claims even of our parents to control our choice*.—p. 150.

This, then, is the "catholic temper" which, it is avowed, these lives have been written to recal. There is no secret or concealment in the matter. And certainly, if such barefaced and undisguised Jesuitism is propagated in the University,—if every silly enthusiastic young man and woman is taught, that it is a catholic temper—to set the will of God and their parents at defiance, to talk about "panting after holy virginity," and sneer at the married state as something sinful and to be repented of—if the church is thrown into confusion and public morals deteriorated by the advocates of these fanatical superstitions—it never can be fairly said, that Mr. Newman and his friends have not given sufficiently intelligible warning of the nature of their object and designs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROMANIZING TENDENCIES OF MR. NEWMAN'S PARTY.

THE passages which I have already transcribed from the Lives of the English Saints, must, I should think, have satisfied every unprejudiced reader, as to the real object and tendency of the movement of which Mr. Newman is the leader. To do that party justice, they have latterly taken but little pains to conceal their designs. For a considerable period, indeed, persons, whose charity led them to put the most hopeful construction on their language and conduct, did persuade themselves, that what Mr. Newman and his friends called Church Principles and Catholicity, differed in nothing *substantial* from the old-fashioned orthodoxy of the Church of England. Whether such close and jealous attention as the importance of the movement demanded, was paid to the gradual developments and disclosures by which the movement has at last reached its present form and attitude,—whether even the principles on which it was avowedly based, were as narrowly scrutinized as they should have been—are questions that do not come within the purpose of the present inquiry. But, of the fact itself there can be no doubt whatever—that persons utterly opposed to any Romeward tendencies, did think thus charitably and hopefully, and were even will-

ing to ascribe several overt acts of a sectarian and Romanizing aspect to the injudicious rashness of youthful ardour and indiscretion, and not to any formed purpose in the leaders and originators of the party. Every vestige of this hope, however, has long been at an end. The tone assumed by the British Critic was not to be mistaken. And, that the British Critic was, to the last, virtually in Mr. Newman's hands—that he and those who acted with him in his unhappy movement, could, at any moment have corrected its tone—or have stopped the publication of it altogether—are facts notorious to every one at all acquainted with what has been going on in the theological world. And, further, when the British Critic was about to be discontinued, what could any one suppose, from the language of the prospectus of his Lives of the English Saints, except that Mr. Newman was determined to persevere, and to make further and more unequivocal advances, in his fanatical attempt to Romanize the English Church? Any one, indeed, who had even looked over the *names* of the "Saints," whose lives Mr. Newman proposed to publish for the benefit of what he pleases to call "most erring and most unfortunate England," must have seen at once that his design could be nothing else.

The quotations I have already given from these Lives of the English Saints, however, place the matter beyond possibility of question. In saying

this, I do not mean merely that Mr. Newman and his party are endeavouring to propagate mischievous and erroneous notions regarding the atonement, penance, virginity, marriage — and other points which will appear hereafter — but that the ultimate object and aim to which all their labours are directed is, to effect such a total change in all our habits of religious thought and feeling as will, sooner or later, bring England once more into subjection to Rome. They may not, *perhaps*, (for even this is by no means certain,) choose to describe their object in these very terms—that is, they may not choose to describe the position to which they are labouring to bring the church, as *subjection*,—or the dominion of "the Apostolic See" as *a yoke*—but that this is the real object of their hearts' desire —to recover these countries to the obedience of the Roman See—they manifest no inclination to conceal; and, in fact, are rather proud than otherwise to avow it as the aim to which their efforts are directed. When men like these,—men who for years have been urging forward this movement under a leader so sharpsighted as Mr. Newman—and Mr. Newman is not just the sort of person to forget, that what appears under his name or sanction at such a crisis, is sure to be subjected to no ordinary scrutiny,—when such writers talk of the Jesuits as "the *most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius*," and tell us that, "*next to the visible church*"

the Jesuits "may perhaps be considered *the greatest standing miracle in the world;*" when they talk of "*Protestants and other heretics*" "vilifying *the Holy Roman Church,*" it is plain that something more serious than chasubles, and coronals, and roodlofts, and the superstitious puerilities of the Ecclesiologists, is preparing for "most erring and most unfortunate England." And when one reads, also, that the absence of the peculiarities of Romish discipline "is perhaps not of paramount importance to a community which has *a duty nearer at home and more at hand*—that is, *reconciliation with the present Catholic church,*" dull indeed must he be who is unable to perceive what it is which Mr. Newman proposes to effect. But, in truth, he makes no attempt to conceal his purpose.

Few are likely to forget the tone and language of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. And, all through this series of the Lives of the English Saints, the pope and Rome are spoken of in terms wholly incompatible with any other feelings than those of a Romanist, or of one who is labouring to Romanize the country. The pope is spoken of as "the keeper of the keys,"—"the universal bishop,"—"the holy father."

. . . . he [Gregory I.] had many under him, but *none above him here on earth;* he was chief among Bishops and a Bishop over kings; *throughout the Christian world his wish was motive, and his word, authority.*—Augustine, pp. 81, 82.

And thus, too, when the king refused to let Archbishop Theobald attend the summons of Pope Eugenius to the Council of Rheims, the author of St. William's life says, with sufficient profaneness,—

Inasmuch however *as he feared God more than the king*, he started, and with very great difficulty arrived in France. —p. 35.

The popedom, the biographer of St. Augustine tells us, is—

the one only Dynasty which is without limit and without end; the Empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadows.—pp. 49, 50.

This is tolerably plain speaking; and no less intelligible is the manner in which the author of the Life of St. Paulinus, having stated that "Pope Boniface was not unmindful of *his office of universal bishop*," but wrote "letters to Edwin and Ethelburga, both of them noble compositions, and well deserving a place in *that magnificent collection of Christian documents, the pontifical epistles*," bursts out into the following strain, which he professes to adopt from Alford:—

It was not therefore Gaul, it was not Spain, it was not Germany, it was not the nearer inhabitants of Italy, who were anxious for the salvation of the Northumbrians, [an odd idea of the charity of a Catholic age,] for they had not the bowels of a parent; [yet one would have thought they might have felt some love for human souls notwithstanding;] but it was *Rome, to whom Christ had given the prefecture of His sheep in Peter the chief*. She, though more remote in place, yet *by the privilege of her dignity, by the necessity of her office*, and finally by the excellency

of her love, was nearer to us in this kind of affection. Hence the reader may clearly understand *who is the genuine mother of this island*, and to whom it owes the birth of faith, to eastern Asia, or to western Rome. Truly, if she only, in Solomon's judgment, was the mother, whose bowels were moved, then this pious care lest Britain should perish shews that, not of Asia or of Greece, but *of Rome only ought we to say*, "*She is the mother thereof.*"—p. 9.

Now, if Mr. Newman and his party believe, that Rome only ought to be deemed our mother, that she interferes in the affairs of this church "by *the privilege of her dignity*," and by "*the necessity of her office*," that to her Christ has "given *the prefecture of His sheep* in Peter the chief;" that the pope is "the universal bishop;" that there is "none above him here on earth;" that "throughout the Christian world his wish" is, or should be "motive, and his word, authority;" in a word, that the popedom is "the one only dynasty which is without limit and without end; the empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadow;"—if this be their belief, it is evident, that they must regard it as their highest and paramount duty, —not perhaps to secede to Rome, or to persuade others to secede,—but to labour, by every means in their power, to prepare the public mind for a full and complete return to that connexion which England had with Rome before the Reformation: as Mr. Newman has expressed it in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day, "men must undo their sins *in*

the order in which they committed them."* Nothing short of this could satisfy any honest man, holding such views of Rome and the papacy as these writers avow. And, in truth, they do not pretend that they will ever be contented with anything less. Return to Rome—"reconciliation to the present Catholic church"—this is *the* object of the movement: this *the* end to which all their teaching is but preparative and subsidiary. They have avowed it as clearly as the friends of our church could have desired.

* The passage occurs in the twenty-fourth sermon, "Elijah the Prophet of the Latter Days," which, with some others in the volume, Mr. Newman states, was intended "to satisfy persons inclined to leave the church" "on the safety of continuance in our communion." His words are as follows:—

"The kingdom of Israel had been set up in idolatry; the ten tribes had become idolatrous by leaving the temple, and they would have ceased to be idolatrous by returning again to it. The real removal of error is the exhibition of the truth. Truth *supplants* error; make sure of truth; and error is at an end: yet Elijah acted otherwise; he suffered the people to remain where they were; he tried to reform them *in* that state.

"Now why this was so ordered we do not know; whether it be that, *when once a people goes wrong, it cannot retrace its steps;* or whether there was *so much evil at that time in Judah also,* that to have attempted a reunion would have been putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, and had it been effected, would have been a hollow unreal triumph; or whether SUCH GOOD WORKS HAVE A SORT OF NATURAL MARCH, AND THE NEARER WORK MUST FIRST BE DONE, AND THEN THAT WHICH IS FURTHER REMOVED, AND MEN MUST UNDO THEIR SINS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY COMMITTED THEM, and thus, as neglect of the Temple was the sin of Jeroboam, and Baal-worship the sin of Ahab, so they must ascend back again from Ahab to Jeroboam; but, whatever was the reason, so it was, that Elijah and Elisha kept the people shut up under that system, if it might so be called, in which they found them, and sought rather to teach them their duty, than *to restore to them their privileges.*"—pp. 422, 423.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING ROMEWARD—ST. WILFRID.

The passages which I have now laid before the reader are all taken out of the first seven volumes of the Lives of the English Saints. After the preceding pages had appeared in the British Magazine, an eighth volume was published—the life of St. Wilfrid—and certainly Mr. Newman neither retracted nor qualified in it anything which had been objected to in the former seven. This eighth volume does not, indeed, contain any doctrine which had not been taught in the earlier volumes. It furnishes no new development: but, on this particular point of Romanizing it speaks as distinctly as any of them—and rather more frequently. Of the mode in which it treats this subject the reader shall judge for himself:—

To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct, seemingly *implanted in us for the safety of the faith*.—p. 4.

Again:

The process may be longer or shorter, but Catholics get to Rome at last, in spite of wind and tide. —p. 5.

This, no doubt, is what observing people have been expecting as the destination of those whom Mr. Newman calls "catholics," and the fruits of what he calls "a catholic instinct." And, truly, when people have been so long and so anxiously

looking "Romeward," it would be somewhat surprising if any moderate contrariety of "wind and tide" should deter them from loosing from their ancient moorings. Their object is plain enough:

> "Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
> Tendere;"

and there appears every probability of their arriving there in due time: (at least nothing which one can understand by the terms "wind and tide" seems threatening to retard their course;) though it may not be quite so certain, that even Rome shall prove the end of their peregrinations. For the same spirit of puritanical self-will and Mar-Prelacy, which made them discontented, restless revolutionizers in England, will, ten to one, accompany them on their voyage. Rome itself admits of development. The pope is, after all, a bishop. Possibly he may prove but a *high and dry* one: high and holy as he now appears, when viewed through the mists and fogs of our remoter regions, or coloured with the roseate hues of catholic instincts, and Romeward imaginations.

But to proceed with the life of St. Wilfrid. The ancient Irish and British church, the author admits, "in its temper was vehemently opposed to that of Rome," (p. 25,) and of course it finds but little favour at his hands: though it serves conveniently enough as a text for introducing his opinions regarding Rome itself.

For example:—

With much that was high and holy, there was a fierceness, an opinionated temper, an almost unconscious attitude of irritable defence—in the theological language, *a dislike of Rome, which is quite fatal to the formation of a catholic temper either in a community or in an individual.*—St. Wilfred, p. 22.

No one can mistake the meaning of this language: no more than one can misunderstand what he says elsewhere:—

England in the seventh century had not come to *the wicked boldness of setting Rome at nought.*—p. 121.

But—be this true or not—so much could not be said for *Ireland;* and therefore he tells us, of Alfrid, king of Northumberland, that,

in the famous schools of Ireland, the head quarters of Celtic literature, he had lost some of his former *reverence for Rome;* and *that is always a moral loss, as well as an error in opinion.*—p. 149.

These extracts are quite sufficient to prove what has been said regarding the Romanizing tendency of the movement. But this life of St. Wilfrid seems evidently to have been put out just now, as an indication of what Mr. Newman and his friends consider to be their *present* duty. It is, in truth, a sort of *Catholicopædia*, or, *An Anglo-Catholic's Guide to the art of Romanizing the Church.* In that view, it is really a very curious and instructive volume. Perhaps, on this account, it may not be undesirable to follow the course of the narrative a little more regularly.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. WILFRID'S PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

WILFRID — who, it seems, "was a clear-sighted youth"—had somehow or other,

made a discovery, and that discovery gave the colour to his whole life. Whether he had fallen upon some old books, or from whatever cause, he began to suspect that there was a more perfect way of serving God; that there were ancient traditions of Catholic customs which it was most dangerous to slight, and yet which were utterly neglected. When once he had got this into his mind, he seized upon it and followed it out in that prescient way in which men who have a work to do are gifted to detect and pursue their master idea, without wasting themselves on collateral objects. Wilfrid pondered and pondered this discovery in his solitude, and he saw that *the one thing to do was to go to Rome, and learn under the shadow of St. Peter's chair the more perfect way.*—p. 4.

How he came so readily to see that going to Rome was "*the one thing to do*" would not have been so easy to discover, if the author had not immediately proceeded to inform us, in the words already quoted—

TO LOOK ROMEWARD IS A CATHOLIC INSTINCT, seemingly *implanted in us for the safety of the faith.*—Ibid.

In his Romeward journey, Wilfrid took Kent by the way. As St. Honorius was at the time archbishop, and,—as our author says,—"peculiarly well skilled in ecclesiastical matters," one might have imagined, "the keen-eyed Wilfrid" could have

learned at Canterbury all he desired to know, without indulging his catholic instincts with so long a journey.

But it was short of Rome. THE PROCESS MAY BE LONGER OR SHORTER, BUT CATHOLICS GET TO ROME AT LAST, IN SPITE OF WIND AND TIDE.—pp. 4, 5.

To Rome, then, he determined to go;—not a very common journey at that time,—"a road untrodden by the English youth,"—catholic though the instinct be "to look Romeward." Just then, it is to be supposed, catholicity began to develop itself in pilgrimages and Romeward aspirations.

Wilfrid was singular in *looking on such a pilgrimage as meritorious, and hoping to win pardon for the sins and ignorances of his youth in such a holy vicinity as the threshold of the Apostles.* . . . Indeed, Wilfrid must have had a versatile mind, and certainly *hesitated at nothing which enabled him to realize to himself communion with Rome.* This strong feeling seems to be *the key to almost everything he did.*—Ibid.

Very possible. That is to say, if the story be true. But,—what is much more interesting to English churchmen in the *nineteenth* century,—"this strong feeling," that has "hesitated at nothing which enables him to realise to himself communion with Rome," "seems to be the key to almost everything" which our own "keen-eyed Wilfrid" is doing, and has been doing for a considerable time. However, to proceed: Wilfrid having found out, at Canterbury, that Jerome's version of the Psalter was not in fashion at Rome;—

this was enough for Wilfrid. He made all the haste he could to forget St. Jerome's version, and learn the old one. What a task it must have been! . . . But *it was a labour of love:* it brought Wilfrid *more into contact with Roman things.* This was *the Roman feeling in a little matter;* but it was the same feeling and no other, which was the life of his actions afterwards.—pp. 5, 6.

There has of late been in many quarters a strong feeling, that the laity would be materially benefited by a more close attention on the part of the clergy to the rules set by the Book of Common Prayer for the performance of divine service. And a very short time ago, there were few who would not have respected a clergyman for his conscientiousness and zeal, should he have set about a more exact and careful observance of these wise and well-considered regulations. Not that serious and sensible people were likely at any time to regard with indifference any symptoms in their minister of a love of needless alteration; but, provided he could have justified the change by an appeal to the rubric, few,—even of the small number who might have felt disposed to call him to account,—would have been dissatisfied. But this state of things no longer exists. And in a church, where one may still see an inscription to commemorate the piety and munificence of a former rector, who had presented the parish with a pair of splendid candlesticks for the communion-table, no one now could dare to make the very slightest deviation from existing and established laxity. The

laity would instantly become alarmed; and if their fears were not as quickly deferred to, it is not impossible that the church would be deserted, and their displeasure manifested by such proceedings as devout men mourn over now, and earnest men will recollect by-and-by with anything but complacency. At present, any change, however unimportant, is dreaded as "*the Roman feeling*," though "*in a little matter*."

Now, no person can feel less disposed than I do to blame the laity for their present sensitiveness: no one less disposed to treat their fears with inconsideration. But how came this change in the temper of the laity? Whence originated the alarm? The blame may not rest *wholly*, perhaps, on Mr. Newman's party. Those who dislike the rules and ritual of the church have in several instances taken advantage of the public fears, and, in some cases, it may be feared, have even endeavoured to excite them, in order to justify their own nonconformity. But this is far from being a sufficient explanation of the facts of the case; since beyond all question, many wise and calm-judging people have of late been found to resist changes, which a little while ago such men would have silently acquiesced in, or even admired. Nor can there be any doubt, either that this resistance is mainly to be attributed to the fears excited by the proceedings of Mr. Newman and his party, or that the Romanizing tendency and

spirit of the movement are the real causes of the laity's regarding with such jealousy and suspicion every and any alteration,—however trivial and in itself unimportant,—as "*the Roman feeling*," though "*in a little matter:*"—as the same *feeling*, and no other, which every one, who is not short-sighted indeed, must see, has become so completely "the life of his actions," that everything seems to Mr. Newman "a labour of love," if only it bring him "more into contact with Roman things."

CHAPTER X.

ST. WILFRID AT ROME—COUNCIL OF WHITBY.

But we are forgetting Wilfrid, who by this time has reached Rome, and has friends there.

Truly Rome was always a kind-hearted city; the very hearth and home of catholic hospitality; even in these days, if considerate kindness could do so *at Rome*, the very aliens are made to forget that they are aliens, and dream for that little while that they are sons. Is this craftiness? Yes; goodness *was ever crafty, ever had a wily way* of alluring what came near it.—pp. 9, 10.

Of which "wily way of alluring" aliens, the Dutch minister at Turin is said to have had some experience lately. But, surely, one need not be surprised that they who avow themselves the admirers of the Jesuits should write in this way; nor is it wonderful that the crafty wiliness of Rome should be eulogized by an author, who glories in the thought, (and, probably, as far as the present prospects of the Jesuits are concerned, this author *knows* what he is saying to be true,) that though "prudent state-craft has been some centuries hard at work to strangle the spirit St. Ignatius Loyola left on earth," "it only *grows more vital every day*, because TRUTH IS ON ITS SIDE, and noble-mindedness, and heavenly principle, and marvellous sanctity."—pp. 149, 150.

But this is a digression. Wilfrid is now in

Rome, and his visit gives the author an opportunity for making some very curious observations:—

> His lot in Rome was the same which befals most travellers who go there for religious ends and spend their time in a religious way. Will it be thought superstitious to say that to such persons it almost invariably happens that there is something or other of a mysterious kind in the occurrences which befal them there, something new, strange, unaccountable, provided only they are searching after heavenly things?—p. 10.

Which "searching after heavenly things" in this author's style, probably means hesitating at nothing which enables one to realize to oneself communion with Rome;—being "obstinately bent on Romanizing," as he says elsewhere (p. 13);—and if so, why should it seem very "mysterious"—or even surprising—that "something new, strange," and "unaccountable," should befal any one visiting Rome in such a temper? The author's method of accounting for the phenomena he fancies to exist is quite characteristic of the British Critic school,—not only in the reference to Luther, but, still more remarkably, in the allusion to the miraculous virtue which proceeded from the Lord's body—an allusion, which, however it may be deemed consistent with a reverential spirit by Mr. Newman's party, will most likely be regarded by the generality of Christians as little short of blasphemy—unless they should be charitable enough to pass it by as simple nonsense. The passage is as follows:—

As if that city were instinct with a sort of preternatural energy, and that *virtue went from it, either to heal or hurt, according to the faith of him who touched*, we read, that Rome made Petrarch almost an infidel; and Luther, to say the best, had his infidelity corroborated by his visit to the catholic capital, because of the sins, the pride, luxury, and corruption there.—Ibid.

So that, if those who visit "the holy city" should be so disgusted with "the sins, the pride, luxury, and corruption" they see there, as to make shipwreck of the faith, or become confirmed in infidelity, Mr. Newman and his friends see nothing in these effects of the depravity and licentiousness of "the catholic capital," except that Rome is "instinct with a sort of preternatural energy," and that "*virtue went from it* (it is really shocking to transcribe such language) *either to heal or hurt, according to the faith of him who touched.*" "This," the author adds,

This is the dark side of the picture. But, to say nothing of other *shrines where relics repose and spots where holy influences abide*, who shall reach even by conjecture to the number and extent of visions seen, prayers answered, vows suggested, lives changed, great ends dreamed, endeavoured after, accomplished, inspirations, or something very like them, given to the listening heart—who shall imagine the number and extent of these things vouchsafed at one place only, the low bannisters, with their coronal of starry lights round the confession of St. Peter and St. Paul, where rich and poor kneel and say Augustine's prayer, or breathe their own secret wants and wishes? It cannot be too strong a thing to say that no one ever went to Rome without leaving it a better or a worse man than he was, with a higher or a harder heart. However this may be, it

is certain that *something strange* occurred to Wilfrid at Rome, something just of the same sort that we hear of so frequently in these days, or which *some of us may have actually experienced.*—p. 11.

What was the "*something strange*," which Mr. Newman or his friends "actually experienced" at Rome—what were the "visions" they saw—whether, for instance, they bore any resemblance to Samson's foxes let loose among the standing corn with firebrands to their tails,—these are points on which the author maintains a mysterious silence. But, truly, if they went to Rome with anything like the views they ascribe to Wilfrid, it needed no prophetic eye to foresee the state of mind in which they should leave it, or the consequences their visits were likely to entail on "most erring, and most unfortunate England."

He approached Rome, his biographer tells us, in the *same spirit* in which St. Paul approached Jerusalem,—

St. Paul states that he went up to Jerusalem "*by revelation;*" but this is a specimen of the manner in which this party is continually endeavouring to give an air of sacredness to its Romanism, by profane and deeply irreverent applications of Holy Scripture—

full of a diffident anxiety *lest he should have run in vain.* He sought it *as the legitimate fountain of catholic teaching, desiring to measure and compare his English faith with it, and prepared to abandon whatever was opposed to the doctrine, spirit, or usage of Rome.*—Ibid.

Which may 'serve for an explanation of what is meant by the "catholic instinct" "to look Romeward."

How it has happened that England has been at all periods so peculiarly apt to be "most erring and most unfortunate," is explained in the author's account of the council of Whitby," at which Wilfrid prevailed on Oswy to "conform to the Roman practice" of observing Easter.

This judgment of the council of Whitby was a great step towards the consummation of Wilfrid's hopes. In his speech he had laid open the true disease of England, the disease which was then drawing it onward to the brink of schism, which clung to it more or less, succouring the evil and baffling the good, even up to the primacy of Archbishop Warham; which plunged it into that *depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism, in which it has lain since the time of Henry VIII.*, and has hitherto retarded its penitence and self-abasement.—p. 36.

From this it appears that England had never yet reached to Mr. Newman's *beau ideal* of catholicity, even before its plunge into that "*depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism*," that altogether make up the doctrine and discipline of the church of which Mr. Newman is a minister.

But to return to Wilfrid's exposition of the "disease" of England :—

He referred the *stubborn nonconformity* of his times to that narrow temper of self-praise fostered by our insular position, leading the great mass of common minds to overlook with a bigoted superciliousness almost the very existence of the universal church, and to disesteem the

privileges of communion with it. A *particular* church, priding itself upon its separate rights and independent jurisdiction, must end at last in arrogating to itself an inward purity, a liberty of change, [such, for instance, as is claimed in the preface of the Book of Common Prayer,] and an empire over the individual conscience far more stringent and tyrannous than was ever claimed by the Universal Church. [meaning, of course, by "the universal church," the pope and church of Rome, and those subject to their dominion.] In other words, nationalism must result in the meanest form of bigotry, and, as being essentially demoralizing, must be a fearful heresy in theology.—Ibid.

Perhaps it may be questioned, whether Mr. Newman and his friends are quite so good judges of what is either demoralizing or heretical, as they imagine themselves to be. Persons who have obtained their orders in the church of England, on the faith of their abjuration of Romanism, *name and thing*, must have their moral perceptions in a preternatural state of confusion, if, while continuing members and ministers of this church, they are labouring, as the very end and aim of their existence, to poison the public mind with Roman superstitions, and enslave their country with the yoke of a foreign domination. The beam in their own eye had better be extracted, before they set about their charitable operations on the eyes of others. But what infinite ignorance—or what scandalously dishonest suppression—of the most notorious facts in the history of the church, is involved in this tirade against the church of England! The ancient British Christians

did not choose to give up their mode of calculating the time of Easter, and adopt the Roman computation. This was "nationalism," "essentially demoralizing," "a fearful heresy in theology." And is Mr. Newman ignorant of what our divines (Bishop Lloyd, for instance) have written on this subject? Or, if the writers of a church plunged in a "depth of sacrilege, heresy, and libertinism," meet but little respect at his hands—has he never read of Irenæus, and what he thought and wrote of Victor?

If the church of Rome is so wicked as to require her subjects in these countries to erect schismatical altars, rather than allow them to worship God in a liturgy constructed with so divine a spirit of charity and moderation, that it does not compel them to use a single word which can violate their conscientious scruples—if she is so essentially cruel and schismatical as to construct her own offices in such a manner that a member of our church, travelling in foreign countries, cannot communicate with her without being forced to commit idolatry—if these facts be as certain as any facts can be, what is to be thought or said of those, who make the squabbles in the eighth century about the paschal term a text, on which to found a charge of demoralizing heresy, against the church in which they have received their baptism and their orders?—the church, of which, to this hour, they choose to be considered members? No right-minded person can have a second opinion on the

subject. Let Mr. Newman, if he please, continue, like his model saint, to exert "*all his influence to bring about conformity with the Holy Roman Church*"*—let him labour, if he please, to drag back his country to that state of things, when, as this writer triumphantly describes it, "*crowned cowards* quailed before the eye of the old man in his white cassock on the Vatican"†—or if the mercy of Heaven should protect us from the machinations of internal treachery, let him and his "little band" migrate to what their idolatrous fanaticism reveres as "THE FOUNTAIN OF HOPE, STRENGTH, AND JUSTICE, ST. PETER'S CHAIR;"‡—but if there be shame or decency left among them, surely it should prevent those who propagate such truly demoralizing heresy regarding virginity and marriage, as I have transcribed into these pages from the Lives of the English Saints, from presuming to constitute themselves the accusers and judges of the church of England.

* p. 38. † p. 162. ‡ p 102.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. WILFRID AND ST. THEODORE—APPEALS TO ROME—ST. WILFRID A PLURALIST.

It would occupy too much space, and, I fear, weary the reader, to go through all the particulars of this life of Wilfrid; and yet, it is in the course of observations on matters otherwise of little moment or interest, that Mr. Newman's object in projecting this series of lives is developed. For example:—from the quarrel between St. Wilfrid and St. Theodore (for St. Wilfrid seems to have quarrelled with almost every saint in the circle of his acquaintance, so that our author tells us of one council where were present "five canonized saints, at that time enemies;"* but this, by the way,) he takes the opportunity to make the following remarks:—

We can understand modern writers blaming Wilfrid for having brought the Church of his country more and more *into subjection to Rome*. Certainly, it is true that he materially aided *the blessed work of rivetting more tightly the happy chains* which held England to St. Peter's chair, —*chains never snapped, as sad experience tells us, without the loss of many precious Christian things*. Wilfrid did *betray*, to use modern language, *the liberty of the national Church:* that is, translated into *catholic* phraseology, he rescued England, even in the seventh century, from *the wretched and debasing formality of nationalism*. Such charges, however ungraceful in themselves, and perhaps

* Page 178.

downright heretical, are, at least, intelligible in the mouths of Protestant historians; but it is obvious that Theodore could have no objection to Wilfrid on the score of his *romanizing*, for the holy archbishop was himself the very presence of great Rome in this island of ours.—pp. 84, 85.

"Modern writers" may blame Wilfrid for endeavouring to bring the church of England "*into subjection to Rome.*" "Protestant historians" may charge him with betraying the liberty of the national church. But such charges are "perhaps downright heretical":—and the "chains" of Roman tyranny are "*happy chains*"—"*chains never snapped, as sad experience tells us, without the loss of many precious Christian things*" and "*rivetting more tightly*" these "*happy chains*" is "*a blessed work*"—and "betraying the liberty" of our church, and bringing it "more and more into subjection to Rome," and "*Romanizing*" are—when "translated into catholic phraseology,"—nothing more than rescuing England "from the wretched and degrading formality of nationalism." Really this is too shocking! There is an air of quiet effrontery in this passage rarely equalled—certainly not surpassed—in the lowest class of Romish controversialists. Another specimen of this style occurs a little after, in the rhapsody in which the author indulges on occasion of Wilfrid's appeal to Rome.

O blessed see of Rome! was never charm spoken over the tossings of a troubled world like that potent name of thine! What storms has it not allayed! What gather-

ing evils has it not dissipated, what consummated evils has it not punished and undone, what slaveries has it not ended, what tyrannies, local or world-wide, has it not broken down, what smooth highways has it not made for the poor and the oppressed, even through the thrones of kings, and the rights of nobles, and the treasure-chambers of narrow-hearted commonwealths!—p. 87.

Making "smooth highways through the thrones of kings and the rights of nobles!" Truly it does remind one of the feat of driving a coach and six through an act of parliament, which a celebrated Romanizer in the sister island piques himself on his dexterity in performing. And he, too, will perhaps be remembered hereafter by "Protestant historians," —if any such should survive,—as one who "materially aided the blessed work of rivetting more tightly the happy chains," which hold his wretched country "to St. Peter's chair." But the author proceeds in his eulogy.

Rome's name, spoken by the widow, or the orphan, or the unjustly divorced wife, or the tortured serf, or the persecuted monk, or the weak bishop, or the timid virgin, —have there not been ages when *emperors and kings, and knights and peers, trembled to hear it* in their far off strongholds? All things in the world have promised more than they have done, save only *the little, soon-spoken name of Rome*, and it has ever gone beyond its promise in the mightiness of its deeds; and *is not then that word from God?*—pp. 87, 88.

Perhaps, in most minds, the feeling left by the reading of this passage will be simple horror at its profaneness. Nor is this the first instance of the sort I have had to notice. Indeed, this is so re-

markable a feature in the writings of this school, that it would require a separate consideration. The following extract, meantime, will be felt to have somewhat of the same character; while,—in connexion with the catholic instinct of looking Romeward,—the allusion to the Inquisition—doubtless one of those "happy chains" which Mr. Newman's party hope to rivet, and that "tightly," on "most erring and most unfortunate England," in the progress of their "blessed work,"—is really both curious and instructive.

It would be edifying to trace *the spirit of the Roman court* through all ages and in all departments, and see how *a most unworldly, dispassionate moderation has distinguished it.* It is *quite solemn and overawing.* The *local inquisition* was *milder at Rome than elsewhere.* The hesitation before approving of a reform in a degenerate order is painful to a reader at first, but on consideration it appears admirably wise and *providentially ordered.* Surely, when evil has most mingled there, there has been something about that court which *earthly measures cannot mete.* In truth *they who do not see God there, may well suspect Antichrist.*—p. 114, note.

What hope can one entertain of writers, who are every now and then trying to impart an air of solemnity to their errors and superstitions, by means of such fearful trifling with names and subjects the most sacred? For, as I have already observed, this irreverence amounts to such a habit in the works of Mr. Newman and his school, that it would require a separate notice to itself. But, while on the subject of Romeward tendencies, another passage occurs

to me in this life of St. Wilfrid, which will furnish such an illustration of this profane way of writing as makes it desirable to quote it here.

Never was there upon earth a tribunal so august as that of Rome! While in the local Churches, party spirit and factious tumult, the wrath of kings and the strife of prelates, keep all things in effervescence, the patient discernment, the devout tranquillity of deliberation, the unimpassioned disentanglement of truth from falsehood, the kindly suspense, the saintly moderation without respect of persons, the clear-voiced utterance of the decree at last, —how wonderful were all these things in the court of Rome!—p. 172.

Really this might pass for a very pretty example of the figure called Irony, if one had met it anywhere else, and it were not quite certain, that Mr. Newman and his friends scrupulously abstain from the use of ridicule in writing on religious subjects, and particularly from sneering—except when they have occasion to refer to "Protestants and other heretics." But this falsification, almost incredible though it be, is tame and insignificant compared with the profaneness, which, in not very unnatural conjunction, immediately succeeds it.

With profoundest reverence be it spoken, did not this tribunal faintly shadow forth the imperturbed peace, long-suffering, merciful delay yet loving promptitude of the divine judgments? *Earth trembled and was still:* for many a century was this true of Rome; surely it was *the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.*—pp. 172, 173.

Can the reader need to be reminded of the awful

meaning and intention of the words of Holy Scripture here (no words that human language can supply will be too strong) profanely and blasphemously misapplied?*

But the author must be suffered to proceed.

Seventy councils held to sift, to balance, to compare, to adjust what might seem a petty strife in a far off diocese of a little island! Wilfrid might well have faith in Rome, might well go through all he did to *teach his Saxon countrymen the like consoling and reverential trust.*—Ibid.

Well he might, indeed! For, I rather think, Wilfrid's love for Rome was not quite so mysterious in its origin, or so disinterested in its progress, as this author finds it convenient to represent it. Archbishop Bramhall (an authority once deemed not ineffective in a catena) would assign a very different cause than catholic instinct for the "long and bitter

* In a subsequent part of the volume occurs another most startling misapplication of Holy Scripture. Speaking of the relics of Wilfrid, the author says, "They rest now hard by the bones of that gentle-mannered and meek-hearted prelate, Reginald Pole, the *last primate of catholic England.* Si conversi in corde suo, in terra ad quam captivi ducti fuerant, egerint pœnitentiam, et deprecati Te fuerint in terra captivitatis suæ, dicentes: Peccavimus, inique fecimus, injuste egimus; et reversi fuerint ad Te in toto corde suo, et in tota anima sua, in terra captivitatis suæ ad quam ducti sunt, adorabunt Te contra viam *terræ suæ quam dedisti patribus eorum,* et *urbis quam elegisti,* et domus quam ædificavi nomini Tuo: Tu exaudies de cœlo, hoc est, de firmo habitaculo Tuo, preces eorum, et facias judicium, et dimittas populo Tuo, quamvis peccatori."—Ibid. p. 202. Of course, the application of this passage to the return of England to popery is too plain to be mistaken. But how any man who believes the Bible to be the word of God, or possesses a shadow of reverence for sacred things, can dare to abuse the Holy Scripture in such a manner, is wholly incomprehensible.

contention" which produced these appeals to Rome. Wilfrid, he would tell us, "was become a great pluralist, and had engrossed into his hands too many ecclesiastical dignities. The king and the church of England thought fit to deprive him of some of them, and to confer them upon others."* Hence the appeals to Rome. Hence the desire of Wilfrid to rivet more and more tightly the happy chains which held his country to St. Peter's chair. He "was become a great pluralist," and he hoped to find Rome willing to abet him in his resistance to the laws and the sovereign of his native country. Nor was he disappointed. Rome had learned from her heathen predecessor the art of enlarging her dominions, by receiving appeals and meddling in the domestic feuds of independent states and churches. And if we believe this biographer, Wilfrid found the Roman bishop no ineffective ally. Having stated that Alfrid died, (his death, as this author would persuade us, being a judgment for his disregard of the papal authority,) he says,—

So Alfrid died. Had he thrown his wisdom upon the side of God's church, what might not this royal scholar have done for the north; as it was, his reign left no trace behind. He squandered his talents in persecuting a bishop, in order to free the state from the salutary restraints of the church, [a pleasing version of an attempt to correct a pluralist,] and the *bishop outwitted the scholar in his craft*,

* Bramhall's Works in the Anglo-Catholic Library, vol. i. p. 134.

called in Rome, and Rome beat the king to the ground. The same edifying drama has been enacted over and over again for the instruction of the world: yet states are slow learners; they die before their nonage is past; while the Church remains old in years and wisdom, young in power and freshness.—pp. 177, 178.

The Jesuitical hatred of "crowned cowards" is but thinly concealed in this strange piece of misrepresentation: and it is this Jesuitism, and the servile flattery of Rome, which so naturally accompanies it, that alone makes the passage worth the trouble of transcription.

For, really, it seems a useless waste of time to expose such miserable falsifications of history, as few readers can fail to detect for themselves. It is more to the purpose to quote another passage, which, while it has a more distinct reference to the present condition of our church, is altogether extremely characteristic of Mr. Newman's catholicism. But this I must keep for the following chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

ST. WILFRID EXPERIMENTALIZING—MODERATE MEN.

The writer of Wilfrid's life, speaking of his restoration to the throne of York, states (whether truly or not is immaterial at present) that although "saints, canonized saints, filled the sees," yet while Wilfrid, the Romanizer, was kept out of his diocese, "we cannot find that the church in the north was making way." Of course this is said merely to introduce another hint of the necessity of our "happy chains" being rivetted more tightly. However, having (by way of illustration) named St. Cuthbert, as one of those who, without Rome, was insufficient to do much for the church, he says,—

Doubtless *his merits were amassing treasures* for the northern Church in years to come. Blessed ascetic that he was! who shall count the debt the men of Durham owe to him? Forgotten, as many catholic things are, the poor of that seven-hilled city in the north have yet an affectionate remembrance of the wonder-working Cuthbert, and *his strange wandering relics.* Still the church does not seem just then to have made any real advances; the monastic system does not seem to have spread or gained strength or fresh spirituality; and, after all, *the flourishing state of monkery is the safest test of real church reform.* Was it that the blessing was suspended, and that even the saintly intruders into St. Wilfrid's see worked at a disadvantage, as *working against Rome, and without the Apo-*

*stolic benediction?** The later history of this insular church would seem to show that *the absence of that benediction is almost a blight:* it *stunts all growths*, though it may not cause absolute sterility; it is thus that *catholic churches decay and are transformed into pusillanimous communities.* If it were that *the loss of Rome's blessing was really keeping back the northern Church*, then we may understand how it was that the church *did* make way in one place, and in one place only,—at the abbeys of Wearmouth and of Jarrow: for there was the presence of St. Benedict Biscop, who so honoured Rome, and with such tender devotion loved that sacred place, that in spite of all the perils both by land and sea, five weary pilgrimages hardly satisfied his ardent feelings towards the *Holy City.*—pp. 151, 152.

So, notwithstanding the treasures amassed for us by the merits of St. Cuthbert, and the blessings he bequeathed us in his "strange wandering relics," still monkery is not in so flourishing a state as Mr. Newman could desire. And why so? Why, truly we are working "at a disadvantage, as working against Rome, and without the Apostolic benediction," and so, we must be content to remain but "pusillanimous communities;" whatever that may mean. Nay, even the presence of our modern Wilfrid, with all his ardent longings towards the Holy City, are insufficient to infuse vigour into

* The reader will hardly fail to observe the similarity of this language with that of Mr. Newman,—if, indeed, this author be not Mr. Newman himself:—

"We cannot hope for the success among the heathen of St. Augustine or St. Boniface, *unless, like them, we go forth with the apostolical benediction.*"—Sermons on Subjects of the Day, p. 150.

our blighted and stunted growth. "The loss of Rome's blessing" is "keeping back" our church; and Mr. Newman's efforts to restore us to the arms of his mother are appreciated with every feeling but that of gratitude. Indeed, in the following passage a very graphic description of him and his position is given under the name of Wilfrid, in what might fairly be called a fancy sketch: for, really, as far as history is concerned, it is just about as correct a portrait of Sir Roger de Coverley as of Wilfrid.

In men's eyes *he was experimentalizing;* he was *breaking down that which had obviously much good about it. Moderate men* would not know what to think, what to make, of his work: they could not tell where it would end; so their impulse would be to hold back, and in holding back they would get frightened. Wilfrid *made no secret at all of what his work was; it was the thorough romanizing* of the Northumbrian Church; and *there is really something so very awful about Rome, either for good or ill,* that we cannot wonder at men becoming timorous, when the hardier zeal of others drags them reluctantly into the presence of such an exciting change.—p. 203.

Why "moderate men" should find any difficulty in telling where such a work will end, does not appear. Their *moderation,* surely, can have nothing to do with either creating or increasing any difficulty of the sort. Mr. Newman makes "no secret of what his work is." It is plainly and undisguisedly the "*thorough Romanizing,*" of the Church of England. He is "*experimentalizing.*" He is "*breaking down that which has obviously much good*

about it." This is the work he conceives it his duty to do. His want of secresy or reserve can be no other than a matter of thankfulness to all who retain love or loyalty to the church. But, most assuredly, if any who desire to be called *moderate* men keep silent, while he is "experimentalizing" in this fashion, they must be prepared to be counted responsible for no small portion of the mischief he is doing, and to forfeit the influence which their moderation ought to give them, and does actually give them with the respectable part of the community.

Whatever may be said of the past, Mr. Newman cannot *now* be charged with concealment. It is evident that he and his party imagine him, like his prototype, Wilfrid,—

> raised up to do some special work in the world;—the idea of it seems completely to master his whole life;—every detail of it looks one way and has but one only meaning.

And the world will probably be told hereafter,—

> with what distinctness *he perceived that devotion to Rome was the sole remedy for the ailing times*, and with what promptness he *gave himself up to the cultivation of that feeling in himself, and the propagation of it amongst others.* —p. 49.

This is what will be said of Mr. Newman hereafter. Every one sees how truly it may be said of him now. To a higher tribunal, indeed, than public opinion, he is accountable for his principles

and conduct. But if the interests of truth are damaged, if the real principles of the Church of England become so mixed up in men's minds with Mr. Newman's experimentalizings and superstitions, as to bring orthodoxy and the Common Prayer-book itself into suspicion, then, most assuredly, "moderate men,"—men who deserve to be described by a name expressive of wisdom and calm-judging discretion, should take care, before it be too late, that none of the blame shall rest at their doors.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MOVEMENT—PALMERS AND PILGRIMS.

But what do Mr. Newman and his party propose to do next? Can they remain much longer in communion with the church? Can they feel satisfied with the validity or legitimacy of their orders? As far as these questions lead to personalities and the discussion of the morality of Mr. Newman's conduct, I wish to avoid them altogether. It has long been my fixed persuasion, that nothing has involved the character of the Oxford movement in more confusion, than the propensity both its friends and opposers have had for making it a personal question. Mr. Newman has a Master, and to Him he must give account for what he has done and is doing. But, in considering the object and character of the movement, these questions—namely, what step will be taken next? and what is Mr. Newman's view respecting the validity and regularity of his orders? —are questions of importance, and deserve an answer, if an answer can be given to them. I pretend to no secret intelligence. I disclaim any such sagacity as could enable me to predict what step shall next be taken, much less in what latitude of sectarianism a movement will end, where everything of faith and worship is in a transition state,—where restlessness amounts to an incurable disease,—and the

one only symptom which is fixed and chronic, is an incessant change of posture,—and the whole frame is convulsed with the twitchings and contortions of spiritual fidgets. In truth, the party have set about—

> "A godly thorough reformation,
> Which always must be carried on,
> And still be doing, never done."

Starting on an inclined plane—notwithstanding the "Catholic instinct" which in the first instance propels them "Romeward,"—Rome itself seems destined to be but the next station in a never-ending whirl of locomotion. If they stay long enough to take in a fresh supply of moving power, it is quite as much as their friends in the Eternal City (and none can estimate more correctly the evanescent character of such flying visitors) should venture to reckon on. Their pilgrimage seems destined to the fate which Milton tells of.

> "St. Peter at heaven's wicket seems
> To wait them with his keys . . . .
> . . . . . when lo!
> A violent cross wind from either coast
> Blows them transverse ten thousand leagues awry
> Into the devious air."

Or rather, they remind one of Mr. Newman's description of "St. Willibald's party," in the second volume of these lives. They are—

Palmers and not pilgrims;—for a *palmer* and a *pilgrim*, according to some, differ in this; a *pilgrim* has a home, to

which he returns when his vow is performed, a *palmer* has none; a *pilgrim* goes to a certain place in particular, a *palmer* goes to all.—St. Richard, p. 54.

When Mr. Newman and the rest of the "Palmers" intend to make the *next* move, however, may naturally be inquired by those who feel concerned in the effects of their peregrinations on the church,—especially as he seems to describe their present feelings in what he says of St. Willibald and "his companions:" they have "broken all the bands which tied them to England, left all what are called prospects in life, and renounced their home for ever."

Now, although one may be mistaken in supposing it to be intended to satisfy a reasonable anxiety on this point, there is a passage in this life of St. Wilfrid which may almost be regarded in the light of a bulletin;—especially as the book has been so very lately published, and in truth, is a sort of myth or parable—a story founded on fact—in which the history of Wilfrid seems to have been wrought up into a portraiture of Mr. Newman and an embodiment of his teaching. The writer had been stating that Wilfrid declined receiving consecration from the English bishops, as, among other reasons,—

it was quite open to a question whether the Scottish non-conformity did not amount to schism, when Rome had spoken so plainly about the matter; and lastly, there was a gross, and open, and unresisted Erastianism throughout the island, most grievous to a pious mind, and full of perplexity.—St. Wilfrid, p. 42.

where the allusion to present times and circumstances is too plain to be mistaken.—He then proceeds in the following manner:—

To many persons in our days these scruples [*scil.* regarding the validity of English orders] will seem so unreal as to be unintelligible; while to others, and *those not a few*, they will have a distressing reality.—Ibid. p. 43.

From which it seems plain, that *not a few* of Mr. Newman's party are dissatisfied with their orders in the church of England. If Mr. Newman himself be so, his scruples will afford the most satisfactory explanation of his resignation of his preferment which has yet been suggested. But the author proceeds,—

Of course those who do not believe in the divine institution of the Visible Church and the mysteriousness of her privileges, will perceive in St. Wilfrid's hesitation nothing but a superstitious and judaizing spirit; more especially when, through long disesteem of apostolic order, they have learned to look on jealousy for catholic doctrines and the high-minded anathemas of Holy Church as bigotry, ignorance, or at best, great uncharitableness.—Ibid.

As if this author had any right to assume, that no one believes "in the divine institution of the visible church, and the mysteriousness of her privileges," except those, who, by "the visible church" mean Rome, and by "her privileges" mean sacramental confession, and expiatory penance, and purgatory, and relics, and monkery, and holy virginity, and "the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius." And yet this is precisely the danger of

the present crisis. In the course of his "experimentalizing" and "Romanizing," Mr. Newman's party have practised such sleights of theological legerdemain with the terms *church* and *catholic*, that there is deep reason to apprehend the public are rapidly coming to the conclusion, that such terms stand for nothing but popery, and that the idea of *church* or *catholic*, except in a popish sense, is a chimera,—fantastical and unreal,—the ravings of a crazy enthusiast,—

> "cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
> Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
> Reddatur formæ."

This is THE danger. If moderate men take care, at once, and before it be too late, to detach themselves, openly and unequivocally, from all suspicion of collusion or confederacy with Mr. Newman and his band of "Palmers;" if they boldly and distinctly make known their adhesion to the Church-of-England notions of "the visible church" and "her privileges,"—the church may yet be saved. But if not,—either some unforeseen conjuncture will precipitate the church into the hands of Rome, or else—and of the two this latter seems rather the more likely at present—the public will settle down into latitudinarianism, and the influence of truth and common sense receive a shock which it will not speedily recover.

CHAPTER XIV.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINES—DIFFICULTIES OF THE MOVEMENT—A DILEMMA.

What Mr. Newman means by "catholic doctrines" has long ceased to be matter of doubt. But the use of the term in the passage just quoted is plain from what immediately follows:—

> It is quite impossible for any one to sustain for long an affectionate jealousy about the doctrines which concern the Divine Person and Two Natures of our Lord, who is not likewise exceedingly jealous for the divine forms, unity, ritual and succession of the Visible Church. The preservation of true saving doctrine is tied to the formal constitution of the Visible Church just as much, and with as infrequent exceptions, as the gift of regeneration is tied to the form of Baptism, or *the Justifying Presence of Christ consigned to the sacrifice of the Altar*.—Ibid.

These latter words speak for themselves. But is the former sentence of this quotation true? Errors are, no doubt linked together;—and truths have a mutual connexion, and are not adequately received, when received in severance from this connexion,—when some portions of truth are received, and some rejected or unknown. But this attempt to fasten a charge of heresy,—Nestorianism, Sabellianism, Socinianism, or Arianism,—on every one who hesitates to assent to such catholic doctrines as "*the justifying presence of Christ* being *consigned to the sacrifice of the altar*," is just one of the worn-out artifices of "the

most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius," and can frighten no one but very silly and ill-informed people. To say, that every one, who rejects the papal supremacy and the peculiar doctrines and practices of Rome, entertains heretical notions regarding the Trinity and the Incarnation, or is destitute of "an affectionate jealousy about the doctrines which concern the Divine person and two natures of our Lord," is to betray great ignorance or greater dishonesty. Those who bring such charges against the members of the church of England are saying what is untrue; and those who bring them against Protestant dissenters, merely because they are in error respecting the government and structure of the church, can have but little acquaintance with their opinions or feelings on such subjects. But to resume our quotations.

The world *assumes* the divine forms of the Church to be mere externals, and, arguing from its own unwarrantable premiss, condemns the Saints as verbal disputants and sticklers for empty ceremonial. No wonder, then, that in these days, St. Wilfrid's scruples should be matter of derision.—Ibid.

"*The world*," of course, signifies in this passage those who do not agree with Mr. Newman, and then the proposition is untrue in both particulars. For, no orthodox member of our church looks on the succession and validity of orders, as matters of indifference. And no respectable and learned Romanist would tolerate the notion on which this sophism

rests—that validity depends on peculiarities of ritual and ceremonial. So that, if Wilfrid's "scruples" had any rational foundation, no orthodox churchman would feel any inclination to treat them with "derision."

But *there are others* who find the present state of things only too fruitful in *similar perplexities*, and *the danger is not slight of their putting themselves into a false position in consequence of their distress.* Under any circumstances, the office of ecclesiastical rulers, teachers and priests, is full of difficulty from its double nature. They who bear it have not only the government and discipline of themselves to look to, their growth, mutations, lapses, as lay Christians have, but to this they superadd another entire second life, through their solemn and sacramental relations to others. Is it not then a very fearful thing for them to have *a doubt cast on the efficacy of their priesthood*, the *reality of those tremendous acts* which they have performed *in the name of priests*, and *the truthfulness of their absolutions and consecrations?* and if we further assume the possible cases of ailing health and broken spirits, what a burden must it be for reason to bear, and not give way? Indeed, it is hardly right to go on dwelling upon it. Enough has been said to suggest more: there is *some* support in seeing that so great a Saint as Wilfrid keenly felt a somewhat similar position, and *did not hesitate to act at much cost upon these feelings.*—pp. 43, 44.

Now, according to this historian, the way Wilfrid acted was simply this: he repudiated the orders of the British church, and sought consecration elsewhere. And therefore, one might at first suppose, that a similar conduct is here recommended to those, in whose minds Mr. Newman has succeeded in

raising doubts and scruples, as to the *efficacy* of their priesthood, and the *reality* and *truthfulness* of the acts they have performed as priests. Secession, and an immediate reconciliation with Rome, would seem to be the only path,—if St. Wilfrid's example is to be followed. But this does not appear to be what is recommended by Mr. Newman: at least, not just yet. On the contrary, he seems to dread any step of the sort being taken at present. And, indeed, this is also the tone of his Sermons on Subjects of the Day; and since that, of Mr. Ward's book.* The church is to be thoroughly Romanized, by those who remain in her ministry and communion *for that purpose*. Seceders, therefore, not only put themselves into a false position, but retard "the blessed work of rivetting more and more tightly the happy chains" which, in the dreams of Mr. Newman's catholicism, hold "England to St. Peter's chair." In spirit and purpose, Mr. Newman and his company of "Palmers" seem to have "broken all the bands which tied them to England," and appear ready at an hour's warning to start for the Holy City. But nothing must be done prematurely; nothing to retard the general work of Romanizing. They must bide their time:—contenting themselves meanwhile with the consoling thought, that *the pro-*

* This was written a year ago, and before Mr. Ward's Ideal had been fully developed in practice, by the extraordinary course he has since taken.

cess may be longer or shorter, but CATHOLICS GET TO ROME AT LAST, *in spite of wind and tide.* That such is the present state of the party may be gathered from what immediately follows the words last quoted.

But, further than this, is there not almost incalculable comfort in reflecting on the actual history? Wilfrid stood, as all men stand in their generation, amidst the blinding battle which the present always is: *he was oppressed with doubts about the system of his Church, because of the relation in which it stood to the chief bishop:* he was able at once, though with some pains, to clear up his position. *This latter mercy may be denied to us;* but we, looking at Wilfrid's days as part of the past, are permitted to see the Church whose system he doubted of recognised as an integral part of the Body Catholic, the prelates whose consecration he distrusted canonized as Saints, his own rival, whose ordination was indisputably uncanonical, *now revered* as one of our holiest English bishops. When we naturally couple together, almost without thought, St. Wilfrid and St. Chad, we read ourselves a lesson, which, if we would only receive it, is full of deepest consolation and most effectual incentives to strictness and holiness of life, and *a quiet occupying of ourselves with present duties.* —Ibid. pp. 44, 45.

It is obvious, that Wilfrid's example could give but little encouragement or direction to Mr. Newman and his friends, unless their doubts and perplexities bore some affinity to his. But, indeed, this is admitted. Wilfrid, it seems, "was oppressed with doubts about the system of his church, because of the relation in which it stood to the chief bishop;" that is (as is plain from the story), he doubted the validity of English orders, because this church did

not choose to subject itself to the dominion of Rome. Mr. Newman's doubts are avowedly the same. He and "not a few" of his party have doubts of—

> the *efficacy* of their priesthood, the *reality* of those tremendous acts which they have performed *in the name of priests*, and the *truthfulness* of their absolutions and consecrations.

Plainly, they represent Wilfrid's doubts and their own as substantially the same. Wilfrid, indeed, relieved his scruples and cleared up his position at once, by rejecting English orders and seeking consecration in France. "This latter mercy," says the author, "may be denied to us:" in other words, there seems, on account of the state of Christendom, no way at present of clearing up the position in which Mr. Newman and his party find themselves, or improving the relation in which they stand to the chief bishop, except by actual secession from the church of England, and reconciliation with Rome; and this they feel would put them "into a false position." The meaning of all this is sufficiently obvious. For, if Mr. Newman determine on that decisive step, to whom shall he bequeath the blessed work of rivetting the happy chains of Roman power on England, when he and his friends have gone a palmering? Here lies the double difficulty. If they stay where they are,—how are they to improve their relation to the chief bishop? If they depart, who is to complete "the thorough Roman-

izing" of "most erring and most unfortunate England"? For a while, then, they must endeavour to endure, as best they may, their doubts, and perplexities, and distress, and content them with what, by a considerable latitude of Euphemism, they call "a quiet occupying of ourselves with present duties;" their "*present duties*" consisting in their using all the interest they personally possess, or derive from their position in a Protestant church and university, for the propagation of Romish errors and superstitions; and their quietness, in a never-ceasing employment of the press,—newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, tracts, books for children, poems, sermons, translations of the Fathers, Lives of English Saints, Mr. Newman's Translation of Fleury, Mr. Oakeley's adaptation of Bonaventure, and, lastly, Dr. Pusey's adaptation of the work of Surin the insane Jesuit, &c.,—being all at once poured out upon the public.

Of all the features of this movement, none is more revolting, than the manner in which its originators have always talked of their retiring and unobtrusive quietness. If men are satisfied of the truth of their opinions, and of their duty to advocate them, who can blame them for exerting themselves to bring others to the same views? But, for a party, which has taken more pains to revolutionize the church than any other party (if we should not except John Wesley) since the days of the Puritans—a party

which, since the hour its leaders combined as a party, have been keeping themselves in all possible ways before the public, and have made more constant, persevering, and systematic use of the press, with all its variety of appliances, than any other set of men within the present century—for such a party to be continually talking of their quietness and shrinking love of retirement, and wearying one with endless lamentations at being dragged before the public,—really I should not like even to think with harshness, but such amazing inconsistency between the language and proceedings of men professing to act on principles so high and holy, does leave an exceedingly painful impression on my mind.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ROMANIZING PARTY—THE ECCLESIOLOGISTS.

THE object of the movement, then, is to bring the English church once more into subjection to Rome. The means by which this "blessed work" is to be effected is—the gradual, but "thorough Romanizing" of all our habits of thinking and devotion. Sacramental confession, monasticism, the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist and the atonement, and relics, and purgatory, and holy virginity;—the propagation of these and similar errors and superstitions is the *quiet* occupation of themselves with present duties, recommended to Mr. Newman's friends. Everything must proceed in an orderly and settled method. Nothing is to be done hastily; no one putting himself or the party into a false position, and thus, by following Mr. Newman's very original recipe for repentance,—*undoing sins in the order in which they have been committed*,—it will be found that "*Catholics get to Rome at last, in spite of wind and tide.*"

Just now, however, the Ecclesiologists seem to give Mr. Newman some trouble, and he appears to apprehend that his youthful disciples are in danger of stopping short in their Romeward progress, and resting satisfied with the symbolism of chasubles and encaustic tiles, instead of submitting to sacra-

mental confession and "the *pursuit* of holy virginity." The passage here alluded to occurs towards the conclusion of the Life of St. Wilfrid, and, besides the exposition it gives of "present duties," its spirit and temper are so remarkable, that, although it is rather long, I think it will be desirable to transcribe it, and I hope the reader will ponder over its contents, which deserve to be seriously considered on more accounts than one.

What do men mean, when they call the thousand and one vestiges of better times, visible in England, lingering relics of catholicism? What lingers in them or about them? What truth, what helpfulness, what holiness? If they be relics, where is their virtue? Whom have they healed? What have they wrought? When will people understand how unreal all such language is? Poetry is not catholicism, though catholicism is deeply and essentially poetical; and when a thing has become beautiful in the eyes of an antiquary it has ceased to be useful: its beauty consists in its being something which men cannot work with. A broken choir in a woody dell,—if it be sweet to the eyes and not bitter in the thoughts,—if it soothes, but humbles not, what is it but a mischievous thing over which it were well to invoke a railroad, or any other devastating change. Let us be men, and not dreamers: one cannot dream in religion without profaning it. When men strive about the decorations of the altar, and the lights, and the rood-screen, and the credence, and the piscina, and the sedilia, and the postures here and the postures there, and the people are not first diligently instructed in the holy mysteries, or *brought to realize the Presence and the Sacrifice*, no less than the commemorative Sacrament,—what is it all but puerility, raised into the wretched dignity of profaneness by the awfulness of the

subject matter? Is there not already very visible mischief in the architectural pedantry displayed here and there, and the grotesque earnestness about petty trivialities, and the stupid reverence for the *formal* past? *Altars* are the play-things of nineteenth century societies, and we are taught *that the church cannot change, modify, or amplify her worship:* she is, so we learn, a thing of a past century, not a life of all centuries; and there is abusive wrangling and peevish sarcasm, while men are striving to force some favourite antiquated clothing of their own over the majestic figure of true, solid, abiding catholicism. It is downright wickedness to be going thus *a-mumming* (a buffoonery, doubtless correct enough out of some mediæval costume book) when we should be doing plain work for our age, and our neighbours. But *sentiment* is easier than *action*, and an embroidered frontal a prettier thing than an ill-furnished house and a spare table, yet, after all, *it is not so striking: and a wan face gives more force to a sacred rite*, than an accurately clipped stole, or a handsomely swelling chasuble. The world was once taught by a holy man that there was nothing merely external in Christianity; the value of its forms consists in their being the truthful expressions of inwardly existing convictions; and what convictions of the English poor, who come *unconfessed to the Blessed Sacrifice*, does all this modern ancientness of vestment and adorning express? Children are fond of *playing at funerals;* it is touching to see nature's fears so working at that innocent age: whereas to see grown-up children, book in hand, *playing at mass*, putting ornament before truth, suffocating the inward by the outward, bewildering the poor instead of leading them, revelling in catholic sentiment instead of offering *the acceptable sacrifice of hardship and austerity*,— this is a fearful, indeed a sickening development of the peculiar iniquity of the times, a master-piece of Satan's craft. This is not the way to become Catholic again; it

is only a *profaner kind of Protestantism* than any we have seen hitherto. Austerity is the mother of beauty; only so is beauty legitimately born. A hard life—that is *the impressive thing* when *its secrets escape here and there, at this time and at that time, as they are sure to do*, however humble and given to concealment the penitent may be. A gentle yet manly inroad into modern effeminacies, simplicity of furniture, plainness of living, largeness of alms, a mingling with the poor, something of monastic discipline in households, the self-denying observance of seasons, somewhat of seclusion, silence, and *spiritual retreat*:—these should come first. When they have wrought their proper miracles, then will come the beauty and the poetry of catholic ages; and that will be soon enough for them to come. It sounds poetical when we hear of the Saint's sackcloth beneath his regal or pontifical attire: do we find it hard to be fully possessed with catholic truth when we worship in a square chapel, with sash-windows and a plastered ceiling? If it be so, what manner of catholics are we? Verily not such as wore sackcloth in times of old, and went bravely through trouble confessing Christ. While the regulated fast, and the morning meditation, and the systematic examinations of conscience are irksome restraints, under which men fret and grow restive; it is dangerous, indeed, that they should be indulging in the gorgeous chancel and the dim aisle, the storied window and the chequered floor, or even the subdued and helpful excitement of the holy chant. Let us not travel too quickly on this road, though it be a very good road to be travelling, so long as it runs parallel with improved practice,—or *rather some little behind it*, so as to be safer *for self-regulated penitents, which most of us seem wilfully determined to remain*. And there is yet another more excellent way of *advancing the catholic cause*, which the young would do well to look to who require some field for their zeal, and are turning it into the poetry of religion.

What poetry more sweet, and yet withal more awfully real —indeed, hourly realized *by the sensible cuttings of the very Cross*—than *the pursuit of Holy Virginity?* What is the building of a cathedral to the consecration of a living body? What is the sacrifice of money to the oblation of an undivided heart? What are the troubles and the pains of life to the struggles of the sealed affections, struggles which come never to the surface, plaints which have no audience, sorrows which cannot ask for sympathy, and haply joys of which it is but a weak thing to say that they are not fathomable? What, *O young men and maidens!* what is more like *an actual, protracted, life-long Crucifixion, than the preservation of Holy Virginity*, while every action of your gentle lives sings, like our sweet Lady, a perpetual Magnificat?—Ibid. 205—208.

There is one thought that has oppressed my mind, while considering the tone of this and similar passages, which, I fear, it is by no means easy to convey to my reader, without greater length of explanation than can be attempted here. I refer particularly to the latter part of this extract, where the author has indulged in such extravagant and scarcely intelligible language regarding virginity. And what I mean is this—that besides the plain and obvious danger to be apprehended from such fanatical language, and generally from setting young people talking, or employing their imaginations *continually* on such a subject—besides this danger, there is another to be dreaded, scarcely less injurious to the church. And that is, the great probability that Mr. Newman's extravagancies will bring into suspicion and discredit a class of persons which has always

been regarded with affectionate reverence in the church. For there are, and ever have been, persons who, in their own particular case, have felt it right to remain single, and to deny themselves the endearments and consolations of the married state. This feeling of duty may be presented to the mind on very different grounds, and with different objects. But such persons, whether lay or clerical, have, at all times, been found in the church, and have been honoured and respected. Mr. Newman and his party, however, are not content with this sober and Christian view. According to their doctrine, there is something of impurity in the married state, and the state itself is something to be repented of. Virginity is a thing in itself meritorious, and a mode of expiating sin; and celibates, and monks, and nuns, with "calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices. and spare frames," are the only persons deserving to be called "Bible Christians;"* and, in fact,—as

* The term is so applied by Mr. Newman in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day—in the Sermon called, "The Apostolical Christian." The passage is as follows:—

"Study what *a Bible Christian is;* be silent over it; pray for grace to comprehend it, to accept it. And next ask yourselves this question, and be honest in your answer. This model of a Christian, though not commanding your literal imitation, still is it not the very model which has been fulfilled in others *in every age* since the New Testament was written? You will ask me in whom? *I am loth to say:* I have reason to ask you to be honest and candid; for so it is, as if from consciousness of the fact, and dislike to have it urged upon us, we and our forefathers have been accustomed to scorn and ridicule these faithful obedient persons, and, in our Saviour's very words, to 'cast out their *name* as evil, for the

we see in this passage,—Holy Virginity is represented as a state, which no one can fill, who is not naturally a person of such violent passions, as render the single life "an actual, protracted, life-long crucifixion." Such teaching is not merely erroneous, and heretical: it tends to drive men into the opposite extreme, and to bring sober, self-denying, and truly heavenly-minded piety into suspicion and contempt.

Son of Man's sake.' But, if the truth must be spoken, *what are the humble monk, and the holy nun, and other regulars, as they are called, but Christians after the very pattern given us in Scripture?* What have they done but this,—continue in the world the Christianity of the Bible? Did our Saviour come on earth suddenly, as He will one day visit, *in whom* would He see the features of the Christians He and His Apostles left behind them, *but in them? Who but these give up home and friends, wealth and ease, good name and liberty of will, for the kingdom of heaven? Where shall we find* the image of St. Paul, or St. Peter, or St. John, or of Mary the mother of Mark, or of Philip's daughters, *but in those who, whether they remain in seclusion, or are sent over the earth, have calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners,* and hearts weaned from the world, and wills subdued; and for their meekness meet with insult, and for their purity with slander, and for their gravity with suspicion, and for their courage with cruelty; yet meet with Christ every where,—Christ, their all-sufficient, everlasting portion, to make up to them, both here and hereafter, all they suffer, all they dare, for His Name's sake?"—pp. 328, 329.

CHAPTER XVI.

CELIBACY—ST. CUTHBERT AND ST. EBBA—ST. WILFRID.

THE justice of the observation with which the preceding chapter concluded—namely, that the fanatical language used by Mr. Newman and his party regarding celibacy and marriage, is likely to bring into contempt and suspicion a class of persons every way to be respected and loved,—must, I should suppose, be sufficiently obvious to every one who has thought attentively on the subject. On the other hand, when young people are set a talking about holy virginity, when they are taught to speak of "*ardent longing*" for it, "*panting after*" it, "*pursuit* of" it;—and further, to talk of the state of religious celibacy as "the sensible cuttings of the very cross,"—and "the preservation of holy Virginity" as like nothing less than "an actual, protracted, life-long crucifixion,"—it is impossible to avoid asking one's self, what sort of ideas of purity and chastity they are likely to acquire. But, in effect, what is to be thought of Mr. Newman's notion of *sanctity?*—that state, which we are told is a totally distinct and different sort of thing from the mediocrity to which the holiness of ordinary Christians aspires. A *saint,* according to Mr. Newman's teaching, is, plainly, a person of no ordinary degree of natural viciousness, and of unusual, and

almost preternatural violence of animal passions. His sanctity consists mainly, in the curious and far-fetched ingenuity of the torments by which he contrives to keep himself within the bounds of decency. The story of St. Cuthbert and St. Ebba has already been alluded to. It is related in these words:—

We are told that the whole kingdom regarded Ebba as a spiritual mother, and that the reputation of her sanctity was spread far and wide. And one fact is recorded which of itself speaks volumes. It is well known that St. Cuthbert carried the jealousy of intercourse with women, characteristic of all the saints, to a very extraordinary pitch. It appeared as though he could say with the patriarch Job, "I made a covenant with mine eyes; why then should I think upon a maid?" [Just as if Job, who was a married man and had twenty children, meant by these words that he had taken a vow of celibacy!] And for many ages after females were not admitted into his sanctuary. Yet such was the reputation of St. Ebba's sanctity, and the spiritual wisdom of her discourse, that St. Bede informs us that when she sent messengers to the man of God, desiring him to come to her monastery, he went and stopped several days, in conversation with her, going out of the gates at nightfall and spending the hours of darkness in prayer, *either up to his neck in the water*, or in the chilly air.—St. Ebba, pp. 113, 114.

What an extraordinary idea of religious intercourse between two canonized saints—a bishop and an abbess! And what notions of sanctity Mr. Newman's party must entertain! Nor is this the only passage of this character. In the life of St. Wilfrid we are informed that—

He watched over his chastity as his main treasure, and

was by an unusual grace preserved from pollution; and *to this end* he chiefly mortified his thirst, and even in the heats of summer and during his long pedestrian visitations, he drank only a little phial of liquid daily. So through the day *he kept down evil thoughts*, and when night came on, *to tame nature and to intimidate the dark angels*, no matter how cold the winter, he washed his body all over with holy water, till this great austerity was forbidden him by Pope John. Thus, year after year, never desisting from his vigilance, did Wilfrid keep his virginity to the Lord. In vigil and in prayer, says Eddi the precentor, in reading and in fasting, who was ever like to him? Such was the private life of that busy bishop: so words sum up years, and cannot be realized unless they are dwelt upon, any more than that eternity by which they are repaid.—pp. 64, 65.

Here, then, is a bishop going on visitation; and not only a bishop, but a saint; one whose virtues soar into the heights of heroicity—one who worked miracles when living, and whose relics wrought miracles after his death. And yet, during the progress of his episcopal visitations, this bishop and saint is obliged, in order to preserve his chastity and keep down evil thoughts, to punish himself by day with the tortures of thirst, and at night to wash his body all over with holy water, in order "to tame nature and intimidate the dark angels." If such be Mr. Newman's notions of the purity of saints, what must be his standard for ordinary Christians!

What follows in this story is rather an interruption to this part of my subject, but I may as well transcribe it here, since it will serve as an additional

illustration of the spirit of Mar-Prelacy, one has so continually to notice in the writers of this school.

A bishop of York traversing his huge diocese on foot! *Surely this in itself was preaching the gospel.* Fasting and footsore, shivering in the winter's cold, yet bathing himself in chilly water when he came to his resting place at night;

which "fasting," "shivering," and "bathing," it is to be supposed, were performed in public; otherwise they could hardly amount to "preaching the gospel;" —but this is a point which will require further notice as we proceed—

fainting beneath the sun of midsummer, yet almost grudging to himself the little phial of liquid;—

"*the* little phial," as being "in itself" "preaching the gospel," it may be supposed was solemnly carried before Wilfrid by a serving man, or by Eddi the precentor,—

preaching in market-place, or on village green, or some central field amid a cluster of Saxon farms, *behold the Bishop of York* move about these northern shires. *He was not a peer of parliament, he had no fine linen, no purple save at a Lenten mass, no glittering equipage,* [surprising! —and in the eighth century, too!] *no liveried retainers:* [what? not even one to carry *the* phial,] would it then be possible for those rude men of the north to respect him? Yes; in their rude way: they had faith, and haply they bowed more readily before him in that poor monkish guise than if he had *played the palatine* amongst them.—Ibid.

Ah, Martin, Martin! thou wilt be at thy old pranks still. For, true it is, the movement did

spring from the Low Church party. And no less true is it, that the majority of its most active adherents have all along been collected from the same quarter. And this, perhaps, may go far to account for the Mar-Prelacy they are so prone to indulge in. Old associations are not easily got rid of. Early obliquities are not easily overcome. They would be churchmen; but, unfortunately, they can scarcely think or speak of a bishop, but, presently, their old propensities will steal upon them. If they could only be induced to try Wilfrid's cold-water regimen for a while, who knows but it might help them to "tame nature" and keep "down evil thoughts"? and by and by, they might even be able to see a real living bishop—to say nothing of the "purple," the "glittering equipage," or the "liveried retainers"—without having their natural organs of destructiveness excited. As it is, they furnish a melancholy, but instructive illustration, of the weakness of a theory to overcome the violence of nature. The voice of instinct will make itself heard;—the force of pristine habits will break out, and mar the finest flights of high and holy churchmanship;—they will be "*playing*" the Mar-Prelate still. Perfect as the transformation seems, the first mouse that runs across the floor will suffice to revive the forgotten appetite, and remind one, that, after all, the lady,—gentle as she looks,—is only a cat in masquerade. But this, I fear, my reader will consider a digression.

And yet the context is so very characteristic, that it seems better to go on with the quotation here, although it may not seem to bear directly on the point under consideration at present. The mixture of puerility and Romanizing in what follows is not more striking, than that pharisaical spirit of display which one sees here, and all through these Lives of the English Saints. What the man *is*, is of little importance, unless he is *seen*. The penitents are, to be sure, most humble and given to concealment—at least, they are perpetually telling the public that they are. But, with all this talk of humility and concealment, nothing is more manifest than that *they do really mean to be seen*—and to allow their austerities to peep out through holes and rents in their humility, so as to be effective, and to produce an impression. Hear this author in a passage already quoted:—

> A hard life—that is the impressive thing, when its secrets escape here and there, at this time and at that time, as they are sure to do, however humble and given to concealment the penitent may be.—St. Wilfrid, p. 207.

Yes; just so. "That is the impressive thing"—and, of course, as it is the plain duty of a saint to make an impression, and his "hard life" is, in fact, "*preaching the gospel*," the penitent must not let his humility and love of concealment go too far; but leave some chinks and crannies in his concealment, —through which the secrets may escape, and the

bystanders and passers-by may peep in, and see his "hard life."

Thus,—though these writers tell us that St. Cuthbert's hermitage was so contrived, that *he* could see nothing but the sky and clouds,—yet they afterwards mention that there was a window in it, through which the hermit might be seen and touched by those without. Of course, the building of this window so very near the ground, and so very convenient for the passers-by to take a peep, was only an accidental oversight—and the humble lover of concealment had no suspicion—not he!—that any one was peering in while he was engaged in his self-torments and austerities!*

Thus, too, Wilfrid. An ordinary Christian, indeed, might have found ordinary and unsuspected methods of taming nature and keeping down evil thoughts; and when he fasted, he would most probably recollect that a high authority has commanded us when we fast, not to be like the hypocrites, who disfigure their faces that they may appear unto men to fast, but to anoint the head, and wash the face, that we appear not unto men to fast. But what have ordinary Christians in common with saints, who are a sort of theatrical personages—always speaking and acting for effect, and so as to make an impression? And Wilfrid was a saint, and it was necessary the world should know

* St. Edelwald, pp. 49, 52, and 54.

it; so,—in a delicate sort of a way,—the secret must be suffered to escape, and the "hard life" be guessed and whispered about and talked of. "That is the impressive thing." So he must walk on foot, and footsore, from one end of his diocese to the other. He must have "no glittering equipage;" no coach and four, not even a quiet cabriolet. And then, too, if the weather should be ever so intolerably hot, not one drop must cool his lips, except what was to be got in "*the* phial." For, no doubt, people heard so everlastingly of this phial, that at last it came to be called "*the* phial." And one can imagine, how anxiously poor Eddi used to peep into *the* phial, to see if he could find a last, last drop, and how he would turn it upside down, while Wilfrid was fainting with thirst at some river's side: and then one can fancy, how whole congregations had to be dismissed, because Wilfrid was so parched, and husky, and exhausted, that he really could not preach—and the wearisome phial would be empty, just at the critical moment when every body wanted it to be full: and then one can picture to one's self, how grievously disappointed the poor people were who came for miles around to hear him, and how Eddi would comfort the favoured few, and send them home content with a sight of "*the* phial;"—just like the man that went to hear Whitfield preach, and returned satisfied; for though he could not get near enough to hear what he said, he saw "his blessed

wig." And then, again, at night, in the depth of winter, the ice in the wells and ponds had to be broken, and the water blessed and turned into holy water; and whole pailfuls had to be taken to his bedchamber, and then such a splashing would be carried on, that folks could not refrain from asking Eddi what all this could mean? And then, of course, *the secret would escape,* and Eddi could not avoid giving them a hint, that the good bishop was always obliged to perform these *shiverings* and *bathings* when going on visitation, just in order to "keep down evil thoughts," and "tame nature," and "intimidate the dark angels." And this was the "impressive thing!"

CHAPTER XVII.

PHARISEEISM—ST. WILFRID ON FOOT, AND ST. WILFRID RIDING.

But I must not forget, that all this time the author is waiting to go on with the next sentence.

Surely if we have half a heart we can put before our eyes as if it were a reality, *Wilfrid on foot*, Wilfrid preaching, Wilfrid confirming, Wilfrid sitting on a wrought stone watching his cœmentarii, as Dante sat upon his stone and watched the superb duomo of Florence rise like an enchanted thing; [or as people now-a-days watch the building of the new houses of Parliament;] Wilfrid listening to a new and awkward choir trying the Gregorian tones and keeping his patience even when Eddi and Eona lost theirs, Wilfrid marching at the head of his clergy up the new aisles of Ripon, Wilfrid receiving the confession of St. Etheldreda, and what was THE FOUNTAIN OF ALL, Wilfrid *kneeling with the pope's hands resting on his head* and the archdeacon Boniface standing by.—pp. 65, 66.

No doubt of it. This was "*the fountain of all:*"—at least, if we are not convinced of it yet, Mr. Newman and his friends are not to blame. They have done what they can.

But as to their notion of a saint;—it is quite plain that these people imagine themselves of so much importance, that they think of little else, and really seem to believe that other people have nothing better to employ their minds. Nothing but Wilfrid here and Wilfrid there. And yet these men talk of their humility. And in this way Dr. Pusey,—in

the preface to one of the works he is editing just now, as his share in the process of Romanizing England,—holds up as models of humility the example of St. Dominic, "who ever prayed that his sins might not bring the vengeance of God on the towns where he preached;" and St. Catherine of Sienna, who thought "all the chastisements of divine justice, which desolated the provinces in her time, to be the miserable effects of her unfaithfulness."* As if such ideas could ever find entertainment in the mind of any mortal, that was not puffed up with conceit and self-importance.

Even Wilfrid's going on foot was theatrical; it was for an effect; it was part of the "hard life," and "that is the impressive thing."—For, surely, with such an enormous diocese to look after, this peripatetic fancy must have caused great delay, and waste of time, and useless expenditure of strength.—And then, possibly, Eddi would sometimes venture to recommend a horse; and folks would say to Eddi, "Good gracious, how fond the bishop is of walking!" And so, the "secret" would escape, that this walking system was part of Wilfrid's plan for taming nature and keeping down evil thoughts. In the end, however, Wilfrid did get a horse. The reader shall see in what way. The author proceeds—

But we must think of another thing also,—*Wilfrid riding*, riding up and down his diocese; for this walking.

* Surin, Preface, p. xix.

of Wilfrid's did not quite please St. Theodore; not that it was too simple, but that it was too austere, and the life of such a man needed husbanding for the church's sake. Would that St. Theodore had always thought so! But he was a simple man as well as a wise one, and he too, strange that it should be so, mistook Wilfrid, knew not what he was, and so lost him for a while.—Ibid.

Strange"—Why "strange?" Is it not obvious from this history, that St. Wilfrid was all his life quarrelling with all the canonized saints of his acquaintance? In one council this author reckons up five, all "enemies;" and sums up his account of the matter by saying—

by whose helpful intercession may we be aided now in the forlornness of our fight!—p. 179.

Forlorn, indeed! if we are reduced to the necessity of applying for such assistance. But to proceed with St. Theodore.

However, at this time he thought nothing but what was true and good of Wilfrid, and he insisted—for he was archbishop of Canterbury—that his brother of York, who was but a bishop then, should have a horse to ride on during his longer journeys and more distant visitations. He knew this luxury pained Wilfrid; [i. e., Wilfrid lost some degree of celebrity and impressiveness by being mounted; and impressiveness was, of course, the principal end of his "hard life,"] so he made it up to him in the best way he could, for, to show his veneration for the saint, he insisted upon lifting him upon horseback whenever he was near him to do so.—Ibid.

From which we may gather, that St. Theodore was the stouter of the two. The author, however,

seems to wish, that this proceeding of Theodore had been established as a precedent:—

It would have been well for England if archbishops of Canterbury had always been of such a mind towards those who filled the throne of York. However we now behold Wilfrid making his visitation on horseback; for obedience is a greater thing to a saint than even his much-loved austerities.—Ibid.

One would be thankful to see some proofs of it.

Taking a hardship away from a saint is like depriving a mother of one of her children, [or a pharisee of his phylacteries,] yet for holy obedience' sake, or the edification of a neighbour, a saint will postpone even a hardship. —pp. 66, 67.

And then he goes on to tell how Wilfrid rode along on his new horse;—

A word here and a word there, a benediction and a prayer, the signed cross and the holy look, a confession heard, and a mass said, and a sermon preached, and that endless accompaniment of Gregorian tones; verily *the gospel went out from him* as he rode.—Ibid.

There is something in the style and wording of these passages so infinitely burlesque and preposterous, that really if I did not know them to have been actually and honestly extracted from Mr. Newman's Lives of the English Saints, I should have thought it wholly incredible that they could have been written except for the purpose of turning his system into ridicule. Yet, amidst all this wretched childishness, there is a method, a purpose, a deep design to Romanize the church, and by these picturesque descriptions, to recommend a miserable

superstition,—where humility is but the veil to adorn pharisaical display,—where everything is done in order to be seen of men,—where the fundamental notions of Christian piety are so utterly perverted and reversed, that a Saint is one whose inward imaginations and habitual propensities would be intolerable, even to a well-regulated heathen.

Though Wilfrid, however, had "no glittering equipage" just then, his austerities gradually brought him both power and riches, and the author tells us how jealous Queen Ermenburga was—

> when she saw how the good bishop was courted by high and low, how the nobles sought to him for counsel, how a court of abbots did obeisance to him, how the sons of princes and peers stood round him proud to serve in such a service.—Ibid. p. 75.

All which, I should have thought, was not very desirable to a truly mortified mind. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the writers of these Lives do constantly speak of admiration, and homage, and popularity, as the fruit and reward of asceticism, in such a manner as to demonstrate what is the real spirit of their moral and religious system, however unconscious they may be of it themselves. Observe how this writer speaks, and how clearly he confesses that mortifications and self-inflictions are a source of power to the ascetic.

> "Look at his riches," said she [Ermenburga] "look at his retainers of high birth, his gorgeous vestments, his jewelled plate, his multitude of obedient monasteries, the

towers and spires and swelling roofs of all his stately buildings; why, your kingdom is but his bishopric.—pp. 75, 76.

Which might be supposed, from the former description of his walking and riding, to be a slander on Wilfrid. The author does not treat it as such. He says,—

Ermenburga was like the world: to the world's eye *this was what a churchman looked like in catholic ages:* yet the world's eye sees untruly. The gorgeous vestments, the jewelled plate—these are in the church of God, the sanctuary of the pious poor: outside [*sic*] of that is *the hair shirt, and then the iron girdles, and the secret (?) spikes corroding the flesh, and the long weals of the heavy discipline, and the horny knees, and the craving thirst, and the gnawing hunger, and the stone pillow, and the cold vigil.* Yet does the world exaggerate the churchman's power? Nay, it cannot take half its altitude; his power is immeasurably greater: but it does not reside, not a whit of it, in the vestments or the plate, in the lordly ministers or the monkish chivalry, but *in the mystery of all that apparel of mortification* just enumerated, that broken will and poverty of spirit to which earth is given as a present possession, no less than Heaven pledged as a future heritage. The church is a kingdom, and ascetics are veritable kings.—p. 76.

No words can more clearly express the pharisaical nature of the system Mr. Newman is endeavouring to propagate. The ascetic is powerful and popular:—so powerful and popular—that princes become jealous and alarmed. Do they overrate his power or popularity? They do not. They only mistake its source. The real secret of his power and in-

fluence is his austerities; and the mode by which he uses them to obtain power is, by *letting them be seen*—concealing them just enough to invest himself with mystery—to excite interest, and awaken curiosity;—and now and then letting the secret escape so as to secure that power and popularity which, in his estimation, is the heritage a pure and holy God has promised to the poor in spirit. This is plainly the meaning of the passage. It is capable of no other. For, if these Christian fakeers did not *take care* to let the world know of *the hair shirt, and the iron girdles, and the secret spikes corroding the flesh, and the long weals of the heavy discipline, and the horny knees, and the craving thirst, and the gnawing hunger, and the stone pillow, and the cold vigil,* how could their power reside "in the mystery of all that apparel of mortification?"—how could such arts of pious suicide give them any power or influence at all?

One's heart dies within one, at such a disgusting picture of selfish worldliness making religion the tool to advance its ambitious designs. Is it possible to imagine the love of the world to exist in more consuming intensity, than in the bosom of that man, who can subject himself to such tortures as these, merely that his fellow-sinners may do obeisance to him, and bow down before his power? And yet these are the men who talk of high and holy catholicity! These are the men who sneer at

the "high and dry," and scoff at the antiquated piety of the church of England! Surely it is the divine mercy that has permitted them to go to such lengths of fanaticism, in order that their folly should be manifest to all men.

I do not mean by this, that I believe persons who do such things *must* be guilty of a deliberate attempt to impose on mankind. Self-deception, I have no doubt, is far more prevalent than hypocrisy. And he who habitually imposes on himself has his notions of truth and falsehood confused, and,—without being very distinctly conscious of what he is about,—does a thousand things which, if practised by a man of another temper, could be attributed to nothing short of dishonesty and fraud. Some men have such a propensity for effect, that they are acting even when alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PHARISAICAL AUSTERITIES—ST. GERMAN.

In reading these lives, it will, I hope, be remembered, that it is rather the author's notion of what a Saint should be which they convey, than an exact account of what he really was. The pretensions of these books to be regarded as anything better than fables would need a separate consideration. But my reason for making the observation at present is, to remind my reader, that it is quite possible the persons depicted were not guilty of such practices of pharisaical display, as these authors lead one to suppose. However, it is not just now a question of real moment what sort of persons they were, or, in fact, whether they ever existed at all. *The* question is, what are the notions of sanctity and Christian morality which Mr. Newman and his party are, through these popular fictions, endeavouring to propagate? Let any one of common understanding read the following picture of St. German's austerities, and ask himself,—how it is possible for any human being to regulate his life in such a manner, and *honestly* covet concealment. I say,—*honestly*,—for whether his purpose, in endeavouring to attract attention to his mortifications, be a bad and selfish one, or not,—a purpose of one kind or other he must have. He must intend to make an impression of some sort.

Some of the particular modes of austerity in this description are such as it was not possible to conceal, and (to speak very plainly) such as no person would have dreamt of adopting as his dietary, unless he wished to make a display,—whatever end he might hope ultimately to gain by attracting notice. I do not mean that a love of display may not be part of mere fanaticism—nor do I deny,—on the other hand—that, even where religion does not come into question, a man may have a natural taste for acting and for scenes, and all the while he really may scarcely, if at all, be aware of it himself. But the question here is not, what German did, nor why he did it—but what his biographer is recommending to the members of the English Church;—and—viewing this picture of German in this, its true light—I cannot but think, that to hold up for veneration a life so regulated, as that such concealment of mortification as is expressly commanded by Christ is simply impracticable, is a very sufficient proof, indeed, of the fundamentally false and unchristian character of the system which it is the object of these lives, and of Mr. Newman's other labours, to substitute for the faith and piety of the church of England. The passage I allude to, in the life of St. German, is as follows. And the reader will not fail to notice, how, in the very first sentence, the author betrays his consciousness of the objection to which such conduct as he is recommending is open.

With regard to his austerities, much of course was concealed from the public gaze, as is remarked of our own George Herbert; but though he ever strove to avoid observation, yet as a city built on a hill cannot remain hid, so the brightness of his sanctity shone through all reserve, and spread a glow over his least actions. *What was ascertained* may be briefly summed up as follows: From the day on which he began his ministry to the end of his life, that is, for the space of thirty years, he was so spare in his diet, that he never eat wheaten bread, never touched wine, vinegar, oil or vegetables, nor ever made use of salt to season his food. On the nativity and resurrection of our Lord alone, he allowed himself one draught of wine diluted with water, so as to preserve little of its flavour. Meat was out of the question; he lived more rigorously than any monk, and in those early times no meat was allowed to monks in France, except in the most urgent cases of debility and sickness. What he did take was mere barley bread, *which he had winnowed and ground himself. First however he took some ashes, and, by way of humiliation, tasted them.* Severe as was this diet, it appears almost miraculous when we are told that *he never eat at all but twice a-week*, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, *and in the evening* of those days; nay that *generally he abstained entirely till the seventh day.*—St. German, pp. 52, 53.

Why he ate even then, does not appear. To have lived without food altogether, would have given a greater air of piquancy to the miracle, without materially increasing its improbability. But then the "hard life" would not have been quite so "impressive;" it must have been so edifying to see his periodical winnowings and grindings. And then, too, only think of the ashes to be tasted before every meal—"*by way of humiliation.*" Of course, *this* practice

was "concealed from the public gaze,"—at least it is to be hoped so;—and a pan of ashes would be kept in a privy chamber, to which he might retire to take a taste of them before dinner,—as folks now-a-days go to make their toilet. But somehow the "secret" escaped. Perhaps the servant whose business it would be to keep the pan supplied with ashes, might tell the secret, and so it would get to be talked of, and people, to be sure, would be edified.

But St. German's clothes and bedchamber were not less "impressive" than his diet. Summer and winter, we are told, he wore nothing but a shirt without sleeves, (tunic,) and a hood, (cuculla.) Under this shirt he "wore the badge of the religious profession, the hair-cloth, (cilicium,) which never left him." As this hair-cloth was a "badge," of course there could be no concealment there; and as it is *known* that it "never left him," no concealment seems to have been attempted. In truth, (as this author chooses to describe him,) he seems to have been a person of nasty habits, and to have made a merit of being so.

He seldom bought a new dress, but wore the old till it was nearly in rags, unless perchance he parted with it for some person in distress, whom he had no other means of relieving.—pp. 53, 54.

Though really one would have thought that a bishop, whose diet for thirty years consisted of a refection once or twice a-week of barley-bread of

his own manufacture, seasoned with a little ashes, could have afforded a poor man a few shillings, instead of giving him his only shirt, and that one, as appears by the sequel, not over and above clean. But then it would be so affecting, so very impressive, to see the good bishop taking off his only shirt, and giving it to some person in distress, and going about in his hood and hair-cloth till next quarter day came round, or a renewal fine dropt in, and enabled him to buy another for himself.

His bed was even more uninviting than his dress. Four planks, in the form of an oblong, contained *a bed of ashes*, which they prevented from being dispersed. By the continual pressure of the body, they had become hard, and presented a surface as rough as stone. On this he lay with his hair-cloth alone, and another coarse cloth for a coverlet. No pillow supported his head, his whole body lay flat on the painful couch. He did not take off his garment to sleep, and seldom even loosened the girdle, or took off his shoes.—p. 54.

Altogether, he must have been a most filthy and disagreeable person. One would suppose that a regard for his neighbour's comfort would have prevented his sleeping in the same clothes as he wore by day,—and that, on a bed of ashes; especially, as, —for anything that appears to the contrary,—he never took off the same suit of hair-cloth as long as it kept together. Even the cold-water system would have been preferable to this—at least, in moderation;—but, unfortunately, the Saints of this school, whatever else is known of them, do not let

their *moderation* be known to all men. In fact, they are always in one extreme or another;—either spending the best part of the day, or the whole of the night, up to their necks in a well or a fish-pond,—or else they labour under a spiritual hydrophobia, and are nuisances to all about them. The most delicate instance of consideration for the comforts of other people, that I can remember to have noticed in these Lives of the English Saints, is in the life of St. Bartholomew, the hermit, whom his biographer introduces to us by saying—

> We may feel startled and disgusted that such a figure with an ill smell of goat skins should come betwixt the wind and our nobility; but, turn away as we will, there he still stands to reproach our sloth and luxury, the genuine product of an age of faith.—Hermit Saints, pp. 132, 133.

Whence it may be concluded, that, in "an age of faith," *cleanliness* was not considered to be so near akin to *godliness*, as it has been deemed in the degenerate days of "most erring and most unfortunate England." However, even in "an age of faith," men had noses: and therefore, though one must believe it part of the heroicity of sanctity to have an ill smell, the saints did sometimes condescend to forego that virtue,—or at least to restrain it by a sort of a sumptuary law of cleanliness,—in condescension to their brethren's infirmities. So when Prior Thomas was deposed from Durham, and nothing would please him but, of all places in the world, to take up his abode with Bartholomew and

his goat skins — but I had better let the author tell his story in his own way—

The coming of this new inmate was a trial to Bartholomew; he had as yet been uncontrolled in his *religious exercises*, he had now to consult the comfort of another. It was now to be proved whether he was so wedded to his austerities as not to give up as many of them as were shown to be against the will of God. He began well, for *he threw off the hair shirt which he had now worn for five years, because from long usage it had become foul and fetid*, and would disgust his companion. An unhappy cause of discussion however occurred, which marred the harmony even of this small society. Thomas could not bear the long fasts to which Bartholomew was accustomed, and Bartholomew would not remain at his meals as long as Thomas wished. The ex-prior, though the brother in every respect gave up to his will, grew angry, and called him a hypocrite.—pp. 148, 149.

Which really, I must say, was hardly fair, considering that Bartholomew had relinquished his old friend, the shirt, to please him. But will it not be rather a new idea to most people to be told, that wearing the same shirt for five years till it has become a downright nuisance, is a *religious exercise?* The heathens had more refined notions. With them a delicious perfume was one of the signs of deity.

"Mansit odor; posses scire fuisse deam."

It remained for the advocates of "a deeper and more poetical religion," to reckon ill smells and nasty habits among the notes of sanctity, and the heroicities of virtue.

Not that these authors consider nastiness as absolutely conclusive of sanctity. There is a curious passage in the life of St. Walburga, (that legend to which Mr. Newman has thought fit to affix an especial imprimatur,) which looks as if the saints are not the only persons who annoy their neighbours in this way. On the contrary, they seem to have been sometimes annoyed in a similar manner themselves.

It is said of the holy Sturme, a disciple and companion of Winfrid, that in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in a stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them, that he nearly fainted away.—St. Walburga, p. 77.

Very remarkable. Yet, if these gambolling Germans had been converted, and become disciples of St. Bartholomew or St. German, it may be doubted whether the case would have been much mended.

CHAPTER XIX.

AQUATIC SAINTS.

But all this has led me away from St. German and his bed of ashes. The reader may be curious to know how he slept. This part of the fable, however, assumes rather a serious aspect, as it runs at once into that profaneness of which there is such frequent reason to complain.

His sleep was such as might be expected from these austerities; it was neither long, nor uninterrupted. Frequently *after the example of our Lord* he would pass the whole night in prayer; and it should seem that these holy vigils had a peculiar efficacy in his case, which manifested itself in the following mornings by miracles and extraordinary deeds. These midnight watchings were divided between the tears and groans of penitence and hymns of praise and intercession. In this manner, says his biographer, as we have before remarked, did the blessed German *expiate any past errors into which* human infirmity may have led him, and *set the example* of a sudden and transcendent holiness.—pp. 54, 55.

There are some who seem to think *an example is something which nobody is expected to imitate*, and thus the laity are fond of calling the clergy "*exemplary* characters." Really one would have hoped that something of this sort was meant by calling German an "*example*" of "a sudden and transcendent holiness," were it not, perhaps, better, on the whole, that it is otherwise. False doctrine is de-

prived of some of its danger when it is made repulsive. If people are taught, that they can "expiate" their sins by self-torments and a lingering suicide, it is just as well that they should be recommended also to eat ashes, and lie in dirt, and wear filthy clothes. The nastiness of one part of the prescription may prove an antidote to the poison of the other. Children have been cured of pilfering sweetmeats, by leaving some within their reach seasoned with aloes. Some young persons will, of course, be found to adopt any eccentricity that promises to make them "impressive;" and, now a days, many a one takes up with catholic usages and genuflexions, who but lately would have traded on moustaches or a Byron tie. St. German, however, can never find many imitators. The majority are likely to prefer more gentlemanlike modes of producing an effect; and few of those who are simply enthusiasts, will be found to persevere in following an "example" of "transcendent holiness" of this unclean description. To speak seriously: we may well be thankful that Mr Newman and his party have taken to make their errors ridiculous and disgusting. As long as penance consists in cold water, there may be something in it of romance and poetry. There is nothing poetical in nastiness—there is nothing romantic in an ill smell.

The notions which these writers are propagating regarding austerities are really most extraordinary.

For example, St. Gundleus, the Welsh hermit, built a church,

and there he began an abstinent and saintly life; his dress a hair cloth; his drink water; his bread of barley mixed with wood ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water; and by day he laboured for his livelihood. —p. 7.

St. Gundleus seems to have indulged himself in *clean* water for his drink. Not so St. Guthlake and St. Bettelin, of whom we are told that—

knowing that *the kingdom of God is not meat and drink*, they lived on barley bread and *muddy water*, with great abstinence.—p. 65.

However, whether it was the food or the drink, was of little moment. The barley bread mixed with ashes was fully as "impressive" as the muddy water;—namely, whenever the secret was suffered to escape.

But these are trifling compared with St. Neot's performances, who almost lived in a well that was near his hermitage.

In the monastery of Glastonbury he had learnt the mode of self-discipline by which St. Patrick had attained his saintly eminence, and now in his hermitage he almost rivalled him in austerities. Every morning St. Patrick repeated the Psalter through from end to end, with the hymns and canticles, and two hundred prayers. Every day he celebrated mass, and every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times; in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cockcrow he stood in water, until he said his prayers. Similarly each morn-

ing went St. Neot's orisons to heaven *from out of his holy well;* alike in summer and in the deep winter's cold, bare to his waist, he too each day repeated the Psalter through. —St. Neot, p. 101.

Which must have taken, at a very moderate computation, above four hours—to say nothing of the hymns, canticles, and the two hundred prayers. Why persons should compel themselves to repeat the whole psalter every day, one fails to discover in these books. The authors evidently wish to encourage the Romish notion, that there is something meritorious and expiatory in repeating the same words, crossings, or genuflexions, a certain number of times. Thus they tell of St. Wulstan, that—

Every day at each verse of the Seven Psalms, he bent the knee, and the same at the 119th Psalm at night. . . . . Every day he visited the eighteen altars that were in the old Church, bowing seven times before each.—p. 11.

No doubt, this everlasting system of bowing must have been very effective and impressive. For truly it was a "hard life," to say nothing of his bed; which we are told, "was the church floor or a narrow board—a book or the altar steps, his pillow.* Rather a strange example for a saint to set,—going deliberately to sleep in church—and one which "ordinary Christians" would not think it creditable to imitate.

But is it not wonderful these authors do not perceive, how utterly worthless all such performances

* Ibid.

must be, when they are thus made matters of exhibition and display? In the extraordinary specimen of aquatic piety, which they describe in the course of a story told in support of the doctrine of purgatory, it is plain that concealment was not even attempted.

He had a more private place of residence assigned him in that monastery, where he might apply himself to the service of his Creator in continual prayer. And as that place lay on the bank of the river, he was wont often to go into the same to do penance in his body, and many times *to dip quite under the water*, and *to continue saying psalms or prayers in the same* [what? while he was dipt "quite under the water"?] *as long as he could endure it*, standing still *sometimes up to the middle, and sometimes to the neck in water;* and when he went out from thence ashore, he *never took off his cold and frozen garments till they grew warm and dry on his body.* And when in the winter the half-broken pieces of ice were swimming about him, which he had himself broken to make room to stand or dip himself in the river, *those who beheld it* would say, "It is wonderful, brother Drithelm, (for so he was called,) that you are able to endure such violent cold;" he simply answered, for he was a man of much simplicity and indifferent wit, "I have seen greater cold," (referring to his vision of Purgatory.) And when they said, "It is strange that you will endure such austerity;" he replied, "I have seen more austerity." Thus he continued, through an indefatigable desire of heavenly bliss, to subdue his aged body with daily fasting, till the day of his being called away; and he forwarded the salvation of many by his words and *example*.—St. Wilfrid, p. 187.

In this instance, then, these cold water devotions were performed in public. People stood at the

water-side to behold him, and carried on conversations with brother Drithelm on the subject of his penances—and what he did, is said to have been an example—something seen, and intended to be seen.

However, with whatever motives such mortifications are practised—the question is,—are they Christian? Is it right for people to commit a protracted suicide? Is God honoured—is the soul benefited—by repeating the whole Psalter every day up to one's neck in water? This is the question. Is it right to turn devotion into a process of torture and self-murder, under the notion of being able by such cruelties to please our heavenly Father, and to expiate our sins? As to the by-ends and selfish motives such penitents may have,—it is a question of secondary importance, whether men are led to adopt these austerities, by love of singularity,—or pure fanaticism,—or a wish to gain influence, popularity, or power,—or to attract notice,—or without any very clearly defined motive at all.

The present inquiry has to do, not with the *motives* by which men may be induced to embrace Mr. Newman's system, but with the *system* itself.

CHAPTER XX.

MONASTICISM—ST. GILBERT'S NUNS—ST. EBBA—ST. GERMAN.

To recall our steps from this rambling digression,—again and again, I would ask,—what must be the effects of Mr. Newman's teaching on the subject of Holy Virginity? It is impossible to read such a passage as the following, without feelings of bewilderment almost approaching to disgust :—

> sometimes in the same place persons of both sexes, men and virgins, under the government of one spiritual father, or one spiritual mother, armed with the sword of the Spirit, did *exercise the combats of chastity* against the powers of darkness, enemies thereto.—St. Ebba, p. 108.

One would be sorry, indeed, to believe such writing as this to be any worse than fanaticism. But what good or Christian meaning it can have, is inexplicable. Surely, if persons of both sexes congregate together to "*exercise the combats of chastity*," a man must be very enthusiastic indeed who expects anything but mischief to come of it. And that mischief did come of it, is admitted by these authors themselves. They talk, indeed, of "the holy and beautiful theology of monastic vows," (St. Bega, p. 169,) and if we are to believe them,

> *Monastic orders are the very life's blood of a church*, monuments of true apostolic Christianity, the refuges of spirituality in the worst times, the nurseries of heroic bishops, the mothers of rough-handed and great-hearted

missionaries. *A Church without monasteries is a body with its right arm paralyzed.*—St. Wilfrid, pp. 62, 63.

This is glowing language; still they are obliged to own that now and then unpleasantnesses did occur.

some of the nuns of Watton, it is true, did become *savage old maids* instead of virgins of Christ.—St. Gilbert, p. 131.

And from what St. Adamnan told St. Ebba, of the state in which he found her monastery, "the holy and beautiful theology of monastic vows" seems to have had but little practical effect there.

You and many have need *to redeem your sins by good works*, and when they cease from the labors of temporal things, then to toil the more readily through the appetite of eternal goods; but very few indeed do so: I have but now visited and examined *the whole monastery in order*, I have inspected the cells and the beds, and I have found *none out of the whole number, except yourself*, occupied about the health of his soul; but all, men and women alike, are either slothfully asleep in bed, *or watch in order to sin.* Nay, the very cells that were built for praying or reading are now turned into resorts for eating, drinking, talking, and other enticements. The virgins, too, dedicated to God, put off the reverence of their profession, and whenever they have time, take pains in weaving fine robes either to adorn themselves as brides, to the great peril of their monastic state, or to win the admiration of strangers.—St. Adamnan, p. 131.

This, too, is stated to have occurred in the seventh century, in a monastery of which a canonized saint was the head. And yet the restoration of monkery is one of the most favourite projects of this school.

But, besides the tendency to evil of this sort, the

superstitious exaltation of virginity tends to destroy right notions on other subjects likewise. On charity, for instance.

> the youthful Ebba was not allowed quietly to *satisfy her thirst for holy virginity;* the dazzling offers of the world must come and try her strength; the snare of seeking what is now-a-days called a more extended sphere of usefulness must tempt the simplicity of her self-renunciation. Alas! what a miserable, dwarfish standard of religious practice do these smooth words bring about among us now! The highest notion we are allowed to have of rank, wealth and mental powers is that they should be exercised to the full as means of influence for good ends. The world understands this and does not quarrel with the doctrine. But where is there about this teaching that foolishness in men's eyes which must ever mark the science of the Cross? Self-abjection surely is the highest of all oblations: *to forget the world or to hate it are far better than to work for it.* One is the taste of *ordinary Christians:* the other the object of *the Saints.*—St. Ebba, p. 109.

Just as if any one who had ever read the New Testament could be persuaded, that to labour to save human souls and relieve human misery is an inferior description of Christianity, unworthy of any but "ordinary Christians;"—and that if men will be *saints*, they must close their eyes and ears against the sufferings and ignorance of the world, and either bury themselves in some solitary nook, far from the call of charity, or else congregate men and women together in some monastery to "exercise the combats of chastity." But, really, it is useless to appeal to the Bible. Mr. Newman's theory of development makes novelty rather the proof of Catholicity.

In his school, it is no small commendation of any form of piety, that (as George Herbert is reported to have said of the style of King James's orations) "it was utterly unknown to the ancients."

Can anything be imagined more improper, than to induce a little girl of six years of age to make a vow of virginity, or, in fact, to suggest to her imagination such a subject at all? And yet this is the conduct ascribed to St. German. Having observed in the midst of the people, "a little girl about six years old,"—without having previously known anything whatever about her, not even her name,—but merely because he was struck with her countenance, and was,—as the author profanely suggests,—endued with a prophetical spirit,—he requested her—

to *open her mind* to him, and *confess whether she intended to adopt the holy life of a Virgin, and become one of the Spouses of Christ. She declared that such was her desire, and that she had cherished it for some time*, [being then about six years old,] and entreated him to add his sanction and benediction.—St. German, p. 140.

On this, we are told, he led her to the church, and had a very long service performed, during the whole of which he kept his hand on the child's head.

The following day German inquired of Genevieve whether she was still mindful of her late profession.—p. 141.

On which the author adds, in a note,—without seeming in the remotest degree conscious of the monstrous nature of the conduct he is describing—

This seems decided proof that the child was very young.

The story proceeds—

Upon which, as if *full of the Divine Spirit*, she expressed *her determination to act up to it*, and desired he would always remember her in his prayers.

Of course the fable is to be propped up by the usual quantity of profaneness. And, therefore, German acts by "a prophetical spirit," and the poor child is described "as if full of the Divine Spirit."

While they were conversing, German beheld on the ground a copper coin with the impression of the cross upon it. *The interposition of God was deemed manifest.* On this he took up the coin, and gave it to her, and desired her always to wear it round her neck: which gives the author occasion to remark, "how early the practice prevailed among Christians of carrying at their neck some token of the mysteries of their religion,"* a hint, probably, of the propriety of wearing the scapular, and other Romish charms. It is really high time for those who value the souls of their children, to consider, whether they choose to have such notions as these put into the heads of little girls of six years old.

* I cannot refrain from quoting here a passage from Mr. Maitland's translation of St. Eloy's Sermon. "Let none presume to hang amulets on the neck of man or beast; *even though they be made by the clergy, and called holy things, and contain the words of Scripture;* for they are fraught, not with the remedy of Christ, but with the poison of the devil."—Dark Ages, pp. 151, 152.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. WILFRID AND ETHELDREDA—MR. NEWMAN'S NOTION OF TRUTH.

Nor are these the only particulars, in which the piety of Littlemore differs from the notions ordinary Christians have learned from the Holy Scriptures and the Church of England. The manner in which Wilfrid's conduct regarding Etheldreda and her husband is defended, will afford a sufficiently instructive example.

It was mainly through Wilfrid's attestation that the Church came to know of the perpetual virginity of St. Etheldreda; and some little of her history must be related here, to clear up what is rather intricate in Wilfrid's life. St. Etheldreda was married to Egfrid in 660 or thereabouts, and desired to live with him a life of continence. The prince felt a scruple in denying this request; but after some time had elapsed, seeing the reverence which St. Etheldreda had for Wilfrid, to whom she had given the land for his abbey at Hexham, Egfrid determined to use the bishop's influence in persuading the holy virgin to forego her purpose. He offered Wilfrid large presents in land and money, if he should succeed. How far Wilfrid dissembled with the king, or whether he dissembled at all, we cannot now ascertain: that he practised concealment is clear, and doubtless he thought it a duty *in such a matter*, and *doubtless he was right: it would be presumptuous to apologize for his conduct; he is a canonized Saint in the Catholic Church.* Of course, it is not pretended that the lives of the Saints do not afford us warnings by their infirmities, as well as examples by their graces. Only, where a matter is doubtful, it would be surely an

awful pride not to speak reverently of those whom the discernment of the Church has canonized. The way in which the Fathers treat of the failings of the blessed Patriarchs should be our model.—Wilfrid, pp. 72, 73.

From this it appears, that the theory of "*white* lies" is not so peculiar to the Romanists of the Sister Island, as has been commonly imagined. But what will *Mr. Newman* say to such morality as this? Does he, too, think that disingenuous conduct can be justified merely by saying, the dissembler was "a canonized saint," and it would be "*an awful pride* not to speak reverently" of such an one? that "doubtless he was right," and "it would be presumptuous to apologize for his conduct?" Of course, if he disapproved of such doctrine, he would not have permitted it to see the light; though, perhaps, he might have been expected to have brought a little more ingenuity to its justification. In his volume of University Sermons, in a note on the Sermon on Development, he says,

> it is not more than an hyperbole to say that, *in certain cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth.* This seems the meaning for instance of St. Clement, when he says "He [the Christian] both thinks and speaks the truth, unless when at any time, in the way of treatment, as a physician towards his patients, so for the welfare of the sick he will be false, or will tell a falsehood, as the sophists speak. For instance, the noble apostle circumcised Timothy, yet cried out and wrote 'circumcision availed not,'" &c.—Strom. vii. 9. We are told that "God is not the son of man, that he should repent," yet, It repented the Lord that he had made man.—Univ. Sermons, p. 343.

It is hard to say, whether the profaneness of the latter part of this passage, or the immorality of the principle it is brought to justify, be the more shocking. But what sort of notion can Mr. Newman have of the nature of truth and falsehood? "*A lie the nearest approach to truth!*" Really it reminds one of the old gentleman who used to say, that people complained he was always half a note out of tune; but, for his part, he was not a very good judge of music, but he thought that was coming pretty near the mark.—And to touch, in passing, on another point. Some people are exceedingly sensitive when Mr. Newman's name is irreverently handled, or his integrity questioned. I have already stated that I have always disliked allowing this discussion to assume a personal form. But really, Mr. Newman's partisans would do well to ask themselves, what they would think or say, if they should find such a deliberate attempt to justify falsehood and dishonesty in the columns of the Record.

The whole subject is in truth most painful and humiliating; and in its consequences, it is impossible to calculate the amount of mischief which the system propagated by this party is likely to effect. Nor is it merely from the revulsion produced by their extravagancies and Romanizings,—carrying the public headlong into the extremes of Latitudinarianism,—giving occasion for the enemies of Episcopacy and the Church of England to triumph,—

terrifying and disgusting serious and inquiring persons,—setting the laity against the bishops, and the clergy against their congregations:—these are not all the evils to be apprehended; but over and above all these, are the consequences resulting from the erroneous nature of their teaching regarding celibacy and mortifications. The former topic I have already touched on more than once, though not oftener than the extreme importance of the subject demands. For, certainly, it would be absurd to expect any other effects than such as one cannot bear to dwell on, if the notions advocated by this school are suffered to be instilled into the minds of children and young persons. Besides,—as I have already observed,—and a most serious consideration it is,—they are casting suspicion over persons of truly respectable character. While, at the same time, their mode of caricaturing the habits of self-denial and making them odious, by the pharisaical spirit of display with which they are connected,—on the one hand,—and the fearfully erroneous doctrine of expiatory penance they are mixed up with,—on the other,—cannot but furnish the worldly and self-indulgent with plausible excuses for closing their hearts against the true and scriptural doctrine of the cross. Hard it is at all times to induce the luxurious and extravagant to remember, that there is a real meaning in denying one's self daily, and bearing the cross of our Master,

and crucifying the flesh with its affections and lusts. Men are ready enough to put from them the consideration of such duties as these—too ready to seize a plausible excuse for rejecting them *on principle*. And certainly, if Mr. Newman and his party had intended to make self-denial ridiculous and suspicious—as nothing better than popery and fanaticism,—I can hardly imagine what more effectual methods they could have taken.

CHAPTER XXII.

THESE WRITERS MISREPRESENT THE CHARACTERS OF THE SAINTS—ST. WULSTAN AND THE GOOSE.

In addition to the mischievous effects I have already noticed, as likely to result from the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Newman and his friends are dealing with the history of the English church, there is one which can hardly fail to have struck most readers, and which, to my own knowledge, several excellent persons have already felt and deplored. It is this—that, by the colouring which their own fanaticism has given to their Lives of the English Saints, these authors are associating with ridiculous and grotesque ideas, names which for ages had been regarded with affection and respect. Even among those who were wholly unacquainted with the particular circumstances of the history of the subjects of this series of biography, there was a sort of traditional veneration, a vague and undefined impression that these were good and holy men, who, in their generation, amidst more or less of error and credulity, loved God and served their fellow-creatures. And, with the majority, this feeling has outlived the memory of everything about them but their names, and weathered out the storms of civil and religious revolutions. But now, even this as-

sociation of affection with these ancient servants of God is likely soon to be destroyed; and, what with the legends these volumes contain of pharisaical devotions, fanatical austerities, and grotesque miracles, before these writers have finished their pernicious labours, many a one whom we and our fathers have thought of only as wise and holy men, will come to be considered as little better than hypocrites and fanatics—in fact, as a species of spiritual mountebanks, whose piety seemed as if contrived for the purpose of making religion ridiculous. And, when to this are added the other ill effects of these works, their erroneous notions regarding celibacy, marriage, monkery, and expiatory penance—and their constant uniform design to advance the interests of the see of Rome, it is greatly to be feared, that, by the time they have done, every remnant of what deserves to be called catholic feeling, will be in a fair way of being banished from the country.

How many, for example, are there, who,—if they were asked who St. Wulstan was, or where he lived, could tell very little, if anything, about him;—yet have a traditional feeling of respect for his memory, as one who served God and was a benefactor to his generation. And those who know a little more have probably been in the habit of clinging to the hope, that he was a wiser man than his historians. But are such feelings likely to survive the stories which disfigure his memory in this

new version of his life? Take the following specimen:—

He was not above confessing that a savoury roast goose which was preparing for his dinner had once so *taken up his thoughts*, that he could not attend to the service he was performing, *and that he had punished himself for it, and given up the use of meat in consequence*.—p. 13.

Such a story would give one the idea as if St. Wulstan was rather fond of eating:—and so, all through these works, the accounts they give of austerity and self-denial, convey, in the most painful manner, the notion, that those whom they hold up as models of these virtues, were naturally persons of gross appetites and peculiarly depraved inclinations. And then, observe the conclusion of the sentence. If a Christian clergyman was really not above the weakness of having his thoughts *so taken up* with "a savoury roast goose," that "*he could not attend to the service he was performing*," why should he speak of his infirmity? Or, if this were allowable, why should he *inform* people, "that he had punished himself for it, and given up the use of meat in consequence?" True humility would feel little inclination to speak of the infirmity—still less of the methods taken to correct it. And, very possibly, if St. Wulstan had ever put himself under such a restraint as to give up "the use of meat in consequence," he would have taken care to conceal his abstinence from the eyes of men; at least one

would rather hope so. But the notion these authors entertain of mortification is essentially pharisaical. Everything is to be done for effect—impression—and display—"to be seen of men." And so it unavoidably happens that, in describing the saints *such as they think saints ought to be*, they copy the pattern and ideal of sanctity in their own minds, and so the reputation of the saint himself is injured by the follies of his biographer.

In the present instance, it would have been as well if this biographer had given his authority for his statements, that the roast goose had "*so taken up his* (Wulstan's) *thoughts*, that he could not attend to the service he was performing"—and also, that "*he was not above confessing*" both his infirmity and the punishment he inflicted on himself in consequence. William of Malmesbury gives no sanction for either statement: and, with regard to Wulstan's talking of the matter, the historian would lead one to suppose he never did; since he expressly says, not only that he *made an excuse* at the time for not stopping to taste the goose—but that he used to affirm that he had no desire, or felt no want, of such meats—in order, as it would seem, to set any of his guests and companions at ease, who might happen to observe his customary abstemiousness. Perhaps this author has merely mistaken the historian's meaning, but the pharisaical character of his own

system has led him to give a colour to the story most injurious to Wulstan's memory.*

* . . . "die certa ad quoddam placitum exire deberet, necessitas rei omni excusationi repudium indixerat. Visum est tamen ut ante missam cantatam inediæ consuleret. Acceleratur a clientibus, ne impransus abiret dominus, apponitur auca igni. Astitit altari presbyter, et devotione, qua solet agit, cum inter secreta Missæ, quia erat Ecclesia domui vicina, nidor adustæ carnis nares ejus opplevit. Odor mentem advocavit, ut et voluptatis illecebra caperetur, *continuoque reducto animo* culpam agnosceus, luctabatur valide ut cogitationem alias averteret: sed cum id frustra esset, iratus sibi juramentum ad sacramenta, quæ tangebat, fecit, nullo se amplius pacto id genus cibi comesturum. Cantata ergo Missa cibo vacuus ad negotium discessit, *quod jam tardior hora urgeret causatus.* Occasio illa effecit, ut arduum penitus sequutus exemplum, omni in perpetuum carne et etiam unctiori cibo temperaret; non tamen comedentes rigido suspendens supercilio, *nullo se affirmabat eorum ciborum teneri desiderio,* si qua tamen esset caro delectabilis, opinari se, quod alaudæ majorem vescentibus darent voluptatem." Malmesb. De Gest. Pont. IV. Surely it is scarcely possible, that this English biographer mistook the meaning of "culpam agnoscens;" and yet there are no other words in the story which could be tortured into a foundation for his statement, that Wulstan *was not above confessing*, &c. It is quite clear, from the story, that Wulstan did no such thing, but on the contrary, took some trouble to conceal both his momentary infirmity, and the oath he had taken to avenge it. It would have been as well, also, if this biographer had observed that, whether the story of the goose be true or not, William of Malmesbury represents the circumstance as having taken place when Wulstan was a very young man—"Erat tum ille primæ lanuginis ephebus"—are the historian's words. As the story is told by the modern biographer, one might imagine it occurred after he was prior of his monastery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MORE MISREPRESENTATIONS: ST. WULSTAN AND HIS CLERGY.

ANOTHER story, taken from the account of St. Wulstan's devotional habits, will serve further to illustrate the preceding remarks, and to show what injustice these writers are doing to the memory of the English Saints. After he became a bishop, it is said that he used to travel about "on horseback with his retinue of clerks and monks," and, "as they rode along, he repeated the Psalter, the Litanies, and the Office for the Dead," and compelled them to make the responses—and "his monks often thought him very tiresome"—especially as "he used often to put them out, by his habit of repeating over and over again 'the prayer verses,' 'to the weariness of his fellow-chanters.'" The narrative proceeds thus—

> His biographer tells a story which shows *the trials to which he used to expose his clerics' patience*, and the way in which *they sometimes revenged themselves*. It is *characteristic of both parties*.

A curious notion of sanctity and an age of faith, this author would wish his readers to receive! As if the saints were persons who practised devotion in order to annoy and worry their neighbours and dependents.

"He always went to Church, to chant matins," says his

biographer, "however far off it might be; whether it was snowing or raining, through muddy roads or fog, to Church he must go; he cared for nothing, so that he got there: and truly he might say to Almighty God, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house.' Once, when he was staying at Marlow, on his way to court at Christmas tide, according to his wont he told his attendants that he was going early to the Church. The Church was a long way off; the deep mire of the road might have deterred a walker, even by daylight, and there was besides, a sleety drizzle falling. His clerics mentioned these inconveniences, but he was determined; he would go, even if no one went with him, only would they [why *they?* 'tantum monstraretur sibi via,' is all Malmesbury says] show him the way. The clerics were obliged to yield, and concealed their annoyance."—pp. 19, 20.

For it seems, we are to believe that, *in reality*, he was not content to go alone. He *said* indeed "he would go, even if no one went with him;" but it was very sufficiently understood by his clerics that they were expected to go along with him: at least this is the impression this author would convey.

But one of them, named Frewen, a hot-tempered fellow, to make matters worse, took hold of the bishop's hand, and guided him where the swamp was deepest, and the road roughest. The bishop sank up to his knees in the mud, and lost one of his shoes; but he said nothing, for *the object* of the clerics had been to make the bishop give up his resolution.—Ibid.

Whether this representation of a bishop and his clergy going to matins in such a temper, is likely to make the restoration of daily service seem more desirable to those who as yet are indisposed to

it, may be doubted. But this is an interruption. And we have left one, at least, of the party up to his knees in the mud.

The day was far advanced when he returned to his lodgings, his limbs half dead with the cold, and not till then did he mention his own suffering, and the cleric's offence. Yet *he* MERELY *ordered them to go and look for the shoe.*

Which shoe he had lost one knows not how far off, and that, too, in mud so deep, that he had sunk up to his knees in it. He *merely* ordered *them* to go and look for the shoe; a pleasant conclusion, truly, to their morning's devotions! and no less pleasant a mode of correcting the lukewarm piety of a company of clergymen! How fond they must have been of each other: to say nothing of Mr. Frewen, who seems the very prototype of the "*artful dodger!*"

Yet he merely ordered them to go and look for the shoe; he spoke no word of reproach to the offender, but put a cheerful face on the matter, and carried off the insult with a cheerful countenance. For the bishop was a man of great patience; nothing put him out of temper whether annoyance or impertinence; for people there were who often made game of him, even to his face.—Ibid.

Now, supposing this to be a faithful exhibition of the piety and temper of Wulstan, and of the mode in which he governed his clergy and they treated him, may it not be fairly questioned, whether any good end can be answered by putting the temper and manners of the clergy of any age before the public in so burlesque a character? It is easy

to talk of Wulstan's having a good temper, but such a person as is described by his present biographer, few would like to associate with—fewer still (of the clergy at least) would covet for their bishop. There is an odd and eccentric air of spitefulness given to his character by this author. What kind-hearted person, at the end of such an uncomfortable walk, would think of revenging a personal affront in such a manner? What Christian bishop would chastise an act, which he knew originated in the dislike of his clergy to attend the services of the church—services, by the way, which he seems (according to this description) to have studied to make as irksome and fatiguing to them as possible—by sending them back—*ordering them* back—for, according to this author, he used his episcopal authority for the purpose of revenging a childish impertinence and a personal indignity—*ordering them* back, in the cold and rain of an evening at Christmas, to look for his shoe in mud knee deep. It seems an insult to the memory of such men, to caricature them in this preposterous manner. I may as well remark, however, that Malmesbury says nothing of Wulstan's ordering *the clergy* to look for his shoe—he rather implies that he gave them no further trouble in the matter; and at all events he does not say who was sent. "Præcepit etiam, ut quæreretur calceus; et nullo convitio in contumacem insectus, sed atrocitatem facti vultus hilaritate attenuans." These are

the historian's words, and nothing can be clearer from them than that not even Frewen himself was punished, and also that this author's notion of Wulstan's punishing the clergy by *merely* ordering *them* to go and look for the shoe, has no foundation, except in his own misconception of the historian's meaning. And yet the misrepresentation of this one particular does serious injury to the character of Wulstan.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MORE MISREPRESENTATIONS: ST. WULSTAN AND HIS MONASTERY—ST. WULSTAN AND THE ANGLO-SAXON GALLANTS—HIS AUSTERITIES.

UNDER the rule of this saint, as these writers depict him, religious exercises were made an intolerable burden to his clergy. They describe him as one who took pleasure in annoying them:—

> he was very strict in requiring from his monks and those about him an exact performance of that regular worship for which monasteries were founded. If one of the brethren was absent from the night service, he took no notice at the time, but when the others had retired to their beds to wait for morning, he used quietly to wake the absentee, and make him go through the appointed office, himself remaining with him and making the responses.—pp. 18, 19.

How such a person must have been detested! And what good could possibly follow from devotions in which the inferior must have been in no very placid frame, while submitting to the malicious waggery of his superior!

But as the story is given here, an entirely wrong impression is conveyed: it being in reality an instance, not of Wulstan's *strictness* and annoying severity—but of his mildness in punishing, as Prior, the transgressions of his monks; and, in point of fact, sharing in the punishment himself. "Transgressiones autem suorum et tolerabat opportunè, et arguebat pro tempore." Such are the words which

Malmesbury illustrates by this example; and if this modern biographer had perceived his meaning, the character of Wulstan would have suffered less.

But this author describes Wulstan as exercising fully as much ingenuity in tormenting the laity; particularly "at King Harold's court," where—

his neighbourhood was especially dangerous to the long flowing tresses with which it was the fashion of the Anglo-Saxon gallants to adorn themselves, and to which Wulstan had taken a special dislike, as being a mark of effeminacy. Wulstan had very little notion of ceremony, where he thought that right and wrong were concerned; and *he was not without relish for a practical joke at times.* "Accordingly," says his biographer, "if any of them *placed their heads within his reach*, he would, with his own hands crop their wanton locks. He had for this a little knife, wherewith he was wont to pare his nails, and scrape dirt off books. With this he cut off the first fruits of their curls, enjoining them on their obedience, to have the rest cut even with it. If they resisted, then he loudly chode them for their softness, and openly threatened them with evil." —Ibid. pp. 20, 21.

One would have thought that those who are employed to depict the character of the saints for the benefit of "most erring and most unfortunate England," would scarcely have chosen to represent a bishop and a saint as a person who had "a relish for a practical joke." According to this biographer, Wulstan's love for "a practical joke" seems to have carried him rather beyond the bounds of propriety. He "had very little notion of ceremony," as this author tells us, and so, even in the king's court, he

must have his joke; and the absurd picture is presented to the mind, of a saint pursuing the young gallants, knife in hand, and cropping the wanton locks from any of those who were unlucky enough to have "placed their heads within his reach;" a mistake, one would have imagined, not many were likely to make who had witnessed the demolition of their companions' tresses. But what authority has this author for representing this matter in such a ludicrous light, and making Wulstan look more like a court jester and buffoon, than a grave and zealous bishop? How did he discover that the transaction took place at King Harold's court at all? For anything that appears, Wulstan did nothing inconsistent with the dignity of his station. He seems to have had no idea of a joke of any sort in the transaction, much less to have behaved with such want of decorum at the royal court, as this story would lead one to suppose. But, when persons came, seeking to have his hands laid on their heads, he took the opportunity of marking his dislike of the effeminacy of the age by cutting off some of their locks, and offering [scil: to God] the first-fruits of their hair, enjoining them by their obedience [scil: their vow of obedience] to cut the remainder to an equal length. There is nothing like a practical joke in all this; and one can hardly imagine anything more calculated to bring into contempt and derision the excellent men, who, according to their

light, served God and their fellow-creatures in an age of imperfect civilization, than representing their conduct in this grotesque and ludicrous manner.

These men may have known little of the refinements of later ages. But they knew what was due to propriety and exalted station, and it was not by playing off *practical jokes* on young courtiers that they obtained a hold so powerful and lasting on the veneration and gratitude of their country. A similar remark will apply to many of their austerities. They did things which are not to be justified by the rule of the New Testament. They practised mortifications in public, which should have been practised in private, if at all. And most probably, their monkish historians have made their conduct appear still worse in these respects than it really was. But, now, when people are no longer writing under the influences of mediæval notions and habits and superstitions, it becomes a very serious matter, to find the very least defensible points in the conduct of men of piety and wisdom selected as models of the sanctity and heroic virtues of an age of faith.

An illustration of the last observation is at hand from this same life of St. Wulstan. Aldred, Archbishop of York, was employed, along with two cardinals sent from Rome, to select a person as his successor in the see of Worcester, from which he had been translated to York. After some time spent in travelling over almost the whole of Eng-

land, they came to Worcester, and remained on a visit with Wulstan, in his monastery, "and there they spent the whole of Lent." The author proceeds,—

This time was kept by Wulstan with *special* severity. [Why *special?* One would like to see the authority for this. William of Malmesbury says nothing of Wulstan's keeping Lent one way or other.] As a courteous host, he left nothing undone which was due to his guests from English hospitality and bounty; [Aderat eis humanitas hospitis nihil prætermittentis, quo minus Anglorum dapsilem liberalitatem et liberalem dapsilitatem experirentur," says the historian. And certainly, considering he is speaking of two Cardinals, and an Archbishop keeping Lent in a monastery, his language is remarkable —] but he himself adhered rigorously to his *accustomed* rules; he omitted none of his prayers, and relaxed none of his abstinence. All night long he continued in prayer, even after the night Psalms were ended. Three times in the week he tasted nothing day or night, and during this time never broke silence; the other three days his food was bread and common vegetables, and on Sunday he added some fish and wine "out of reverence for the Festival." Every day he received and ministered to three poor men, supplying to them their daily bread and washing their feet. When Easter came, the Cardinals returned to King Edward's court, and when the question arose, who was to be the new Bishop of Worcester, they mentioned with high admiration the name of the austere and hard-working Prior, of whose way of life they had lately been daily witnesses.—pp. 13, 14.

It is not every one who can read the original of this story, without feeling his respect for Wulstan shaken, if not considerably diminished. The facts

are simply these. A clergyman of high rank, Prior of Worcester, received on a visit of some length two cardinals and the Archbishop of York, who were at the time notoriously engaged in looking out for a bishop for the vacant see of Worcester. He entertained them with hospitality and splendour befitting his own station and theirs. But during the entire time of their visit, he himself practised such a course of austerities as it would have been scarcely possible to conceal, but which were, in point of fact, made so conspicuous and remarkable, that his visitors, on their return to court, recommended him for the vacant bishopric. Now, supposing this story to be true, it is still very possible that Wulstan may have been perfectly innocent of any selfish object in these austerities. But to any one whose notions of practical piety are derived from the New Testament, and who has not sufficient acquaintance with the modes of thinking that obtained in those times to enable him to make allowances for conduct like this, the reading of such a story can have no other effect than to lower exceedingly his estimation of Wulstan's character. Indeed, it appears obvious to me that the effects of such representations—and generally—of the propagation of such notions as these writers are advocating—cannot but be most injurious in many ways. These books, not only recommend the practice of such self-inflicted tortures, as amount to a gradual suicide,—but they

also hold up to public veneration the *displaying* of these austerities, in order to make an impression, and to gain a reputation for sanctity. Supposing the foregoing story to be true, one is glad to put the most favourable construction it will bear on Wulstan's conduct: but, for those who *select* such conduct as a pattern of saintly piety, there is no other conclusion to be drawn, than that they mean to teach men to practise such display and ostentation of austerities and private devotions, as are wholly incompatible with the retirement and secrecy commanded by the Author of our religion. I must beg my reader to recollect what are the facts of the case. These men are not writing History. They are not dry Annalists. They do not profess to be so. Nor do they pretend to sift truth from falsehood, or to recover facts and characters from the disfigurement of apocryphal and preposterous traditions, or from the errors of former biographers. With very slender materials—sometimes with none which can pretend to be regarded as authentic,—they have dressed up legends, in which the reputation of venerable and venerated names is injured, as much by their mistaking and misrepresenting the meaning of the authorities they profess to follow, as by the tinge, which their own erroneous and superstitious notions give to everything they meddle with. Let them but succeed in raising up a generation of such saints as they describe, and in persuading men

to regard them as saints,—and it is perfectly clear, that they would lower the standard of Christian piety and morals in the country. This, however, they are not likely to do. But, meantime, it is impossible for plain men of common understanding to avoid seeing, that the inevitable consequence of such perversions of ecclesiastical history can be nothing else than this ; that, while, on the one hand,—all recommendations of the cultivation of mortified and self-denying habits and tempers will be received with distrust and suspicion,—on the other,—the remains of what deserves to be called Catholic feeling will be utterly destroyed;—that feeling, namely, which makes a Protestant of the nineteenth century cling to the thought, that, however the errors and superstitions of their times may have disfigured their piety, our forefathers and predecessors were men of real simplicity, earnest faith, and clear-sighted wisdom. And the loss of this feeling will be a real loss. And when these authors have succeeded in persuading the world, that those whose names have been held sacred by Englishmen for ages, were no better than fanatics, and buffoons, and practical jokers, they will have inflicted an injury on the public mind, for which their system offers nothing sufficient to compensate. This thought seems never to occur to them.

CHAPTER XXV.

PHARISAICAL AUSTERITIES: ST. WILLIAM.

Nor do these writers appear at all more conscious of the pharisaical character of the piety they are recommending. On the contrary, they seem to take it as a matter of course, that the austerities they describe were seen, and known, and public; and that power and admiration were the natural and egitimate rewards enjoyed by those who practised them. Take another example from the life of St. William:

> In those days, when the blessed effects of penance and the discipline of the church were acknowledged by all true Christians, men would be as it were on the look-out, to hear of or see those who had given themselves up to the practice of sincere repentance, as persons for whom the Lord had done great things, whom only to see was a great privilege, and a most sure means of self-improvement. Thus we may imagine *the fame* of William's life at Winchester *had reached the ears of all* earnest and religious men, and they naturally longed to see him, not as it would be in these days, to criticise or ridicule, or to pronounce him a wild enthusiast and fanatic, who knew not the spirit of the Gospel, but *to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence*, if haply they might gain somewhat of his spirit, and receive from his holy lips words of comfort and encouragement.—St. William, pp. 47, 48.

Considering the erroneous doctrine this author has broached regarding the Lord's atonement, this sneer at those who are disposed to look on such characters as he describes as ignorant of "the spirit.

of the gospel," is not very becoming. The austerities of St. William he tells us were practised because "he wished to do penance for his past sins, and to extinguish, by the abundance of his tears, the avenging punishment of future fire."* And he further tells us,—and a very remarkable piece of dogmatic theology it is for a divine of the church of England to make himself responsible for,—that

> The tears which gush from the really broken and contrite heart, *unite in wonderful co-operation with the blood of the Holy Lamb, to wash*, as we may say, once more *the sinful soul*.—p. 44.

Persons who write in this way do not seem very competent judges of what "the spirit of the Gospel is." But this by the way. The sanctity of St. William—"those wonderful, unearthly, and saint-like qualities, which, in technical language, are called 'heroic virtue'"†—those actions, the *fame* of which made people anxious "to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence," were pretty much what one has found so frequently recommended in these volumes as a mode of expiating sins:—

> for five long years he continued at the peaceful monastery, steadfast in the exercise of penance; constant and unwearied in prayers, and fastings, and nightly vigils, in the holy round of fast and festival, and sacred seasons, hoping for nothing and desiring nothing, but the forgiveness of his past sins, and grace to serve his Lord faithfully for the future.—pp. 43, 44.

But how did all this get to be so universally

* Page 42. † Page 41.

known and talked of? People might be "on the look-out" as much as they pleased "to hear of or see" such a person; but all this took place in a monastery; and monks and hermits do not appear to have been in the habit of issuing a Court Circular to acquaint the world every day with St. William's doings in his cell, or how St. Neot went on in his fish-pond, or St. Bartholomew and St. German in their perennial shirts. To speak plainly, these authors seem to have no idea of any one practising austerities which are not to be *seen* or *heard of;* and the step from this to the ascetic's exhibiting himself for people "to gaze upon him with devotion and reverence," is but too short and too easy. The persons they describe may not have fallen into such a miserably low and degraded state;—a man of really catholic feeling would be sorry to learn that they ever did. But that is not a question of any pressing importance at present. Just now, it is of moment that the public should be fully aware of the system of doctrine, and piety, and morals, Mr. Newman and his party are labouring to propagate; and, looking at the question in this light, I cannot but think, it must be evident to any one who will take the trouble to make himself acquainted with their publications, that the character of the devotions and austerities they are recommending is essentially pharisaical,—in the most offensive sense of the word, short of deliberate fraud and hypocrisy.

But is any considerable number of persons at all likely to be led astray by a system of teaching so palpably erroneous and unchristian, and—what is more to the point at present—so utterly uncongenial with the habits of English piety? It is not easy to determine such a question. Nor, I suppose, will the question, in this connexion, seem of much moment, except to those who are accustomed to measure the importance of falsehood or error by the evil it produces, and by their estimate of that evil and its proximity to determine, whether it be worth while to contradict the falsehood or expose the error. However, as to the likelihood of these notions becoming popular, it may be observed,—that, whoever be the party at whose risk and charge these Lives of the English Saints are published, a considerable sum must be embarked in the speculation, and (making every allowance for the zeal and perseverance with which Mr. Newman's party have from the outset laboured to propagate their opinions) it is scarcely to be supposed they would have brought out ten* volumes within the year, in so expensive a form, unless the circulation of the work had proved extensive enough to pay its expenses, at least. Of course, in the absence of private information, which on this point I do not pretend to possess, this can be no more than conjecture. Those who supply funds for the undertaking, may be con-

* Now fourteen.

tent to lose a certain amount in the propagation of their opinions. Nor do I think it a question of much importance; because error and falsehood on such sacred subjects should be exposed, without our stopping to consider how far they are likely to become popular. If, however, this party are correctly informed, their system, in some of its most objectionable forms, is making considerable way, and the opposition to their opinions gradually diminishing. The author of the Life of St. German, the ninth volume of these Lives of the English Saints, commences the advertisement prefixed to that volume in the following manner:—

> Care has been taken in the annexed work, to avoid as far as possible all dogmatism upon disputed points of doctrine and discipline. The austerities of saints and the miracles they performed, are, in some measure, an exception; both because *the numbers of those who have ungenial feelings with regard to them, are gradually diminishing*, and because they form, as it were, the very substance of ancient Hierology.

This is a remarkable passage. The story quoted in the chapter, of St. German's persuading a child of six years old to bind herself by a vow "to adopt the holy life of a Virgin, and become one of the Spouses of Christ," may, surely, be considered to involve points of some moment, both of "doctrine and discipline," and points, it is to be hoped, which may *still* be reckoned among "*disputed* points," in this author's sense of the term. Considerable pro-

gress, it is to be feared, has been made in a wrong direction; but we are not yet arrived at an uniformity of error, even on the topic of virginity and vows. A similar observation will apply to the doctrine of expiatory mortification inculcated in the account of St. German's austerities. There is another passage also in this same volume which seems rather to touch on "disputed points of doctrine and discipline;" and the instance is the more worthy of notice, because, as in the stories of the little girl, and of the dietary of St. German, the points of doctrine and discipline are not dogmatically asserted, nor even argued, but are quietly assumed and taken for granted, as points on which all Christians are agreed. The story is as follows:—

He [German] was once travelling in winter. Oppressed with fatigue and the effects of his long fasts, he retired towards the evening with his attendants to a deserted ruin not far from his road. The place was said to be infested with evil spirits; and it was conspicuous for its wild and rugged appearance. He was not however hindered from taking up his abode there for the night. His followers on arriving began to prepare their supper, and sat down to eat. St. German abstained from all food. In the meantime, the Reader read aloud some pious work, after the manner introduced into monasteries, and which still is observed in religious houses.* As he continued his

* Meaning, no doubt, in convents and nunneries, &c. This affectation of the technical nomenclature of Romanism is one of the features of these books. Thus, we hear of children "vowed to *religion*," (St. Wulstan, p. 6;) and of a name "taken *in religion*," (St Bartholomew, p. 135.).

task, German fell into a deep sleep. Immediately a spectre appeared before the Reader, and a violent shower of stones beat against the walls of the ruin. The young man alarmed awoke the bishop, who, in the name of Christ adjured the spectre to explain the cause of the visit. The mysterious personage answered, that he, with another, had formerly been the perpetrator of great crimes, for which after death they had remained unburied, and had been deprived of the rest allowed to other departed spirits. German having ascertained the spot where the bodies of these wretched men had lain, assembled on the following morning the people of the neighbourhood, and employed them in removing the ruins. After much labour they found two corpses loaded with iron chains. "Then, we are informed, according to the Christian custom of burial, a pit was made, the chains taken off, linen garments thrown over them, and intercession offered up to obtain rest for the departed and peace for the living." Henceforth the spot was again inhabited and grew into a prosperous and flourishing abode.—St. German, pp. 88, 89.

The object of this pretty specimen of a ghost story is plainly, to inculcate the doctrine of purgatory and of prayers for the repose of the dead, and their deliverance from that place of expiation; and the mode in which this author quietly assumes the truth of these pernicious fictions, and treats them as no longer among the "*disputed* points," is not a little remarkable. But this plan of insinuating the errors of Rome in the vehicle of marvellous tales runs all through these volumes.

However, as we have seen, the biographer of St. German informs us in his advertisement, that "the austerities of saints and the miracles they

performed are points he does not consider it necessary to abstain from, and tells us, as one of his reasons, that "the numbers of those who have ungenial feelings with regard to them are gradually diminishing." He may be right. But, as far as *austerities* are concerned, the church of England must be in a strange state, if any considerable numbers can read the account of St. German's austerities with any other than most "ungenial feelings;" and alarming indeed must be the condition of the public mind, if the numbers of those who view such writings with sentiments of loathing "are gradually diminishing." I cannot but hope the author sees things through the medium of his wishes. In spite of his assurances to the contrary, I cannot but indulge in the confidence, that common sense has not yet been altogether sneered out of society, and that there are few, very few, indeed, and these persons of no weight or influence, to whom the ostentation of these austerities is not as abhorrent as their nastiness is disgusting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIRACLES: ST. GERMAN AND THE COCK.

But the miracles:—the public, it appears, are "gradually" getting to reckon them among the points about which there is no dispute. It may not be amiss, then, to look a little into the character of the miracles with which these Lives of the English Saints abound. We have not far to go for an illustration. The next paragraph in the Life of St. German will afford a specimen.

During the same journey he retired one evening to the dwelling of some persons of humble condition. Though he could command the attentions of the wealthy and great, yet he often avoided them, and frequented the lower ranks of life. While he was thus lodged, he passed the whole night in prayer, *as was his practice after our Lord's example.* [But, was it our Lord's *practice?*] Daylight broke in, and to his surprise the cock failed to herald in the morning. He asked the reason, and learned that an obstinate taciturnity had succeeded to the usual cry. Pleased at finding an opportunity of rewarding his hosts, German took some wheat, blessed it, and gave it to some of the birds to eat, whereby he restored their natural faculties. A deed of this kind, which might have been forgotten by the rich, was likely to remain fixed in the memory of the poor. The appreciation of any action depends generally on the degree of utility which it conveys to different people, and circumstances which appear trivial to some are important to others. *Thus could our Lord adapt His wonderful signs to the wants of men, at one time turning water into wine, at another multiplying the loaves, at another taking a fish for a piece of money which it contained.*—St. German, p. 89.

Now, supposing this story true, and a miracle to have been really worked, it is not very apparent, why it should appear more striking to a *poor* man than to a *rich*. Now-a-days, it may be of little importance to a country gentleman, whether his cock has lost his voice or not. But in the fifth century it was not quite so common for the squire to have a gold repeater in his pocket, or a French clock on the mantel-piece. Even the lumbering eight-day, or the wooden alarum, might have passed for curiosities in the days of German, and for a few years later, too. So that all this about the rich and poor is mere romancing, introduced for no imaginable purpose but to give an air of poetry and sentiment to an old wife's fable. As to the attempt to dignify the tale by comparing it with the miracles of the Lord, I really know not what language to use severe enough for its reprobation. But one thing I feel bound to say, that the perusal of these books, and the consideration of the manner in which their authors are continually bringing forward the example of Christ, and the miracles of Holy Scriptures, side by side with every absurd figment which has been invented in a credulous age to give sanctity to superstition, must compel people to ask, whether these authors do really believe the Evangelical History a whit more firmly than they believe these legends? Whether, in fact, the miracles of the Lord, and the miracles of German or Walburga, be not *in their*

faith equally probable, equally certain, equally true? This may be thought a mere personal question, with which none but these authors themselves have any concern. If I thought it were, I should feel no inclination to suggest it. But it is not so. Abundant proof is furnished in these books, and shall be fully and fairly laid before my reader, that this party do regard these stories, less as facts, than as mythic legends—that they consider it a lawful exercise of imagination to *invent*, in the absence of history,—and to relate *as facts*, not what they know or believe to have happened, but what (according to *their* notions of fitness or congruity) *might, or could, or should*, have happened;—and further, that they do think it allowable to endeavour to give a colour and sacredness to these mythic legends by alleging, and comparing with them, the miracles of Holy Scripture—and further still, that they believe, and teach it as part of their system, that one is at liberty,—nay more, that it is a high and saint-like exercise of Christian piety and devotion,—to allow the imagination a similar licence with regard to the life and actions and miracles of the Lord himself, and to use the facts recorded in the gospel as the basis of a legend and a myth. It is plainly but one step further, in this natural progress of error and disregard of truth, to represent the Gospel history itself as nothing more than a myth and a legend. For men who think at all must perceive, that if it be lawful to

take such liberties with truth *now*, it was just as lawful eighteen hundred years ago. If men may construct a myth *now*, it was as competent to the apostles and primitive Christians to do so *then*. There is, in fact, but one step, and a very brief one, between the teaching of this party and Neologianism. They themselves *may* stop at the point of error they have already reached; but, if the positions and maxims they are now propagating, be suffered to take root and spread unchecked, their disciples will, in all human probability, become Neologians, if not infidels.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MIRACLES: ST. HELIER.

THE foregoing observations are perhaps an anticipation of the conclusion which the reader is likely to come to, when the facts are fully submitted to him: but yet I think it is better to anticipate thus far, because otherwise I really might expect, that the utility of collecting such miserable rubbish would not seem very apparent to my readers. I hope, therefore, that they will recollect these stories of miracles are put before them, not merely nor principally to enable them to judge of the nature of the miracles recorded in these books, but rather as illustrations of the spirit and tendency of the system of which they form so important a part.

I find it difficult to know where to begin, but the Life of St. Helier will furnish a specimen or two sufficiently curious to deserve notice. St. Helier, it seems, was the son of a nobleman of Tongres, named Sigebert, who,—as the author observes,—"though he was a nobleman," "was not created by letters patent like our dukes and earls,"—an observation of which it is not easy to discover any intention which I should like to suggest. However, Sigebert, who was also a heathen, had no children, and, "as a last resource," he and his wife "applied to a holy man named Cunibert, who lived near them."

Cunibert, who had long wished to convert the noble Germans, and had mourned over their perverseness, promised to pray for them, if they in return agreed to give him the child who should be born, that he might offer him up to God. They agreed to these terms, and in due time the prayers of the holy man were heard, and the lady bore a beautiful child.—p. 14.

Whether Sigebert really understood the nature of the terms which this man is stated to have induced him to consent to, is not explained. However, when Cunibert required the parents to give up their child, the father, we are told, positively refused to allow him to "go about with a shaven crown, and be a poor man like Cunibert." My readers will probably have their own thoughts of this part of the story, and some, perhaps, will be disposed to think Sigebert's refusal was not so surprising in a heathen, as Cunibert's demand in a Christian. These, however, are the author's reflections, and very characteristic they are:—

Thus did they stumble at the offence of the cross, as the world has done from the first. Holy Mary went on her way to Bethlehem poorly clad; she had on a peasant's garment, and the world swept by and did not know that she was the rich casket which contained the pearl of great price, which whosoever findeth will sell all that he hath to buy.—Ibid.

Considering that Cunibert wanted to take an only son from his parents *before he was three years old*, and make a hermit of him,—which this author calls *offering him up to God*,—a less severe commentary

on their refusal might have been expected. They were heathens, and probably could not understand this notion of monkery: at all events, they were parents, and he was their only, their long-desired child. But this is not the only place where these authors advocate the practice of binding infants to a monastic life. However, by and by, when he was seven years old, the child fell sick, and begged his mother (a very natural request for a sick child of seven years old to make, no doubt) to send him away "to that holy man, by whose prayers I was born, and to whom you promised me." For it seems the child knew all about it. And his parents sent him to Cunibert, and he was healed, and lived with Cunibert,—being particularly charmed with a share of Cunibert's one meal a-day of barley bread.

There are some rather odd notions about baptism in this legend. For, though it appears he assisted in the church service—

> All this while Helier was unbaptized; his spiritual guide said nothing to him about it, and Helier wondered.—p. 15.

As well he might—especially as it seems he understood a vast deal more of the nature of baptism than boys of seven generally do.

> He however remained in quiet patience, trusting that God would bring him to the laver of regeneration in His own good time.—Ibid.

However, notwithstanding he was still the un-

baptized child of heathen parents, he became famous among the peasants for his "sanctity."

They brought him their sick and their blind, and thought that there was virtue in the touch of his little hand, and by the grace of God he healed them.—p. 16.

This seems to have provoked Sigebert to such a degree that he had Cunibert murdered; on which the child, instead of returning to his mother, fled, and, "*for six days*, he wandered on and on, through the depths of pathless forests," until he came to the town of Terouenne, where, being now "almost spent with fatigue"—which, by the way, considering the child's age, and his having, as far as appears, had no food for a week, cannot be thought very surprising—he was taken to her home by a poor widow. But after a fortnight spent with her—

he asked her to show him some lonely place, where he could serve God in quiet. She led him a little way out of the town, to St. Mary's church.—[which, from this it would seem was not much frequented.] The house of God was the place to which he naturally turned. His dwelling was in the porch of the church, and here he remained *for five years*, living as he had done with Cunibert. The rain and the wet formed deep pools about him, and his shoes were worn out, so that the sharp pebbles were often stained with his blood. But, notwithstanding all these hardships, *it never struck him* that he could go elsewhere, [a very remarkable specimen of absence of mind, and that "for five long years."] . . . . When he wanted food he went to the widow's house, and there too he had a wooden pallet on which he stretched himself whenever he chose.—p. 18.

Of course all these austerities were not without

their effect in procuring him admiration, and so the author tells us that—

This way of life attracted the people of the place; they saw in the youth one whom Christ had marked for His own by suffering, and who crucified his body for the Lord's sake. The sick and infirm learned to put faith in his prayers, and God was pleased to hear them as he had done at Tongres, and healed them.—p. 19.

It is to be hoped, the reader remembers that all this time Helier was still unbaptized.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HELIER'S BAPTISM—AN AGE OF FAITH.

Helier, as I have observed, though working miracles of all sorts, was still unbaptized.

At length, at the end of five years, an incident happened *which more than ever raised his fame.*—p. 19.

This incident was nothing less than his raising a child from the dead, which he undertook to do at the command of the bishop of the place; for, as the author tells us, "obedience was natural to him;"—a trait in his character of which his parents do not seem to have had much experience. He followed in silence to the church where the corpse lay:

Then Helier *bethought himself* that this would be a sign whether the time was at hand when Christ would regenerate his soul in the holy waters of baptism.—Ibid.

On which one might have thought he would have named the subject to the bishop. But he followed another method:

So he knelt down and lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "O God, in whose hand is all power, who didst raise the child on whom the door was closed, and the son of the widow of Nain when borne on the bier, I pray thee, that *if it is Thy will that I be made a Christian*, may it be Thy will also of Thy great goodness that this child be raised to life." And when he had done praying the child began to move and to cry for his mother.—Ibid.

We might naturally have supposed that on this

he instantly applied to the bishop for baptism. No such thing:

The night after this miracle, Christ appeared in a vision to Helier, and bade him go to Nanteuil, where a man named Marculfus would baptize him, and teach him what was to be his way of life.—p. 19.

Now, no one can have less wish than I have, to charge the author of this wretched fiction with deliberate profaneness; but the flippancy with which the name of the Almighty is every now and then introduced as one of the dramatis personæ in these legends, is a feature in the system they are intended to propagate, far too remarkable to be passed over in silence. If the miracles of Helier came down to us supported by an overwhelming mass of contemporary evidence, the mere fact of such miracles being ascribed to an unbaptized heathen should make any one pause, before he ventured to state, that the Almighty did interpose, and that Christ appeared in a vision. And yet all through, the sacred name is introduced to avouch for the particulars of the tale.

That Holy Ghost, who of old moulded the spirits of the prophets, and made St. John the Baptist to be a dweller in the wilderness and a holy eremite, dealt graciously with this child of Pagan parents and made him give up the world to live a hard and lonely life.—p. 16.

He who had much reverence for sacred things would surely have paused, before he ventured so very positively to interpret the will of the Almighty,

or to use His name in such a manner at all, even if the facts he was relating were indisputable.

Now, can any one suppose what degree of credit this author attaches to his tale? He tells us himself, in the introduction—

The story is here called a legend, because from the mistakes made by the author of the Acts, and from the distance of time at which he lived from the age of the saint, *many things which he advances rest on little authority.*—p. 9.

The Bollandists, it seems, consider that the writer of the acts of Helier lived "at least three hundred years after" his time. The author having acknowledged this, and enumerated some of the absurdities of his authority, says—

On the other hand, it is not by any means meant *to assert* that *the whole of the narrative is fiction.*—Ibid.

But then the miracles—of course there can be no doubt of the fact of their having been worked, or else no one who pretended to any, the lowest degree of reverence for religion, would dare to describe them as proofs of Divine interposition. We shall see. The author actually has the hardihood to state that—

It is however still an open question, whether the particular miracles here recorded were those worked by St. Helier; and it may here be observed that the miracles said to have occurred before his baptism [the very miracles he dares to say "God was pleased" to enable him to work] have less evidence than any of the others, ... they have not . . . the insular tradition in their favour.—p. 10.

The way in which this author treats this part of the subject, is really most instructive. The stories, it seems, have no authority whatever. The historian lived at a distance from the place, and three hundred years later than the age of Helier. There is not even local tradition for these tales. If there were, it would still remain to be proved, why tradition should give them any more credibility than the innumerable fairy tales and goblin stories which rest on the same authority, and are equally believed by the same class of persons.

> In order to account for their appearance in the Acts of the Saint, it is not necessary to accuse the author of dishonesty. *In an age of faith*, when miracles were not considered as proofs of a system which required no proof, but simply as instances of God's power working through His Saints, *men were not critical about believing a little more or a little less.* Again, *there is no proof that the writers intended these stories to be believed at all.*—pp. 10, 11.

So that, in fact, as a history, the Legend of St. Helier is fairly given up. But yet the author is never on that account a whit the more afraid to tack to the absurd fables he retails the name of God, in order to give an air of sacredness to the fanaticism they are meant to recommend. "An age of faith," then, is one, in which "men are not critical about believing a little more or a little less." A very remarkable definition, truly. But are not these authors afraid lest some of their disciples may be led to apply this definition to the times of the prophets and

apostles? When men have learned to use miraculous stories as embellishments to give a romantic or a venerable air to a system,—when they have been taught to consider such tampering with truth lawful, and such profane abuse of the name of their Creator innocent—it may not be very difficult for them to proceed somewhat further, and to suppose that similar liberties were taken in the apostolic age with truth and sacred things. I have no desire to accuse this biographer of Helier of intentional irreverence; neither do I mean to say, that he *does not believe* the miracles of Christ and the apostles. I have no reason to doubt that he believes them *as firmly* as he believes those of Helier. Whether he believes them at all *more firmly*, is a point which the more any one studies these Lives (and some other works that will come under our consideration hereafter) the more difficult will he find it to determine. Nothing can appear more certain to my mind, than this—that the notions of truth and falsehood (and particularly regarding miraculous stories) disseminated by Mr. Newman and his party, tend directly to Neologianism; and I should feel unspeakably thankful, if anything I have written or shall write hereafter, might be instrumental, however indirectly, in arousing their suspicion as to the fearful character and consequences of their teaching in this particular. Between believing everything, and believing nothing, it has too often been proved,

there may be but one step. And truly those who have such infinitely erroneous and confused notions of the very first rudiments of Christianity, as to consider recklessness "about believing a little more or a little less" the characteristic of "an age of *faith*," have got rather nearer to the edge of the precipice than they seem to be aware of.

To proceed, however, with this Legend of St. Helier. After his baptism and until his death he resided in a hermitage on a barren rock, where this author tells us "now appear faint marks on the wall, as if the monks of St. Helier had done their best to adorn it with frescoes, and to turn it into a small chapel by raising an altar in it." On which he remarks, in terms which it would have been scarcely charitable to suppose any Christian would have dared to use—

> Well might they be grateful to him, FOR HE SANCTIFIED THE ISLAND WITH HIS BLOOD.—p. 37.

In this place he lived for twelve years; but what he did, and how he came to die at last, must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DIGRESSION—ARCHBISHOP LANGTON—THE INTERDICT—KING JOHN, AND INNOCENT III.

St. Helier remained in his cell, on the rock, for many a long year. But before I notice the miracles he worked there, I must take leave to digress a little; for really, there is so much of folly and absurdity in these legends, and so much of puerility in the manner in which they are told, that I cannot feel surprised if some of my readers should doubt whether they deserve a serious notice. For myself, I have no doubt at all on the subject. The evident tendency of these productions towards Neologianism, would be quite sufficient, I conceive, to render an exposure of them necessary, even if they did not derive additional importance from the fact of their throwing so much light on the views and designs of Mr. Newman's party. But, that the writers of these Lives of the English Saints are aiming at nothing less than the restoration of the Papal authority in these countries, must be apparent to any one who has considered the passages I have already transcribed. One of the later volumes of these lives seems to have been written mainly for the purpose of advocating the claims of Rome to supremacy. I refer to the life of Archbishop Langton, which is so barren of information regarding the private affairs

and transactions of that prelate, that, if it were not for the use it can be turned to in the Romanizing movement, one might wonder why it was deemed worthy of being printed as a separate volume. Indeed, the biographer of Langton states, in his first chapter, that his work is "not so much a biography of Langton, as a history of the struggle of King John against the Holy See." Of course, any one who was disposed to advocate the pretensions of the Roman pontiff, would find occasion enough in this portion of the papal history for the exercise of his ingenuity. The Interdict, the disgraceful terms of submission extorted from the wretched John, and the extravagant pretensions of Innocent to the right of disposing of the crown of England as a fief of the Roman see, are such aggressions on the liberties of our church and country, as, one might have hoped, none of the members, not to say the clergy, of the English church, would feel any disposition to defend. But, in the progress of the movement, Romanizing has, at last, been developed into Popery.

There is something so horrible, so plainly and manifestly wicked, in a Christian bishop's endeavouring to get the better of a refractory sovereign, in a struggle for power, by depriving the whole of his subjects of the rites and consolations of religion, and persisting from year to year, for six years, in reducing an entire empire,—England, Ireland, and

Wales—to the condition of a heathen country,—that it is with feelings, in which it is hard to say whether amazement or disgust predominates, one reads a laboured defence of such iniquitous and truly heartless tyranny in this extraordinary volume. I can imagine an ultra-Romanist, who was endeavouring to make the best case he could for papal infallibility, mystifying the history of such disgraceful proceedings,—I can imagine him keeping carefully out of sight the infinite contrariety between the extravagant pretensions of such a man as Innocent III., and the notions of episcopal power and the independence of particular churches, which obtained in what used to be considered the best and purest ages of catholicity, and would have passed for such ten years ago, even with those who are now extolling the papacy "as the one *only* dynasty which is without limit and without end; the empire of empires, the substance whereof all other dominions are but the shadows."* Management like this, I say, might be tolerable from the pen of an Italian Jesuit: but from one who wears the semblance of allegiance to the English church, it is really not very easy to express the feelings which it excites. Let this writer speak for himself. Having described the Interdict as a suspension of "all visible intercourse between heaven and earth," and a withdrawal of the church from the kingdom,—having told his readers, that

* St. William, pp. 49, 50.

the daily sacrifice ceased, the doors of the church were shut, the dead were carried outside the town-gates, and buried in ditches and roadsides, without prayer or priest's offices; that religion, wont to mix with, and hallow each hour of the day, each action of life, was totally withdrawn; —the state of the country resembled the raid of the Danes, or the days of old Saxon heathendom, before Augustine had set up the Cross at Canterbury, or holy men had penetrated the forest and the fen.—St. Stephen Langton, p. 32.

he goes on to say:

An interdict, to those who read history with eyes hostile to the church, must appear the most audacious form of spiritual tyranny; but, in fact, *such persons renounce any real application of the power of binding and loosing in heaven.* But even catholic christians of this day, to whom the church's power of delivering the disobedient to Satan for the punishment of the flesh, is an article of living practical belief, yet shrink from so sweeping an application of it, and have a secret feeling against the Interdict as a harsh and cruel measure. It is, they say, to involve the innocent with the guilty—nay, rather, to let the guilty escape, and to inflict his punishment on innocent thousands. Indeed *we must go further;* for with the firm belief which those ages had in the real effect of absolution and excommunication, if the Interdict was not completely agreeable to mercy and justice, it was no less than a wanton trifling with the power they believed themselves to hold from Christ.—p. 33.

After such an admission one might have expected this author would have felt little admiration for an instrument so exceedingly liable to be abused; especially as he tells us, further on, that, notwithstanding the power of appeals to Rome, "where a cause

was sure of the most patient and thorough investigation," still the Interdict—

was, in the hands of the bad, prostituted to selfish purposes. It was a spiritual weapon *with which hostile prelates fought one another*. Instead of being limited to cases of obstinate heresy or perseverance in mortal sin, it was had recourse to *on every occasion of difference* between the church and the prince. It was *too much used* to protect the property of the church, or the persons of ecclesiastics. —pp. 37, 38.

The knowledge of facts like these I should have supposed, would have induced any one to pause before he spoke of the Interdict with approbation. Yet he gravely tells us,—as a suggestion "to the obedient Christian, who loves the church and her *ancient* ways, and is puzzled to reconcile the Interdict with her tenderness towards the little ones of Christ's flock,"—(p. 33,) that,

The Interdict, then, was a measure of mercy, an appeal, on its Divine side, to Providence; on its human side, to all the generous feelings of the heart.—p. 34.

So that, in the particular case which all this sophistry is brought to palliate,—when the Pope, in order to bring John to submit to what that prince believed to be an invasion of his prerogative, endeavoured to exasperate John's subjects to rebel against him, by depriving them of the exercise of divine worship for six years, till he had reduced the country to a state of all but heathenism—this, forsooth, was an appeal "to Providence," and "to all the generous feelings of the heart." A respectable Roman catholic would speak of such a transaction with more

modesty and less profaneness. But the real object of this writer is to make out the pope's title to a direct temporal supremacy over princes, and especially over the sovereigns of England. His argument is too remarkable to be omitted:—

Wherever a state system exists—and it must exist, except in the single case of universal empire—the establishment of the church must be very imperfect, if it is only set side by side with the civil power within each state, and not also set side by side with the external all-controlling power. It is not enough that national law admit the church as an element in the state, unless international law admit it as an element in the state system. The duties of princes towards their lieges become Christian, and so must the duties of princes towards one another. Christendom now, as then, forms one system, and acknowledges a common law. Since the beginning of the Protestant religion, international law has been *based on morality*, and enforced by public opinion; before, it was *based on the Gospel*, and enforced by the power of the keys [as if it were decent to represent the Gospel and morality as opposed to each other.] Ours is entrusted to alliances and compacts, amenable (as bodies) to public opinion alone; theirs *to a Christian Bishop*, bound in conscience and before God to act according to a well-known and well-defined ecclesiastical law. Both agree in admitting, in the last resort, the interference of an armed force to compel submission, or punish flagrant infraction of this common law. They differ *in the person* whom they constitute the judge, ours making the courts interested, such—theirs, a synod of bishops, *men who could not be interested*. As, too, that age considered it the duty of the temporal power in each state to enforce the church's sentence on the refractory individual, so it equally recognised the power of the whole of Christendom to enforce the church's sentence on the refractory prince.—pp. 35, 36.

Divested of its bewildering verbiage, the sum and substance of this extraordinary passage is this, that the supreme judge of princes should be the pope, and that he should have the power of employing the armed forces of Christendom to execute his sentence against any prince that should dare to prove refractory. And, as a preliminary measure, before preaching up a crusade against the offender as an excommunicated person, an Interdict, which may serve to goad innocent and unoffending subjects to madness, and drive them in desperation to rebel against their prince, and so compel him to succumb to Rome—this we are told is "a measure of mercy, an appeal, on its divine side, to Providence; on its human side, to all the generous feelings of the heart."

Every reader of English history, knows that Innocent III., finding the Interdict ineffectual, proceeded to depose John, and absolve his subjects from their allegiance. This author's view of that transaction, I apprehend, is rather an uncommon one for a member of the English church to take:—

The excommunication had now been in force for three years, and John yet made light of it. There was one final measure to be tried, and Innocent had now paused long enough before having recourse to it. Let us not imagine that this was hesitation from indecision or fear. This forbearance of punishment is *a peculiar feature of the papal government*, and was never more remarkably displayed than by those popes who were most able to inflict it. They manifest a divine patience worthy of *the highest power, the representative of that righteous Judge*, who is

"strong and patient, and provoked every day." *They move as under the awful consciousness that their acts will be ratified in heaven.*—p. 66.

It would be impossible for me to enter into any exposure here of the treatment which facts have received at this author's hands. Nor, indeed, can it be very necessary. But, my object in quoting these passages at all, is to show the manner in which the most extravagant assumptions of the papal see are justified and defended by Mr. Newman's party. Having stated that John was deposed, the biographer proceeds in the following strain:

The deposition of a sovereign for misgovernment is always a violent measure; and the deposition of John, though all England concurred, and all Christian princes approved, was still a revolution. Revolutions have no rules; but this was *as far as possible effected in course of law*, and by *the only authority that could pretend to any right herein.* The pope was then held to be the executive of the law of nations. We are quite familiar with such powers as wielded by secular congresses in modern Europe; and the living generation has seen an assembly of diplomatists dispose of provinces and peoples, pronounce the *dechéance* of some monarchs, and replace them by others with lavish liberality and uncontrolled power. In the times we write of, *monarchy by right Divine had never been heard of;* nay, rather, as Gregory VII. said, "*The empire seemed to have been founded by the devil*," while the priesthood was of God. But John had not even hereditary right to plead; he was but a successful usurper: and those who consider the necessity of the case to have justified the measure of 1688, will vindicate the right of the nation in 1213, to call to the throne a grand daughter of Henry II. in place of a prince who was overturning the laws and religion of his realm.—p. 67.

It is rather a new thing for Englishmen, lay or clerical, to endeavour to propagate the infamous doctrine of the Jesuits, that the Pope has a right to depose princes and absolve their subjects from their allegiance—a doctrine which very many Roman catholics regard with abhorrence. But is it through ignorance or a wish to mislead, that this author represents the Revolution of 1688, as a similar transaction to the deposition of John by the pope—and the pope's offering the crown of England to the French monarch, as an act of the English nation?

A little further on this author says—

Nothing is more painful to the historian than the air of apology which the necessity of commenting on acts of past times is apt to assume. It does not need that one have a Catholic bias, but only that one have not the anti-catholic bias, to see that *such acts of popes as the one in question are no far-fetched, high-flown usurpations, but only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity.* It is simply an error against the truth of history to speak of the deposition and subjection of John, as has been done, as "an extraordinary transaction." Not only had it, in practice, as much precedent as the nature of the case admitted, but *it was the legitimate and consequential application to the particular case of the general principles of the Church which all catholics allow*, and whose operation in that direction has now ceased, only because Christendom has ceased to be. Indeed, our sentiments on this matter are part of *the great moral heresy of modern times.* Power, according to the modern doctrine, is founded on the moral law. All power which spurns at, or which would emancipate itself from, the moral law, in fact abdicates—becomes noxious to a society of which morality is the rule, and must be put down by that society.—pp. 69, 70.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor,—who, whatever he was ten years ago, must now be content to pass for a modern heretic,—observes, in his "Dissuasive against Popery," that "the order of Jesuits is a great enemy to monarchy, by subjecting the dignity of princes to the pope, by making the pope the supreme monarch of Christians; but they also teach, *that it is a catholic doctrine, the doctrine of the church.*" Now is not this precisely the position which this author is endeavouring to maintain? The deposition of princes, and the absolving their subjects from their allegiance, are, it seems, "no far-fetched, high-flown usurpations, but only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity." The deposition of John "was the legitimate and consequential application to the particular case, of the general principles of the church *which all catholics allow,* and whose operation in that direction has now ceased only because Christendom has ceased to be." This I take to be simple and unmixed Jesuitism; and I must beg my reader to observe, that I do not mean to use that term *here* as an opprobrium. Indeed it is certain that the author of Langton's Life would take it as no small compliment, to be considered an admirer, if not a disciple of those whom he reckons "the flower of the church."* I use the word

* In another part of this volume, speaking of the Cistercians, he says: "As the flower of the church, they attracted the concentrated enmity of the bad. Like the Jesuits now-a-days, they bore the burden of the world's hatred."—p. 44.

Jesuitism here, simply to signify the particular school of Romish theologians under which this party must be ranged, as advocates of the seditious impieties of Sà and Mariana. And, indeed, continually through these Lives, there are passages written in such a tone of enmity against kings and royalty, as can be traced to no other source than the schools of "the most noble and glorious company of St. Ignatius." But, be that as it may, if Mr. Newman's party choose to maintain, that doctrines so utterly subversive of government and dangerous to society, are principles "which all catholics allow," (certainly not all *Roman* catholics,) they must not be surprised if "catholic principles" should come to signify something bordering on disloyalty to the sovereign, and disaffection to the government. How can any set of men be trusted, who speak of such conduct as Innocent the Third's, as "only the natural, inevitable results of a public and established Christianity?" And really, it is most earnestly to be hoped that some, who have too long hesitated to disclaim connexion with this party, and by their silence have led people (although they themselves may not be aware of the fact,) to reckon them among its friends, may be induced, before it be too late, to consider the character of the movement with which they have been suffering themselves to be associated in the public mind. One passage more will suffice to put the political principles of this party beyond question. The passage I refer to is that in which the author

gives his opinion of John's resigning the crown of England to the pope, and receiving it back from the legate on doing homage as a vassal and liegeman of the holy see. This is his opinion of the transaction:—

> It was an act of piety and humility, *the visible homage of temporal power to spiritual, the confession of princes that the powers that be are ordained of God*, IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THAT TEXT—self-renunciation in a princely shape. To John it was also an act of penance: as a prince he had sinned, *as a prince therefore ought he to repent*, and he thus accepted, and acknowledged the justice of, the sentence of deposition.—p. 77.

I should be sorry, indeed, to believe, that there are many English Roman catholics, who would not blush to hear such sentiments avowed by a member of their own communion. No doubt there is an inherent inconsistency and weakness in all *moderate* Romanism, and the constant tendency of all parties is, to be absorbed by ultra-montane Jesuitism. But still, as long as such writers as Delahogue continue to be used as text-books in the education of the Romish priesthood, there will be a moderate party, by whom the notion of the Pope having direct or indirect power over the temporal affairs of princes, is (in theory at least) utterly disclaimed. And such persons, so far from thinking, that the compelling of John to resign his crown, and do homage as a vassal of the holy see, can be treated in this off-hand manner, do bestow a vast deal of labour and in-

genuity for the purpose of reconciling such a transaction, in the best manner they can, with what they believe (and wish us to believe) to be the doctrine of their church.

It is vain to refer such authors as this biographer to Jeremy Taylor, or Andrews, or Bramhall, though time was, and that not very long since, when these names made no small figure in Catenas. But Bramhall, for one, would have told him what Romanists of some name have thought and said of this submission of King John, and that such men as the Archpriest Blackwell, and Sir Thomas More (no great enemy of the papal supremacy) indignantly denied that there was any truth in the story, and have distinctly stated their conviction that if it were true, John had no power whatever to make such a resignation. But it is needless to discuss such a question here. The point for the reader's consideration is the fact of such extravagant doctrine, regarding the supremacy of the pope over the English crown and kingdom, being advanced by Mr. Newman's party.

Nor shall I find it necessary to notice this life of Langton any further. It contains little of doctrinal matter; and of that little the character may be gathered from one sentence, in the account of the translation of the relics of Thomas à Becket.

For fifty years, *the channel through which God's mercy had been chiefly shown to the people of England*, had been the tomb of S. Thomas, of Canterbury.—p. 123.

The volume is chiefly remarkable for its scandalous falsification of history, and for the proof it affords of the settled design this party have formed, to propagate such notions of *the temporal supremacy of the pope in England*, as any respectable English Roman catholic, who was not educated in the principles of the Jesuits, would be anxious to disclaim, as a slander on his religion, and an imputation on his personal character as a loyal subject.

I hope the reader will forgive this digression. The point which has been suffered to interrupt the subject immediately under consideration, seemed of too great and too pressing importance in the exposition of this movement and the designs of its leaders, to admit of being postponed.

CHAPTER XXX.

ST. HELIER'S MIRACLES—THE MARKS IN THE ROCK.

It is now time to return to the subject of the miraculous stories contained in these legends. I trust my reader will recollect that the twenty-eighth chapter stopped short in the middle of St. Helier's story, and will also bear in mind what the author expressly states, that, so far from its being a matter of historical certainty, that St. Helier worked the miracles he ascribes to him, it is "an open question," and, in fact, the utmost he can venture to say is, he does not mean "to assert that *the whole* of the story is fiction." With this remark I may proceed with the story. Helier, as I have stated, took up his abode in a hermitage on a rock in the sea, off the coast of Jersey:

> The people of the island soon found out Helier; it did not require a long train of thought to make out that he was a man of God; and two cripples, one a paralytic, and the other a lame man, came to him, *and by the help of our blessed Lord* he healed them.—p. 24.

I must again entreat my reader, to remember the apocryphal character which this author is obliged to confess attaches to these miraculous stories, and to observe, how the name of God is introduced as if they were undoubted facts. In what follows, I am fairly at a loss, which to consider the more

wonderful, the hardihood of this author's attempt to give credibility to the tale, or the unspeakable confusion of his mind as to the nature of truth and falsehood:

> The simple chronicler [a pleasing term truly, to describe one who lived "at least three hundred years after" the events he is pretending to relate] who has written the acts of our Saint, has by chance here put in a few words which mark the spot of the miracle. He says that those people healed by Helier left the mark of their footsteps on the rock ;—

so that, as this precious fable of the miraculous footsteps marks the spot of another miracle, we might imagine there was nothing to be done, but to cross over to Jersey and verify the fact for ourselves. If not, "the simple chronicler" might as well have omitted to record the prodigy. The author, however, does not seem to perceive this:

> now it happens that *till a few years ago*, there were *in a part of the island not far from his cell* [not even *at* his cell, it appears] some strange marks, like the print of feet upon a hard rock on the sea shore.

They are not there now, however, for the author informs us, in a note, that "the rock and the ruins of a chapel have been lately blown up, to procure stones for the building of a fort." So that, after all, I fear, "the simple chronicler" has not given us much help towards marking the spot of the miracle. But, even if the "strange marks" were still forthcoming, they do not appear ever to have been very conclusive evidence of anything:

No one could tell whether they were cut out by the hand of man, or were rude basins worked out by the sea in a fantastic form. The poor people of the island in after times told another tale about these footsteps. [Alas, for the Simple Chronicler!] They said that the blessed Virgin had once appeared there, and had left the mark of her feet upon the rock, and a small chapel was built upon the spot. Now it may be that these mysterious marks were neither left by the poor men whom Helier healed, nor yet by that holy Virgin; but still let us not despise the simple tales of the peasantry; there is very often some truth hidden beneath them.—p. 25.

And then he proceeds to conclude—

that it is very likely that this story contains traces of a real miracle *done by God* through Helier's hand.

And he sums up with the following extraordinary specimen of solemn self-mystification:—

No one need pity the poor peasants for their faith. He alone is to be pitied who thinks all truth fable and all fable truth, and thus mistakes the fantastic freaks of the tide of man's opinion for the truth itself, which is founded on that rock which bears the print of our Lord's ever blessed footsteps.—Ibid.

Bishop Burnet somewhere remarks, of a very uncommon sort of argument of his own—"This argument may seem to be too subtle, and it will require some attention of mind to observe and discover the force of it; but after we have turned it over and over again, it will be found to be a true demonstration." It may be so. The bishop may be right, though I have never had the good fortune yet to stumble on any one, who had been lucky

enough to have *turned his argument over and over* the precise number of times required for the discovery. But, certainly, if this passage of the legend of Helier be an argument, we had need to get inside it, like a squirrel in a cage, and keep turning it over and over again for a pretty considerable time, if we are ever to find it a true demonstration. Here are, first of all, a set of miracles which even their historian gives up as apocryphal. Secondly, and *notwithstanding*, the spot where they were worked is determined (and if it be, of course the miracles themselves demonstrated,) by a simple chronicler,—who had all the advantage of impartiality, at least, as he lived three hundred years after. And then, thirdly—just as some personification of Old Mortality is setting off to Jersey, to hunt up these wondrous footsteps, he is told, alas! that the said footsteps are no longer in existence! the rock in which they once were, having been blown up and turned into a fort,—which, to be sure, may be used to silence incredulous disbelievers, quite as effectually as ever the mysterious rocks could, before their integrity was tampered with by gunpowder. And then, fourthly,—it is just suggested, that those who lived later than "the simple chronicler" had another way of accounting for the marks,—which need not be further particularized; and, of course, *they* should be believed,—as the credibility of such tales is in the inverse ratio of the nearness of the historian to the

time of the event related. And, still more astonishing, after one is left but the choice of two miracles to account for these marks, it turns out, fifthly, that they were all along such strange looking marks, that it is quite uncertain (or *was*, namely, when there were any marks to be uncertain about) whether they were cut out by the hand of man, or were rude basins worked out by the sea in a fantastic form,—in other words, whether there ever could have been any miracle in the affair at all. And in fine, just as we are beginning to think, that we have at last found out the gist of this "true demonstration," we are driven to give it another turn, by the author softly whispering, that, after all, there is probably "some truth hidden beneath," and "that it is very likely this story contains traces of a real miracle."

The most remarkable part of this whole affair, perhaps, is this,—that there is not the slightest reason to suppose all this to have been written with any design of making Mr. Newman's system appear ridiculous. The book is printed and published by the same persons, who have printed and published the rest of Mr. Newman's edition of the Lives of the English Saints. No one has ventured to suggest a suspicion of this volume being spurious. In fact, no such thought could be entertained for a moment; and therefore, I cannot avoid asking the question, What conceivable object can Mr. Newman have in suffering such rubbish to be circulated

under the sanction of his name? Why does he consider such writing likely to benefit "most erring and most unfortunate England?" And—to look at the matter in another point of view—if such books find any sale, except for waste paper, why should he consider England so erring and unfortunate? For, surely, if there are people enough in the country, to make it worth a publisher's while to embark his capital in such legends as this, England may still lay claim to the possession of some portion of the spirit of those ages of faith, when "men were not critical about believing a little more or a little less," as this author pleasantly informs us.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ST. HELIER'S DEATH—HE CARRIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HAND—ST. NINIAN'S STAFF AND THE SCHOOLBOY.

I MUST hasten however to the events connected with the death of Helier:

For twelve long years after his spiritual father had left him did Helier dwell on his barren rock. His scanty history does not tell us expressly what he did, nor whether he with his companion converted the islanders to the Christian faith. *His life is hid with Christ in God.* We are however told minutely how at last he fell asleep, after his short but toilsome life. One night when he was resting on his hard couch, *our blessed Lord* for whom he had given up all things, *appeared to him in a vision, and smiling upon him, said,* "Come to me, my beloved one; three days hence, thou shalt depart from this world with the adornment of thine own blood."—p. 30.

The author, be it remembered, has so little reliance on the authority of his "simple chronicler," that he does not venture to call this life anything more than "a legend;" and the utmost he ventures to say is, that he will not go so far as "to *assert* that *the whole* of the narrative is fiction;" much less, of course, to *deny* that it may be. And yet, although he knows the sole foundation for this legend to be a tale written "*at least* three hundred years after St. Helier," and so full of palpable mistakes and anachronisms, as to be of no sort of value as an authority,—he still tells us,—with as much solemnity as if he were transcribing from the Holy

Scriptures,—that our blessed Lord appeared in a vision, and said certain words, which he is irreverent enough to recite,—all the time, as I have stated, knowing and admitting that there is no reason for believing the story to be any better than a fable;—and then, to gloss over the fact that nothing certain of any sort is known about Helier, he tells us that "his life is hid with Christ in God."

However, the legend goes on to relate that, three days after, a fleet of Saxons visited the coast, and some of them having found out his hermitage, one of the savages cut off his head:—

> Next morning his spiritual guide came down to the seashore to cross over to the hermitage; when however he came down to the beach, he saw lying on the sand the body of his young disciple. He did not know how it came there; the tide might have floated it across the narrow channel between the hermitage rock and the mainland. But the head was resting so tranquilly on the breast between the two hands, and its features still smiling so sweetly, that he thought that God, to preserve the body of the Saint from infidel hands, had endued the limbs with life to bear the head across to the shore.—pp. 31, 32.

And then the story goes on to tell of his carrying Helier's body into a little vessel which, conveniently enough, happened to be lying near—and how he fell asleep, and when he awaked, he found the vessel gliding into a harbour on a coast he had never seen, but crowded with people, gazing on what they took for a phantom vessel; and, in fine, how the bishop came down in his pontificals, and with incense and

chanting they bore the body in procession to the church. A note informs the reader that—

> The acts of St. Helier are so confused, that it is impossible to make out what is the place here meant.—p. 32.

And yet, though the tale bears such unmistakeable marks of falsehood and imposture, the author says:

> An invisible hand had unmoored the vessel, and angels had guided it through rapid currents and past bristling rocks; and it swam on alone over the surface of the sea, till it came safely to the harbour where the saint was to rest.—Ibid.

And this is not all; for, in the introduction, he meets the question of this particular miracle boldly and at some length. I should be sorry to speak harshly of these writers, but really I cannot but think, that any person who had a real reverence for religion, and who felt that awe which every devout mind must feel in the use he makes of the name of his Creator,—considering the manifestly fictitious character of the only authority he had to go on,—would have been willing,—if he must retail such a story at all,—to hazard any conjecture, rather than profane the name of the Almighty, by using it for the purpose of giving an air of sanctity to such a clumsy fable. And, for instance, he might have conjectured,—and it would have been anything but an improbable conjecture,—that the murderers had, out of sheer wantonness, insulted the corpse of their victim, by leaving the body on the shore with the

head between the hands. However, the reader shall see how this author treats the question :

As for St. Helier's carrying his head in his hands, it may be observed that the writer only represents the story as a conjecture of the priest who attended on the saint.

Very well; and, considering the date and the character of "the simple chronicler," this is a tolerably fair apology for *him*. But what apology is this for the author of this new life, who, knowing that it is impossible to prove the story to be true, much less, that there was anything miraculous in the transaction, deliberately ascribes the transmission of the vessel and its burden to the agency of angels, as if the facts were unquestionably true? It is with this modern biographer, and not with "the simple chronicler," we have to do just at present. He proceeds—

And it may here be mentioned that besides this of St. Helier, *only three other instances have been found by us* of similar legends, the well-known story of St. Denys, that of St. Winifred, and that of St. Liverius, martyred by the Huns at Metz, A.D. 450, and mentioned in one Martyrology, on the 25th of November. Of these four instances, that which is the best known, seems, though occurring in the Roman Breviary, to be tacitly or avowedly given up by most writers on the subject; and all, except the instance of St. Winifred, which may perhaps be considered in another place, are introduced to account for the removal of the body of a Saint from the place of his martyrdom. If there were not also a want of evidence for these stories, *this alone* would not of course authorize us to mistrust

them, for *none would presume to limit the power of Almighty God, or His favours to His Saints.* As however they are related by writers far distant from the time when the events are said to have occurred, it may be allowed to class them among *mythic legends.* Into this form threw itself the strong belief of those faithful ages in the Christian truth that the bodies of Saints, the temples of the Holy Ghost, are under the special keeping of God, and that these precious vessels are one day to be again alive, and to be glorified for ever with the saintly souls, which without these are not perfect. The bodies of saints have *without doubt* been kept incorrupt, as though life was still in them, and the belief that they had sometimes by God's power moved as though they were alive, was *only a step* beyond that fact.—pp. 11, 12.

Now, to all this laborious effort to strip falsehood of its guilt, and mystify a very plain and simple question, the reply is obvious. I have no anxiety to exaggerate the faults of the mediæval authors and compilers of legends. It seems very clear to me, however, that if "those faithful ages" had been possessed with a sufficiently "strong belief" of a "Christian truth," which some persons seem in danger of forgetting—namely, that God abhors lying, and that to couple the name of the Almighty with a falsehood is to take his name in vain—their "strong belief" would most probably have thrown itself into the form of making a bonfire of their legends, and the world would have been spared the melancholy spectacle of clergymen of the church of England making use of such palpable and disgusting fictions in order to propagate the errors of Rome.

An unsound and unhealthy state of mind it was, when men who feared God thought to honour him by going "*only* a step beyond" any "fact," in their relation of anything,—more especially, where *His* name was involved. But I have no wish to inquire too curiously into the faults of a remote age. We have to do with the present—with living men—and an energizing system,—and therefore it is I believe it absolutely necessary to speak plainly. If Christianity is to be propagated by mythic legends, and going "only a step beyond" facts, it requires but little sagacity to perceive the consequences. And, further, if people dream of being at liberty to write church history, with as little regard to truth as if they were writing a fairy tale, where a giant more or less is not a matter of much importance,—and if their disciples are taught not to be "critical about believing a little more or a little less," no one need be surprised, if the transition to Neologianism should be as rapid as it is easy.

But this is a part of the movement which will require a fuller exposure than a passing sentence can give it.

The story of the phantom ship in this Legend of St. Helier, is not without a parallel. A somewhat similar miracle,—as far as the movement of the boat is concerned,—is found in the thirteenth volume of this series, in the life of St. Ninian, of whom the biographer acknowledges, that whatever is known of him is chiefly owing to a life said to be written seven hundred years after his death, by St. Aelred;

and even of this the genuineness is "questioned by the Bollandists." According to the new legend, then, St. Ninian, when bishop in Galloway, kept a school there: and out of that circumstance grows the following story, which I think my reader will agree with me is worth transcribing. The biographer professes "to adopt or paraphrase the words of St. Aelred."

It happened on a time that one of the boys offended, and preparations were made to punish him. The boy, in alarm, ran away; but knowing the power and goodness of the Saint, and thinking he should find a solace in his flight if he did but take with him anything belonging to the good Bishop, he took off the staff on which St. Ninian used to support himself. In his eagerness to escape he looked out for a boat which might carry him away. The boats of the country St. Aelred then describes. They were of wicker work, large enough to hold three men; over this wicker work a hide was stretched, and the boat would float and be impervious to the waves. They are the same boats which Pliny and Cæsar describe, and in which the Britons would cross the sea to France or Ireland, or even go voyages of many days. They are called currachs or coracles; they were long in use in the Western Isles, and still are among the fishermen on the Wye.

There happened just then to be many large ones making ready on the shore. The wicker work was finished, but the hides not put on. He very incautiously got in, and the light boat at first kept on the top of the waves, the water not at once making its way through; soon however it did so, and there seemed no prospect but that it must fill and go down. He knew not whether to run the risk of leaping out or staying and sinking. In the moment of his distress, however, he thought of the holiness and power of St. Ninian; contrite for his fault, as though weeping at his feet, he confesses his guilt, entreats pardon, and *by the most holy merit of the Saint begs the aid of Heaven.* Trusting,

with childlike simplicity, that the staff was not without its virtue, as belonging to the Saint, he fixed it in one of the openings.—pp. 106, 107.

Why the child should imagine that fixing the staff in *one* of the openings could have any particular efficacy, is not very easily discovered.

The water retreated, and, as if in fear, presumed not to pour in. "*These*," says the saintly Aelred, "*these are the works of Christ, Who did say to His disciples, he that believeth in Me the works that I do, shall he do also, and greater things than these shall he do.*—pp. 107, 108.

Yet, considering the only authority pretended for this story is a life of St. Ninian, which, if it be genuine, is confessed to have been written seven hundred years after his death, one might have thought that most Christians would have been afraid to make such an application of the Lord's words.

A gentle wind arose and forced on the little boat, the staff *supplied the place of sail, and rudder, and anchor to stay his course.* The people crowding on the shore saw the little ship, like some bird swimming along the waves, without either oar or sail. The boy comes to shore, and *to spread more widely the fame of the holy Bishop*, he in strong faith fixed the staff in the ground, and prayed *that as a testimony to the miracle, it might take root, send forth branches, flowers, and fruit.* Presently the dry wood shot out roots, was clothed with fresh bark, produced leaves and branches, and grew into a considerable tree. Nay, *to add miracle to miracle*, at the root of the tree a spring of the clearest water burst forth, and poured out a glassy stream, which wound its way with gentle murmurs, grateful to the eye, and, *from the merits of the Saint*, useful and health-giving to the sick.

With what interest would this tale be told to the pilgrim

strangers, and the tree and fountain shown as the evidences of its truth *in those days of simple faith!* And with hearts lifted up to God, and *trusting in the aid of St. Ninian's prayers*, many a poor sick man would drink of the clear stream.

Men of this day may smile at their simplicity; but better surely is the mind which receives as no incredible thing, the unusual interposition of Him who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will; better the spirit which views the properties of a salubrious spring as the gift of God, granted to a faithful and holy servant, than that which would habitually exclude the thought of the Great Doer of all, by resting on the Laws of Nature as something independent of Him, not, as they are, the way in which He usually works; or thanklessly, and as a matter of course receive the benefit of some mineral waters.—pp. 108, 109.

But surely there is no need (except for a particular class of people) to rush into one extreme of folly, in order to avoid another. This, however, is altogether beside the question. The question is, what authority there is for the story. This talk of simple faith, and of miracles being worked, takes the story altogether out of the class of mythic legends. It is either history or a falsehood. And, as no sane person could dream of regarding it as history, I shall beg my reader to consider, what effects are likely to be produced on the minds of the sort of people for whom these Lives of the Saints must be designed, by teaching them to apply the sacred words of our Redeemer to such preposterous fables.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ST. NEOT AND THE LOCK—THE THREE FISHES—THE FOX AND THE SHOE.

The Legend of St. Neot contains one or two miracles at least that cannot well be passed over. The author commences his work by stating, that,

It is not pretended that every fact in the following Legend can be supported on sound historical evidence. With the materials which we have, it would not only be presumptuous, but *impossible, to attempt to determine any thing with any certainty, respecting them; how much is true, how much fiction.*

Which,—if one did not know how these books are written,—would seem designed to prepare the reader for an absence of miraculous stories in the narrative. It seems, by this author's account, there are five old lives of St. Neot extant, the earliest having been written about a hundred and fifty years after his death, and that "of these the first thing we remark, is a striking disagreement in the details of the several narratives:" and yet, that "all these facts are related with extreme minuteness and accuracy of detail," which two things being put together, will, I suppose, be thought to render the authority of the whole rather questionable. The author's reflection is curious:

Now this, if not the highest evidence in their favour, (which it may be) would seem to indicate that they

allowed themselves a latitude in their narratives, and made free use of their imagination to give poetic fulness to their compositions. In other words, their Lives are not so much strict biographies, as myths, edifying stories compiled from tradition, and designed not so much to relate facts, as to produce a religious impression on the mind of the hearer.—p. 74.

What is the value of religious impressions produced in this way, I should hope, my readers will be at no loss to conjecture; but certain it is, that these writers do consider it perfectly allowable to compose religious myths—stories, where, supposing the existence of the hero to be assumed as a fact, any quantity of imaginary sayings or doings may be attributed to him—and amongst the rest, miracles and visions, which imply the interposition of the Almighty. The mode in which this is justified will come to be considered hereafter—at present I am concerned only with the fact. And on these slender materials they do think it lawful, not only to construct history and biography, but even to make solemn acts of devotion. I must beg my reader, in perusing the following passage, to recollect that this author has nothing to go on for the facts of his story but contradictory and conflicting legends, which *he confesses* can only be regarded "as myths;"—accounts so irreconcilably contradictory, that he acknowledges that with such materials, "it would not only be presumptuous, but *impossible, to attempt to determine any thing with any certainty,* respecting

them; *how much is true, how much fiction.*" I shall also request him to bear in mind, that the fact of Athelstan and Neot being one and the same person is a matter which is not certain.

Prince Athelstan became the monk Neotus; the very meaning of his new title "the renewed," implies that his past life was to be as though it had not been; or as the life of another man. In such change is entire revolution of heart and hope and feeling. It is indeed a death; a resurrection; a change from earth on earth to heaven on earth; before he did his duty to God in and through his duty to the world; now what he does for the world is but indirect, but he is permitted a closer union, a more direct service to God. And therefore those good men who gave their labours to commemorate the life of this holy Saint, do properly commence their task at this point; and *that we too who are permitted to follow in their footsteps may labour in the same reverential spirit as they laboured; let us join with Abbot Ramsay of Croyland and say—*

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God to remove that holy Saint Neotus, to the blessed company of Saints in heaven, I have undertaken to record such actions as he performed while here on earth; therefore with a deep sense of my own unworthiness for so high a task, I pray to the Fountain of all mercies, that of His infinite goodness He will deign to send me His most gracious help, that I may be enabled to make known such things as are handed down by tradition, concerning this venerable man; and *that I may have him for my protector and intercessor in all dangers.*—pp. 89, 90.

Which, considering the slender grounds on which the legend rests, is a sort of devotion that needs a higher sanction than that of Abbot Ramsay of Croyland to justify its adoption.

The first of St. Neot's miracles, which comes under our notice, is one which occurred while he was still at Glastonbury, and before he became a hermit. It is told in these words:

And as time went on, God left him not without special mark of His favour, and not only thus enabled him to scatter His benefits among the people; but *that all men might know that such a life as his did indeed raise its possessor above the weaknesses and imperfections of this mortal life*, He began to work sensible miracles by his hand.

It was the custom of the monks of the Abbey, at the hour of mid-day, to retire alone to their several cells, for private prayer and meditation. This hour was held sacred, and no communication of any sort was permitted among the brethren. Neot, whose cell was nearest to the great gate of the monastery, was disturbed in his devotions by a violent and continued knocking. On repairing to the grating to ascertain the cause he discovered a person who might not be refused, pressing in haste for admission; he immediately hurried to the door, but, to his confusion and perplexity, he found that from the smallness of his stature he was unable to reach the lock. The knocking now became more violent, and Neot, in despair of natural means of success, *prayed to God for assistance.* Immediately the lock slid gently down the door, until it reached the level of his girdle, and thus he was enabled to open it without further difficulty. This remarkable miracle is said to have been witnessed to by all the brethren, for *the lock continued in its place, and the people flocked together from all quarters to see it.*—p. 96.

This miracle, then, is not only stated by this writer to have been a permanent miracle, and one which "people flocked together from all quarters to see;" but it is also expressly asserted, that it was a

sensible interposition on the part of God *for a particular purpose*,—namely, to recommend monkery, —"that all men might know that such a life as his *did indeed raise its possessor above the weaknesses and imperfections of this mortal life;*—which, supposing the story to be true, the miracle would hardly be sufficient to prove. The author then asserts that this extraordinary and romantic miracle was worked by the Almighty, *in order* to raise the credit of the monastic life. Does he believe the story to be true? Does he believe it to possess the slightest foundation in fact, or to be supported by the lowest degree of evidence which should procure it a moment's attention from any rational person? Does he believe it to be a whit more credible (as far as testimony is concerned) than the history of Cinderella or of Jack the Giant Killer? If he does not—if he knows (and he avows it) that it is nothing better than a myth, a legend, in plain speaking, *an untruth*, what is to be thought of the system he is labouring to propagate, and of its inevitable effects on Christianity itself? To assert that God has done anything which one does not believe him to have done, is what no devout or reverent mind could do, not even in a work of fiction. No name, however high or popular, can sanction what is manifestly so improper. But to assert, not only that God has worked a miracle, but that he has worked it *for a purpose*, and to dare to pronounce what that purpose was,—all the while knowing and

avowing that the whole story is no better than a legend,—is a very high and uncommon degree of impiety indeed,—uncommon, at least, in the clergy of the church of England.

A story which occurs a few pages after the account of the migration of the lock, will serve for another example of the sort of miracles by which the church is now pretended to be edified. It is stated that "an angel was sent to St. Neot, at Glastonbury," who conducted him to an hermitage in Cornwall, where he was directed to take up his abode.

> Here, in this lonely spot, he was to spend seven years in a hermit's cell, and live by the labour of his own hands; yet was he not unsupported by Him who had sent him there. From the time of his arrival to the close of his trial, *a continuous sensible miracle declared the abiding presence of the favour of God.*—p. 99.

Can it be imagined that any one who feared God would write in such a manner, unless he wished it to be understood, that he was convinced of the truth of the story he was about to relate?

> They had spent one night there, and the Saint was in the chapel, when Barius came in haste to tell him that three fish were playing in the basin where the fountain rose. St. Neot ordered him on no account to touch them, until he should have himself enquired what this strange thing might mean. *In answer to his prayer the same angel appeared*, and told him that the fish were there for his use, and that every morning one might be taken and prepared for food; if he faithfully obeyed this command, the supply should never fail, and the same number should even continue in the fountain. And so it was, and ever

the three fish were seen to play there, and every morning one was taken and two were left, and every evening were three fish leaping and gamboling in the bubbling stream; therefore did the Saint offer nightly praise and thanksgiving, for this so wonderful preservation; and time went on, and ever more and more did St. Neot's holiness grow and expand and blossom.—pp. 99, 100.

This happy arrangement met a very serious interruption, which, however, was the occasion of a miracle more surprising than the former—

His discipline was so strict, and continued with such unrelaxing severity, that on a certain occasion he was taken ill in consequence. The faithful Barius, ever anxious to anticipate his master's smallest want, if by any means some portion of the saintly radiance might so be reflected upon him, was anxious to prepare some food, to be ready for him on his awaking from a sleep into which, after nights of watchfulness, he had at length fallen. Here, however, he was met by a difficulty: his master's illness had reduced him to a state of extreme delicacy, and he was at a loss how he ought to dress his food. Hastily and incautiously he resorted to a dangerous expedient. Instead of one fish, he took two from the basin, and roasting one and boiling the other, he presented both to St. Neot for choice, on his awaking from his sleep. In dismay and terror the Saint learnt what had been done, and springing from his couch, and ordering Barius instantly to replace both fish as they were in the water, himself *spent a night and a day in prayer and humiliation.* Then at length were brought the welcome tidings of forgiveness; and Barius joyfully reported that both fish were swimming in the water. After this, his illness left him, and the supply in the fountain continued as before.—pp. 100, 101.

Really, I do not know in what terms to speak of

such extravagant absurdities. The continual temptation is to allow the impiety and fanaticism of the author to divert our attention from that which is the only point deserving serious notice,—the character and object of the movement which these books are written for the purpose of advancing.

In the monastery of Glastonbury he had learnt the mode of self-discipline by which St. Patrick had attained his saintly eminence, and now in his hermitage he almost rivalled him in austerities. Every morning St. Patrick repeated the Psalter through from end to end, with the hymns and canticles, and two hundred prayers. Every day he celebrated mass, and every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times; in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cockcrow he stood in water, until he had said his prayers. Similarly each morning went St. Neot's orisons to heaven from out of his holy well; alike in summer and in the deep winter's cold, bare to his waist, he too each day repeated the Psalter through.—p. 101.

This passage I have referred to already; but I am obliged to transcribe it here again, as it explains the following tale:—

One day when he was thus engaged in the depth of winter, he was disturbed by suddenly hearing the noise of a hunting party riding rapidly down the glen. Unwilling that any earthly being should know of his austerities, but only the One who is over all, he sprung hastily from the water and was retiring to his home, when he dropped one of his shoes. He did not wait to pick it up, but hurried off and completed his devotions in secret.

And when he had finished his psalms, and his reading,

and his prayers, with all diligence and care, he remembered his shoe and sent his servant to fetch it. In the meantime a fox, wandering over hill and vale, and curiously prying into every nook and corner, had chanced to come to the place where the holy man had been standing, and had lighted upon the shoe and thought to carry it off. And *an angel who loved to hover in hallowed places, and to breathe an atmosphere which was sanctified by the devotions of God's Saints, was present there* invisibly and saw this thing, and he would not that such an one as St. Neot should be molested even in so small a matter, so that he had sent the sleep of death upon the fox, and Barius when he came there found him dead, arrested at the instant of his theft, yet holding the thongs of his shoe in his mouth. Then he approached in fear and wonder, and took the shoe and brought it to the holy man, and told him all that had happened.—pp. 101, 102.

Now, I hope I need not say, I have no desire to treat *any* miraculous story whatever with ridicule. The subject is too serious. The absurdity and grotesque character of these stories might provoke a smile, were it not that there is a miracle pretended, and that these miracles, whatever their character may be, are alleged for a purpose,—namely, to convey the impression, that monastic austerities are pleasing to God, and that there is some peculiar and heroic degree of sanctity in a man's banishing himself from the society of his fellow-christians, and all the year round, winter and summer, standing in a well or fish-pond every day, until he has repeated the Psalter through. This, we are now taught, is piety;—and when to this one adds the picture given

of St. Patrick, that "every hour he drew the holy sign across his breast one hundred times" (nearly twice every minute in the day); "in the first watch of the night he sung a hundred psalms, (which few persons who know anything of music will deem much short of a miracle in itself,) and knelt two hundred times upon the ground; and at cock-crow he stood in water, until he had said his prayers;" we have a portraiture and ideal of the practical piety which Mr. Newman's party are presenting to the public for the benefit of "most erring and most unfortunate England." Truly, the miracles and the piety are worthy of each other; and if men believe that such piety can be acceptable to their Creator, it is no wonder, that they should see nothing extraordinary or incongruous in the miracles by which its acceptance is said to have been signified to the world.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. NEWMAN'S NOTION OF TRUTH.

But some will ask, why persist in making Mr. Newman responsible for the follies and impieties of these pernicious books? To this I need give no other answer than that which has been given already.

Every word of the articles on Hagiology was written, as these lines are, under a full and conscientious belief that for these Lives of the English Saints Mr. Newman, and Mr. Newman *alone*, is responsible. There may be anonymous persons, whose responsibility is devolved on him; but this is done by his permission, and with a full consciousness on his part, that while he thus voluntarily places himself between them and the public, all the praise or blame is exclusively his own.

Nor am I aware of any doctrine advocated in these books, which may not be fully justified by passages to be found in works to which Mr. Newman has put his name,—to say nothing of the articles in the British Critic, which he has recommended to the public. And, on this point, of primary and eternal moment, namely, the right these authors claim of trifling with truth,—the words I have already quoted from Mr. Newman's sermon on Development, are a distinct avowal, that he considers the use of falsehood in religion may be justified by circumstances. I quote the words

again, lest any one should think I am misrepresenting Mr. Newman's meaning:

It is not more than an hyperbole to say that, IN CERTAIN CASES A LIE IS THE NEAREST APPROACH TO TRUTH. This seems the meaning for instance of St. Clement, when he says "He [the Christian] both thinks and speaks the truth, unless when at any time, in the way of treatment, as a physician towards his patients, so for the welfare of the sick he will be false, or will tell a falsehood, as the sophists speak. For instance, the noble apostle circumcised Timothy, yet cried out and wrote 'circumcision availed not, &c.'"—Strom. vii. 9. We are told that "God is not the son of man that he should repent," yet, It repented the Lord that he had made man. —Univ. Sermons, p. 343.

This is Mr. Newman's own statement of his views regarding the lawfulness of tampering with truth. And, with regard also to the particular species of falsehood which forms the subject of our consideration at present,—namely, the falsification of history and the manufacturing of legends and miracles to serve a pious purpose, Mr. Newman has thus expressed himself in this same sermon on Development:—

Mythical representations, at least in their better form, may be considered facts or narratives, untrue, but like the truth, intended to bring out the action of some principle, point of character, and the like. For instance, the tradition that St. Ignatius was the child whom our Lord took in his arms, may be unfounded; but it realizes to us His special relation to Christ and His apostles, with a keenness peculiar to itself. The same remark may be made upon certain narratives of martyrdoms, or of the details of such

narratives, or of *certain alleged miracles*, or heroic acts, or speeches, all which are the spontaneous produce of religious feeling under imperfect knowledge. If the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred, (if I may so speak;) they are such as might have occurred, and would have occurred, under circumstances; and they belong to the parties to whom they are attributed, potentially, if not actually; or the like of them did occur; or occur to others similarly circumstanced, though not to those very persons.—p. 345.

Such are Mr. Newman's avowed opinions, and how they can be distinguished from the principles and maxims of the Jesuits, it is not easy to discover. But if this be lawful *now*, it was just as lawful *eighteen hundred years ago;* and those who wrote the Gospels,—with reverence be it spoken,—were just as much at liberty to construct "mythical representations," and call them history, as any others can be: unless, indeed, truth itself also admits of development. Mr. Newman has here expressly mentioned "*miracles*" among the matters which may lawfully be ascribed to the hero of a legend, though they had no foundation in fact,—because. "if the alleged facts did not occur, they ought to have occurred." But, how can any one say a miracle *ought* to have occurred, without implying that the Almighty ought to have worked it? And to relate a miracle as matter of fact, merely to embellish a narrative, and give dignity to a hero, is neither more nor less than to state, that the Almighty has done a certain

act, without having any reason for believing that he has—and whether such liberties can be taken with that sacred name without the guilt of profaneness in him who does it, and without undermining his own belief, and the belief of others, in the truths of Christianity, and even in the existence of a deity,—appears to me to be a matter deserving of rather more serious consideration than Mr. Newman or his party seem yet to have given it. But, be this as it may,—it is saying what is untrue;—and why any one should wish to claim a right to use falsehood for the promotion of piety, is not very apparent. In the second number of these Lives of the Saints—the very number in the advertisement to which Mr. Newman states, that these lives are portions of the series "promised under his editorship"—is a preface written by himself, and signed with his initials, in which he says, speaking of the preposterous and goblin-like miracles of St. Walburga,—who, the reader is probably aware, is a sort of ecclesiastical Robin Good-fellow among the German peasantry—

> The question will naturally suggest itself to the reader, whether the miracles recorded in these narratives, especially those contained in the Life of St. Walburga, are to be received as matters of fact; and in this day, and under our present circumstances we can only reply, that there is no reason why they should not be. They are the kind of facts proper to ecclesiastical history, just as instances of sagacity and daring, personal prowess or crime, are the facts proper to secular history.

So that this notion, that it is lawful to ascribe miracles to the saints, on any, the slightest foundation, or on none whatever, merely because "they are the kind of facts proper to ecclesiastical history," and if they "did not occur, yet they ought to have occurred," and "belong to the parties to whom they are attributed, potentially, if not actually,"—this notion,—as destructive to piety and religion, as it is incompatible with correct notions of truth and falsehood,—has been distinctly avowed and justified by Mr. Newman himself, and that, not only in a Sermon preached before the University, but in the prefatory matter which he has prefixed to one of the volumes of this series of the Lives of the English Saints. It is Mr. Newman, therefore, who has made himself responsible for these errors and impieties, and not I, nor any other person whatever.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE EVIL OF THE SYSTEM, DISREGARD OF TRUTH—MR. NEWMAN'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

I SUPPOSE that few unprejudiced persons, who have had the patience to accompany me thus far, can have much doubt of the tendency of Mr. Newman's system, not merely to Romanism, but to Neologianism. And yet, to speak candidly, I do not believe that its tendency to either or both of these particular forms of error, is that which constitutes its chief danger. Nor am I at all sure that many of my readers have either perceived as yet where that danger really lies, or are sufficiently alive to its magnitude if they have. There is no practical error more prevalent, than the measurement of error or untruth by the mischief it *seems* likely to create. Few, very few persons indeed, have any love for truth *for its own sake*, or any abhorrence of falsehood or error, *except for the mischief it is likely to do*,—or rather which they *see* it is likely to do;—for, if the evil effect be not very apparent, or even if it do not threaten to result very speedily, there are not many who have so disinterested an attachment to truth, as to give themselves much concern or trouble in exposing error or contradicting falsehood. The worst error in the world is this—that so few persons love truth and detest falsehood on purely moral and religious grounds. But, how is it

possible to preserve the church from error, as long as this indifference to the existence of error prevails? Experience proves, that every now and then, errors are introduced, not in solitary and repulsive deformity, but mixed up with truths,—perhaps with truths which appear calculated to promote valuable ends. And so it happens, that those who look at truth and error rather as a question of expediency than of morality, do but too readily suffer themselves to become patrons of error,—or if not patrons, at least to connive at it,—until, under their auspices and connivance, it has gained strength, and access, and currency, and the time for crushing and extinguishing it is lost for ever.

The Romish and Neologian tendencies of Mr. Newman's system must be apparent to any one who will take the trouble to examine it in his own writings, or in those of his coadjutors. But this tendency is rather the operation of the system and its results in a particular direction—than the system itself. The real evil of the system is not that it tends to this particular error or the other—but, that it lays the foundation for error of every sort, by habituating those who embrace it to trifle with truth—and, whether the fruits of this evil habit be found, in explaining away of formularies and in non-natural subscriptions, —or in figurative and mystic interpretations of Holy Scripture,—or in the suppressing of facts that oppose their theory,—or in the manufacture of

catenas, and the garbling and misquoting of authorities,—or in the retailing of absurd and preposterous fables as part of the history of the Almighty's dealing with the church,—or in throwing the reins on a licentious imagination, and dressing up the facts of the gospel narrative as a mythic legend, and calling such irreverence and presumption, meditation, and an act of faith;—in whichever of these ways this disregard of truth is manifested, it is *the disregard of truth*, and not any one or all of its results, which constitutes the real evil. For truth is of God,—and falsehood is of the wicked one. And he who teaches men to undervalue truth, and to tamper with it, and to play with falsehood, is,—in whatever guise he may appear, or however he may delude himself,—undermining the kingdom of God, and promoting the power and dominion of the kingdom of darkness.

Nor is this evil at all diminished, but the contrary, by the absence of an intention to deceive. For, in point of fact, little mischief is done by wilful and designed falsehood, compared with the injury done by self-mystification—and by that confusion of truth and falsehood in the mind, which, unfortunately, is as contagious as disease or pestilence, and which spreads all the more rapidly and effectually, because men are not on their guard against it. Now, this is precisely what I am *most* anxious my readers should bear in mind. The

Lives of the English Saints are no doubt very gross instances of folly and profaneness—but if a line of them had never been written, my own estimation of the evil of Mr. Newman's system would have remained the same. And that, not because there is no error in them which cannot be traced to Mr. Newman's teaching and paralleled in his writings—but because Mr. Newman has, by the mode in which he has dealt with Holy Scripture, in his figurative and mystic interpretations, taught men to trifle and play with truth, and that in precisely the most mischievous way in which it can be trifled with. For the grammatical sense of the Holy Scripture is the foundation and only security of truth in religion. And he who by any methods of interpretation or accommodation, teaches men to explain away the grammatical meaning of the Word of God, does not only lay the axe to the root of all sound theology, but does likewise sow the seeds of positive error and heresy of every sort and kind, and of irreverence for the sacred name of the Almighty. Mr. Newman's Lives of the Saints but too plainly prove these to be the legitimate consequences of such teaching. But they are only the consequences; and little benefit will be done by these pages, if my readers suffer themselves to be so occupied with the consequences as to forget their cause.

But besides this, I feel that I should have done

real injury to the cause of truth, if my readers were led by anything I had said to regard these legends as something wholly new. New they are, in one sense,—as being a development, in a particular direction, of a false principle and an erroneous system,—and, in some respects, a disclosure of objects and intentions and ulterior views, of which the world had not previously been so distinctly informed. But they are no more than a development and a disclosure of what already existed; just as Mr. Ward, in his Ideal, spoke a little more plainly than his more cautious leader. But,—as the non-natural subscription of Mr. Ward is, in point of fact, the identical theory of No. 90, in a more homely and matter-of-fact fashion than it had assumed in Mr. Newman's hands,—so the Romanism and Neo-ogianism of the Lives of the Saints are nothing whatever beyond the theology and ethics inculcated in Mr. Newman's own writings, and in those of which he has avowed himself the patron—only they are thrown into a legendary form. Any one who doubts the justice of this observation, can satisfy himself by reading Mr. Newman's University Sermons, his Sermons on the Subjects of the Day, and those articles in the British Critic which he has recommended to the public. I think it infinitely important to keep this fact steadily and constantly before my readers.

Nor, should I conceive it anything short of doing my readers a serious mischief, were I to lead them to

imagine, that an erroneous system is less injurious, when presented in a calm and moderate form. It is plainly the reverse. Error is never so little likely to do mischief, as when it makes itself ridiculous and disgusting. If such works as the Lives of the English Saints had appeared a few years ago, they might have been safely left in that obscurity to which the good sense, and good feeling, and piety of a Christian community would have speedily consigned them. It is because things are altered, that these books require to be exposed now;—because an erroneous and false system has already predisposed (it is to be feared) too many to read such books with pleasure;—because it has already, and to a very fearful amount, blunted men's moral and spiritual perceptions, and prepared them for admiring things from which, a few years ago, they would have turned with abhorrence;—and further, because these legends by discovering so clearly and plainly the real spirit and the legitimate effects of that system, are calculated to put those on their guard, who required to be forewarned against errors which make their first advances in a less repulsive form, and to awaken those, who are still incredulous, and still willing to suppose (if there be any such remaining) that the movement was harmless in its original principle and design, and is only dangerous in the extravagancies of its younger and more undisciplined admirers.

Here is a series of books, containing doctrines, not only contrary to what the Church of England receives, as the teaching of Holy Scripture and the primitive church,—but plainly subversive of truth, of reverence for sacred things, of purity. It is difficult even to expose their pernicious character, without transcribing matter offensive to piety, and unfit to be placed before the eyes of modesty. Who is the originator of these books?—who is the editor? Has Mr. Newman ever, even by one single line, come forward, to renounce his connexion with their authors, much less to express even a shadow of regret at his having originated and edited a work, which, from its very first number, displayed a spirit utterly irreconcileable with the good faith of an English clergyman? The world has not forgotten, and it never can, how promptly Mr. Newman responded, on another and very different occasion, even to a private remonstrance, and how readily he came forward to retract publicly the language in which he had spoken with severity of Rome and Romanism;—the very language to which his friends had so frequently appealed, whenever his system was charged with a leaning towards the errors of Rome. With regard to the propriety of Mr. Newman's conduct, either then or now, I offer no opinion whatever. It is not to me he is responsible. Nor can anything but confusion and misconception arise from making this in any way a personal question,

or allowing feelings either of partiality or dislike to be mixed up with it. Again and again have I laboured to impress this on my reader's mind. The facts of the case are simply these. Mr. Newman did publicly announce himself as the originator and editor of this series of lives; he has never since come forward to disclaim his connexion with it, or in any way whatever to free himself from the guilt and responsibility which attaches to every one engaged in the publication. These are the facts, which no one pretends to be able to deny. And the question I would ask, is simply this,—Would any man act in this manner, if he believed that the authors of these books were giving the public a false view of the nature of his system, and of the object of the movement of which he is the head and leader, and were thus defeating and counteracting that design, to the accomplishment of which his whole existence is devoted? This is the point really deserving of consideration. For, however thankful I should be to awaken any of the persons connected with this movement to the true character and the lamentable consequences of their unhappy projects, my immediate object is to make the nature of these projects known, and to put the public fully on their guard against the system and the teaching by which these projects are attempted to be accomplished.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CONFUSED NOTIONS THESE AUTHORS HAVE OF TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD—THEIR DEFENCE OF THE THEORY OF MEDITATION.

If, then, I am asked, What I believe to be the principal evil of the system inculcated by Mr. Newman and his friends? my answer must be—*disregard of truth*,—and a disregard the more dangerous because it certainly appears to originate in their having, in the first instance, confused their own notions of truth and falsehood, both as to their nature and their importance. It is difficult, from such a mass of writing, to select examples. One or two, from the lives of the Hermit Saints, will be sufficient to explain my meaning. The first shall be taken from the legend of St. Gundleus, of whom nothing certain appears to be known. Indeed, the author very freely confesses the fictitious nature of the tale, brief as it is:

> Whether St. Gundleus led this very life, and wrought these very miracles, I do not know; but I do know that they are Saints whom the Church so accounts, and I believe that, though this account of him cannot be proved, it is a symbol of what he did and what he was, a picture of his saintliness, and a specimen of his power.—p. 8.

Now, before I proceed further, I must beg to call my reader's attention to the meaning of this passage? The author, it appears, does not scruple to state that he has no knowledge, no proof whatever of the truth of the story. Yet he relates it gravely as a piece of

ecclesiastical history; and specially, he relates certain miracles which he states were performed by Gundleus, living and dead, and the appearing of an angelic host about his tomb. Did these things really happen, or did they not? Did the Almighty really interpose by miracles, supernatural voices, and visions of angels? The author answers, "I do not know;" —and, in fact, as nothing *was* to be known, he could give no other answer. But, as he did not know, whether these miraculous tales were true or not, why did he retail them? How can such conduct be exonerated from the charge of disregard of truth, and of a most irreverent and profane mode of treating sacred names and subjects? The fact is,—as it will appear in the sequel,—the authors seem resolved to write something. If they have credible materials, well and good; if not, they must only retail palpable fictions, and call them myths, symbols, and legends.

"But I do know," says this author, "that they are saints whom the church so accounts." Yet, if he should consult any respectable Roman-catholic authority, he would find that this matter is not deemed quite so certain in the Roman church. But this is a point which cannot be noticed now. Nor does the author seem to rest the *whole* of the story on this ground;—but merely the fact of Gundleus being a Saint. The point on which he thinks it requisite to bestow some pains, is the lawfulness of making up fictions of this sort on the

slenderest materials, or on none at all. This question he has discussed at considerable length in the introduction to the life of Gundleus, and his reasoning,—if such it can be called,—will afford an illustration striking enough, of the manner in which this party contrive to puzzle and perplex their judgment in the plainest matters, and of the sophistry by which they are endeavouring to lead the public mind back to those superstitions from which the divine mercy has delivered us.

The Christian lives in the past and in the future, and in the unseen; in a word, he lives in no small measure in the unknown. And it is one of his duties, and a part of his work, to make the unknown known; to create within him an image of what is absent, and to realize by faith what he does not see. For this purpose he is granted certain outlines and rudiments of the truth, and from thence he learns to draw it out into its full proportions and its substantial form,—to expand and complete it; whether it be the absolute and perfect truth, or truth under a human dress, or truth in such a shape as is most profitable for him. And the process, by which the word which has been given him, "returns not void," but brings forth and buds and is accomplished and prospers, is Meditation.—p. 1.

This may be "*Meditation*,"—but plain-spoken people would have called it *fiction*. And if such a process of invention be lawful, what is meant by "intruding into the things that are not seen?" But what infinite confusion is here! It is one of the Christian's duties "to realize *by faith* what he does not see." Undoubtedly it is—but why "*by faith?*"

Because faith is that which embraces a *revelation.* Faith does not "make the unknown known." But rather, it withdraws its foot when it reaches the confines of "the unknown," content to know and to realize what is known and revealed, and not presuming rashly to attempt to unveil those "secret things," which the divine wisdom has thought proper to reserve to himself. This is faith. But to attempt "to make the unknown known" is not an exercise of faith, but the licentiousness of a presumptuous imagination, wise above that which is written. Even when this author says, that it is a Christian duty to "*realize* by faith what he does not see," in his sense of the word "*realize*" the proposition is untrue. For, undoubtedly, what he means by *realizing* is, allowing the imagination to invent those particulars which the Word of God has concealed,—and how any one can imagine this to be a duty, is exceedingly surprising.

It is Meditation which does for the Christian what Investigation does for the children of men. Investigation may not be in his power, but he may always meditate. For investigation he may possess no materials or instruments; he needs but little aid or appliance from without for Meditation. The barley loaves and few small fishes are made to grow under his hand; the oil fills vessel after vessel till not an empty one remains; the water-pots become the wells of a costly liquor; and the very stones of the desert germinate and yield him bread. He trades with his Lord's money as a good steward; that in the end his Lord may receive his own with usury.—pp. 1, 2.

Divested of the figures here used to give it sacredness, and an appearance of being recognised by Holy Scripture,—"Meditation"—in this sense of the word—is really nothing but falsehood and irreverence. The true Christian will wait for the Divine command before he begins to fill his vessels with oil, or pour out costly liquor from the water-pots; and if he should be tempted to command "the stones of the desert to germinate and yield him bread," he will remember the example of Him who was once assailed by the same temptation, and resisted it. In truth, the illustrations are as unhappy as the doctrine is false.

This is the way of the divinely illuminated mind, whether in matters of sacred doctrine or of sacred history. Here we are concerned with the latter. I say then, when a true and loyal lover of the brethren attempts to contemplate persons and events of time past, and to bring them before him as actually existing and occurring, it is plain, he is at loss about the details; he has no information about those innumerable accidental points, which might have been or happened this way or that way, but in the very person and the very event did happen one way,—which were altogether uncertain beforehand, but which have been rigidly determined ever since. The scene, the parties, the speeches, the grouping, the succession of particulars, the beginning, the ending, matters such as these *he is obliged to imagine in one way, if he is to imagine them at all.*—p. 2.

But how can he be *obliged* "to imagine them at all?" Why is he not content to be ignorant, where the providence of God has left him in the dark?—What

"a true and loyal lover of the brethren" may or may not do, it is hard to determine beforehand,—for many such have done things, which it would have been happier for themselves and others if they had left undone:—but, most assuredly, no man who has any love or reverence for truth, can feel any pleasure in turning imagination into history; and those who hate and abhor falsehood, and know how difficult it is, to keep in quick and healthy exercise the love of truth, in the midst of a world of falsehood and delusion, will be far more likely to hold tight the bridle on their imaginations, than to give a loose rein to fancy, and call it meditation.

The case is the same in the art of painting; the artist gives stature, gesture, feature, expression, to his figures; what sort of an abstraction or a nonentity would he produce without this allowance? it would be like telling him to paint a dream, or relations and qualities, or panic terrors, or scents and sounds, if you confine him to truth in the mere letter; or he must evade the difficulty, with the village artist in the story, who having to represent the overthrow of the Egyptians in the sea, on their pursuing the Israelites, daubed a board with red paint, with a *nota bene* that the Israelites had got safe to land, and the Egyptians were all drowned. Of necessity then does the painter allow his imagination to assist his facts; of necessity and with full right; and he will make use of this indulgence well or ill, according to his talents, his knowledge, his skill, his ethical peculiarities, his general cultivation of mind.—pp. 2, 3.

Of course, if people will paint what they have never seen or could see, they must draw on their

imaginations; but I hope they will forgive my saying, that, if they would only employ their imaginations on some other than sacred subjects, Christianity would lose nothing by their forbearance. But, how does this illustration assist the argument? If the painter professes to give the world the offspring of his fancy and nothing more, his veracity is not called in question, whatever sentence may be pronounced on his judgment, taste, or skill. But if he should call it a portrait, and publish it as a likeness of a place or person he had never seen, people would not scruple to call him a dishonest man.

In like manner, if we would meditate on any passages of the gospel history, *we must insert details indefinitely many*, in order to meditate at all; *we must fancy* motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts, as our connecting links between fact and fact as recorded. Hence holy men have before now *put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons*, not wishing to intrude into things unknown, not thinking to deceive others into a belief of their own mental creations, but to impress upon themselves and upon their brethren, as by a seal or mark, the substantiveness and reality of what Scripture has adumbrated by one or two bold and severe lines. Ideas are one and simple; but they gain an entrance into our minds, and live within us, by being broken into detail.—Ibid.

Stript of its sophistry, this extraordinary passage can scarcely fail to shock and disgust the mind of every serious person. We *must* insert details indefinitely many in order to meditate at all. "*We must insert details!* What! into "the gospel history?" Surely one would have supposed, that if

this be what is meant by meditation, any man who had the fear of God before his eyes would feel that meditation is sinful. But where is this to end? Or rather, I repeat, when did it begin? Is it only within the last ten years, that meditation of this fashion became lawful? Is it only the party who follow Mr. Newman as their leader, that have a right to "insert details indefinitely many" into the gospel history, and "fancy motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts," and anything else they please, as "connecting links" between the facts of the sacred narrative? Are they the only "holy men" who are at liberty to "put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons?" It would seem not. They do not pretend to have a patent right to such profaneness. If not, then the fearful question again occurs—when did this right begin to be exercised?—when did holy men begin to "insert details," and "fancy motives, feelings, meanings, words, acts," and "put dialogues into the mouths of sacred persons?" Had the Evangelists no right to do such things? and if they had,—how far did they exercise it? How far is the gospel a fact or a mythic legend? How far are its words and syllables truth, on which we can rest the well-being of our immortal spirits?—or the "mental creations" of what,—however it be dignified with the name of *Meditation*,—is, in truth, no better than the irreverence of a licentious imagination? *This system strikes at the root of Christianity*

itself, and the more it shall be developed, the more clearly will this appear.

Hence it is, that *so much has been said and believed of a number of Saints with so little historical foundation. It is not that we may lawfully despise or refuse* a great gift and benefit, *historical testimony*, and the intellectual exercises which attend on it, study, research, and criticism; for in the hands of serious and believing men they are of the highest value. We do not refuse them, but in the cases in question, we have them not. The bulk of Christians have them not; the multitude has them not; the multitude forms its view of the past, not from antiquities, not critically, not in the letter; but it developes its small portion of true knowledge into *something which is like the very truth though it be not it,* and which stands for the truth when it is but like it. *Its evidence is a legend; its facts are a symbol;* its history a representation; its drift is a moral. —pp. 3, 4.

"*Something which is like the very truth, though it be not it.*" What notions of truth these writers must have! The only parallel is Mr. Newman's idea, that, "*in certain cases a lie is the nearest approach to truth.*"

The author proceeds:—

Thus, then, is it with the biographies and reminiscences of the Saints. "Some there are which have no memorial, and are as though they had never been;" others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else. *They have left a name, but they have left nothing besides.* Or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life, gives a character to their memory. Or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighbour-

hood, or by the title or the decorations of a Church. Or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them. Or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea. Such are some of the small elements, which when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes, and forms; till by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character,—which is indeed but the *portrait* of the original yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination. It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; it is the truth under assumed conditions; it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savours of the age, yet it is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. It is the picture of a saint, *who did other miracles, if not these;* who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace,—*of this we are sure;* we are not sure, should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence. —pp. 4, 5.

Are we sure?—sure that he ever worked miracles of any sort? when,—as the author admits is frequently the case,—we know nothing whatever about the Saint, beyond his name, and even that may be as chimerical as St. Longinus,—or St. Amphibalus,* whom these authors will persist in believ-

* "St. Alban was converted to the Christian faith by Amphibalus, a clergyman, whom he had sheltered from his persecutors. Information having been given to the authorities as to the place where Amphibalus lay concealed, search was

ing to be a human being, though Bishop Lloyd would have taught them he was only a *military cloak* transformed by a blunderer into a clergyman and a martyr.* However, though we know nothing whatever "of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence," we may,—according to this new school,—without anything to go on but a name, and no proof that ever any human being to bear the name existed, set to work, and meditate and develope, and dispose, and form, till our fiction has grown into a saint, and we may call this "a portrait;" and we may say that our hero worked miracles, and describe them, and "put dialogues into the

made for him in Alban's house; upon which his host putting on his military cloak, submitted to be seized by the officers in his stead."—St. Augustine, p. 20. I find this absurdity perpetuated by Dr. Hook in his Ecclesiastical Biography—with the addition, that, in his life of St. Alban, the military cloak is improved into "the cassock usually worn by the priest." "Mais ce personage paroît chimérique;" says Moreri.

* Bishop Lloyd's words are as follow:—

"The best is, that Hector [Boethius] had no need of his, or any other testimony, for he could not only make stories, but authors, too, when he pleased. And why not? as well as he could make a bishop out of St. Alban's cloak. It was, indeed, one Geoffrey of Monmouth, that first turned the cloak into a man, and so prepared it for Hector's ordination. The word 'Amphibalus,' which is Latin for a 'shag cloak,' and was used in that sense in the legend of St. Alban, our Geoffrey had the luck to mistake for a proper name, and so joined this 'Amphibalus' with St. Alban as his fellow martyr. Man or cloak, Hector brings this 'Amphibalus' into Scotland to King Crathlint, and there ordains it first bishop of the Isle of Man, and seats his Culdees there with him; so that belike they were the dean and chapter to St. Alban's cloak."—Church Government, ch. vii. pp. 150–1. Oxford Edition.

mouths of sacred persons,"—and we need never trouble ourselves to ask, whether our mental creations ever had any existence except in our own brains—and yet no one shall dare to say, that we are deficient in love of truth, or reverence for holy things.

Who, for instance, can reasonably find fault with the Acts of St. Andrew, *even though they be not authentic*, for describing the Apostle as saying on sight of his cross, "Receive, O Cross, the disciple of Him who once hung on thee, my Master Christ"? For was not the Saint *sure to make an exclamation* at the sight, and must it not have been in substance such as this? And would much difference be found between his very words when translated, and these imagined words, if they be such, drawn from what is probable, and received upon rumours issuing from the time and place?—p. 5.

But why was "the Saint *sure* to make an exclamation" of any sort? And if he did, why this rather than any other?

And when St. Agnes was brought into that horrible house of devils, are we not quite sure that angels were with her, even though we do not know any one of the details? What is there wanton then or superstitious in singing the Antiphon, "Agnes entered the place of shame, and found the Lord's angel waiting for her," *even though the fact come to us on no authority?*—p. 5.

But who knows whether Agnes was ever brought into the place of shame? And if she was, and angels did attend her—is that any reason why she should see them?

And again, what matters it though the angel that ac-

companies us on our way be not called Raphael, if there be such a protecting spirit, who at God's bidding does not despise the least of Christ's flock in their journeyings? And what is it to me though heretics have mixed the true history of St. George with their own fables or impieties, if a Christian George, Saint or Martyr there was, as we believe?—p. 5.

Yet surely, unless these authors were as ignorant as there is very good reason to believe them to be, they must have known how much has been said by respectable and learned Romanists of the necessity of reforming the breviary, and how little veneration they profess for St. George.

But give these authors their full licence to meditate and develope, and call their legends *portraits*—and what is the ideal of piety they present to our imitation? Gundleus, for example, a king, a husband and a father—deserts his family and his duties to live in the wilderness "an abstinent and saintly life:"—

his dress a hair cloth; his drink water; his bread of barley mixed with wood ashes. He rose at midnight and plunged into cold water; and by day he laboured for his livelihood.—p. 7.

Such is their notion of piety, and such their reverence for truth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED: THE REGION OF FAITH—ST. BETTELIN.

A similar example of this confusion of moral perception is found in this same volume, in the life of St. Bettelin (a person of whose history the author cannot venture to say that it is not "altogether fabulous") in a passage which, if one wanted to give a triumph to the infidel, might seem constructed for the very purpose.

And what the malice of foes has done to the bodies of the Saints, the inadvertence or ignorance of friends has too often done to their memories. Through the twilight of ages,—in the mist of popular credulity or enthusiasm,—amid the ambitious glare of modern lights, darkening what they would illustrate,—the stars of the firmament gleam feebly and fitfully; and *we see a something divine, yet we cannot say what it is: we cannot say what, or where, or how it is, without uttering a mistake. There is no room for the exercise of reason—we are in the region of faith.* We must believe and act, where we cannot discriminate; we must be content to take the history as sacred on the whole, and leave the verification of particulars as unnecessary for devotion, and for criticism impossible.—pp. 58, 59.

What can the infidel desire more than that Christians should confess, that they are in utter uncertainty as to the truth of the historical facts they believe; and that to have "no room for the exercise of reason," is to be "in the region of faith?" To

make the matter worse, the author justifies his absurdities by the following citation of Bollandus.

"Since what is extraordinary," says Bollandus, "usually strikes the mind and is impressed on the memory in an especial way, it follows that writers about the Saints at times have been able to collect together nothing but their miracles, their virtues, and other heavenly endowments being altogether forgotten; and these miracles, often so exaggerated or deformed (as the way of men is) with various adjuncts and circumstances, that by some persons they are considered as nothing short of old women's tales. Often the same miracles are given to various persons; and though God's unbounded goodness and power certainly need not refuse this Saint the same favour which He has already bestowed upon that, (for He applies the same chastisements and punishments to the sins of various persons) yet what happened to one, has often in matter of fact been attributed to others, first by word of mouth, then in writing, through fault of the faculty of memory, which is but feeble and easily confused in the case of the many; so that when inquiries are made about a Saint, they attribute to him what they remember to have heard at some time of another, especially since the mind is less retentive of names than of things. In this way, then, while various writers at one and the same time had gone by popular fame, because there were no other means of information, it has come to pass that a story has been introduced into the history of various Saints which really belongs to one only, and to him perhaps not in the manner in which it is reported.

"Moreover it often happens that, without denying that a certain miracle may have occurred, yet the occasion and mode of its occurrence, as reported, may reasonably create a doubt whether this particular condescension, be it to man's necessity or his desire, became the majesty of the Eternal. At the same time, since His goodness is won-

derful, and we are not able to measure either the good things which He has prepared in heaven for the holy souls He loves, or the extent of his favours towards them on earth, such narratives are not to be rejected at hazard, though they seem to us incredible; but rather to be reverently received, in that they profess to issue from that Fountain of Divine goodness, from which all our happiness must be derived. *Suppose the very things were not done; yet greater things might have been done, and have been done at other times.* Beware then of denying them on the ground that they could not or ought not to have been done."—pp. 59, 60.

The resemblance between this passage, especially the latter part, and the passage I have quoted in chapter xxxiii., from Mr. Newman's Sermons on Development, is too remarkable to be overlooked.

The introduction to the Life of St. Neot in this same volume will also furnish examples of a similar species of sophistry.

Thus stands the case then. A considerable period has elapsed from the death of a Saint, and certain persons undertake to write an account of his very remarkable life. We cannot suppose them ignorant of the general difficulties of obtaining evidence on such subjects; what materials they worked with we have no means of ascertaining; they do not mention any. Now supposing them to have been really as vague as they seem, let us ask ourselves what we should have done under similar circumstances. Of course we should attempt no more than what we do as it is,—*if we could not write a Life we should write a Legend.* And it is mere assumption to take for granted that either they or any other under similar circumstances ever intended more. And this view seems confirmed if we look to their

purpose. The monks of the middle ages were not mere dry annalists, who strung together hard catalogues of facts for the philosophers of modern Europe to analyse and distil and resolve into principles. Biography and history were with them simple and direct methods of teaching character. After all, the facts of a man's life are but a set of phænomena, frail weary weeds in which the idea of him clothes itself.—p. 80.

But, without knowing the facts of a man's life, how can we form any idea of him?

Endless as the circumstances of life are, [*sic:* probably the comma should stand after the word "life,"] the forms in which the same idea may develope itself, given a knowledge of the mechanic forces, and we can calculate the velocities of bodies under any conceivable condition. The smallest arc of a curve is enough for the mathematician to complete the figure. Take the character therefore and the powers of a man for granted, and it is very ignorant criticism to find fault with a writer, because he embodies them in this or that fact, unless we can be sure he intended to leave a false impression.—pp. 80, 81.

How wonderful this writer's notions of truth must be! "*If we could not write a Life we should write a Legend.*" Would it not be more reasonable to decline writing altogether? And considering, that what is supposed is, that some one has undertaken to write a Life—surely, if there are no materials to be found, it would be honester to abandon the attempt.

What we have been saying then comes to this. Here are certain facts put before us, *of the truth or falsehood of which we have no means of judging.* We know that such things have happened frequently both among the Jews and

in the history of the Church; and therefore there is no *à priori* objection to them. On the other hand *we are all disposed to be story tellers;* it is next to impossible for tradition to keep facts together in their original form for any length of time; and in those days at any rate there was a strong poetical as well as religious feeling among the people. Therefore *as the question "were these things really so?" cannot be answered, it is no use to ask it.* What we should ask ourselves is, Have these things a meaning? Do they teach *us* anything? If they do, then as far as we are concerned, it is no matter whether they are true or not as facts; if they do not, then let them have all the sensible evidence of the events of yesterday, and they are valueless.—p. 81.

Now, undoubtedly, if men would honestly say —this is romance or allegory—and not history or biography—it would be very unreasonable to ask, whether it was true or not: because no one pretended it to be true. But if, at the end of their meditations and developments, they bring forth their "mental creations" as history and biography—and above all, as the history of God's providential, spiritual, and miraculous dealing with the most eminent of his servants—it seems a very proper (though it may not be a very convenient) question to ask—"were these things really so?" and it seems scarcely consistent with modesty to treat a civil inquiry so cavalierly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES—THE ALLEGORICAL SYSTEM—ARCHBISHOP LANGTON—MEDITATION—MR. OAKELEY'S TRANSLATION OF BONAVENTURE'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Some persons may suppose that this school has still reverence enough for sacred things, to abstain from such liberties as I have been noticing, when they approach the Holy Scripture. I should be glad and thankful to think they had:—for, as long as men retain their reverence for the word of God they are not wholly irreclaimable.

The general notions which this party inculcate as to the interpretation of Holy Scripture, are very clearly expressed in a passage in the life of Archbishop Langton, in which the author is stating Langton's preference for the mystical and allegorical method, of which Innocent III. was the patron. Having described the scholastic and literal method, and observed that Langton preferred the other, he says:

> This, which we may call the *devotional* method, sought to feed and fill the soul with the Divine word, to present a material to the ruminative faculty. The other addressed itself to the intellect, *this to faith. It neglected the historical sense, a view of Scripture which it considered Jewish.* "If once," says S. Bernard, "thou couldst taste ever so slightly of that 'finest wheat flour,' wherewith Jerusalem is filled, how willingly wouldst thou *leave the Jewish literal interpreters to gnaw their crusts alone!*" Not that it set

aside the historical sense, *much less considered it untrue;* but it looked on the acts and circumstances of the persons described as done by themselves, and ordered by Providence, with an express reference to the acts of Christ, and the circumstances of his body, the Church, as regulated more by the laws of the unseen, than by those of the material world, the world of time and space. This sense is only to be understood by those whose sight was purged by austere life. *It is the wisdom which S. Paul spoke* "among them that are perfect." To those whose hearts are absorbed in the world, it seems folly and fatuity. *Relish for mystical exposition is the sure test of the spiritual mind.*—pp. 61, 62.

And then he proceeds to mention that this mystical and allegorical method obtained chiefly among the monks.

I trust it is unnecessary to stop to consider the consequences of such a system, nor can it be needful to point out the fallacies by which it is here sought to be advocated. If the grammatical sense of Holy Scripture be addressed only to the intellect, and the allegorical to faith, it is plain that faith does not consist in believing the written testimony of God,—but some far-fetched and recondite meaning of it,—or rather no meaning of *it* at all, but some application which has no other source than the fancy of the expositor, or, it may be, *fancies*,—for a thousand allegories, applications, and mystical expositions equally remote from each other and from the text, may be drawn from one and the same passage by a lively imagination. Further on, this author informs

us that the Old Testament, "IF NOT MADE CHRISTIAN BY ALLEGORY, IS, AFTER ALL, NO MORE THAN JEWISH HISTORY." To expose the infinite presumption and profaneness of such a sentence must be needless in a Christian country. I cannot, however but avow my conviction that not any one, nor all put together, of the false and dangerous doctrines this party are endeavouring to disseminate, by means of these lives of the Saints and other works, is comparable with this. It does, as I have already observed, lay the axe to the very root of all sound theology, and sow the seeds of every sort and degree of heresy and error. But, in fact, it is itself a falsehood so pervading—so utterly alterative of the whole mind into which it is received,—that it destroys the power of discriminating truth and falsehood. For this,—as it has been most truly observed in one of the most important pamphlets (if one measures not by bulk, but by the mode in which the subject is treated) which has appeared in the course of the Tractarian Controversy,—is "one of the worst effects of this allegorizing system. Those who habitually employ their minds in the study and generation of what is imaginary, are but too likely to lose sight of the real nature and just value of truth."* This is the prime error of this party, and,

* A Letter to a Friend on the Tract for the Times, No. 89. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, (London, Rivington, 1841,) p. 17. It is hard to imagine a greater service to the cause of truth

as far as a mistake and false position, irrespective of wrong principles, can be, it is the source and fountain of all their other errors. To what lengths they are now disposed to go in their tampering with Holy Scripture has been shown by a work published a year ago by the Rev. F. Oakeley, "The Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, from the Latin of St. Bonaventure, newly translated for the use of members of the Church of England." The whole object of that work is, to teach people to turn the history of our blessed Redeemer into poetry and romance,—a process which Mr. Oakeley calls Meditation. There was a time when clergymen of the Church of England would have turned with horror from such an employment. But there is no limit to the mischief men do themselves by indulging in a habit of tampering with truth. Nor, when people have sufficiently confused their minds to relish this allegorical and mystical mode of interpretation,—and have learned to regard the Old Testament as no better than Jewish history, till they have made it Christian by their allegories and meditations,—is it

than would be conferred by the learned author of this excellent pamphlet pursuing the subject at the length and detail it requires, a task which no one living is better qualified to perform. The subject of the interpretation of Scripture, and of the prophecies in particular, has been involved in such confusion by Mr. Newman and his party—for example, in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day—that a work from such a pen as Mr. Maitland's, vindicating the true and only principle of interpretation, and unravelling the sophistries of this school, is exceedingly needed at the present moment.

in the least surprising, that they should proceed to take the New Testament in hand also;—rather it would be wonderful if they did not. For,—as Mr. Maitland observed, long before things had got to the height they have now reached,—one of the injurious effects which flows from this allegorical mode of interpretation is this;—"It leads men to tamper with the word of God, and either by addition, suppression, or some tortuous proceeding or other, to make it agree with their imagination."* And, in like manner, I may add, this taste for writing legends prepares the mind for treating the Bible in the same manner;—and what the next step will be, it is not very difficult to prognosticate: when lives of Saints take the place of romances and fairy tales," (as the author of the Life of St. Gilbert speaks, though with little seeming consciousness that this is what he and his friends are labouring to effect,) one can readily guess the result likely to follow from the publication of myths and legends. Most correctly does the same biographer describe (though apparently without a thought of the application which may be made of his words) the manner in which this is brought about.

They who consider the saints in a dreamy way, will hardly be able to do more than dream that there has been upon earth One, who was and is Man-God, for the lives of saints are shadows of His, and help to interpret His actions

* Ibid., p 10.

who is incomprehensible. They who look upon the saints as mere *personages in religious romance*, will be apt to look on Christianity as a beautiful philosophy.—St. Gilbert, p. 130.

Mr. Oakeley's translation of Bonaventure's Life of Christ proves how soon men become insensible to the evil of such proceedings, when once they suffer themselves to trifle with truth. One would have thought, the feelings of reverence, which his party have so long claimed to possess almost exclusively, would have made him withdraw his hand, when he was tempted to give to English readers a work which pretends to supply what God has thought proper to conceal. But no. He is aware of the objection. He states it. He labours in his introduction to answer it. This is his defence :

But let the reader who may be inclined to object boldness to our Saint's devout speculations, consider well with himself, first, whether he have himself ever *meditated*, strictly speaking, upon points in the Sacred History; i. e. *proposed some event in our Lord's Life on earth*, say his Nativity, or His Temptation, or His Passion, *as an object of direct, and, as far as might be, undistracted contemplation for a certain period of time?* If that period have been as short as five or ten minutes only, let him farther reflect whether he have not brought the solemn transaction home to his mind by the help of innumerable particulars, and even collateral incidents, for the proof of which he would find it hard indeed to lay his hand upon any text of Holy Scripture. If the subject of his meditation were the Nativity, for instance, whence, I ask, did he derive the particulars of his idea (for definite idea he must have formed)

of the Blessed Virgin, or of St. Joseph? He conceives, again, of the holy parents, that, at the moment to which his contemplations relate, they are sitting, or standing, or kneeling; where does Scripture say so? And when this is urged, he answers almost impatiently; "Of course not; Scripture cannot descend to such minutiæ. The Blessed Virgin *must* have been in some posture, *why not in this?* This is the most natural and reasonable. *Why may I not please to imagine* that she knelt to the Divine Infant when she first beheld Him, and that He smiled on her with a look of uninfantine intelligence? Scripture says that she was humble, and that He, though her Son, was also her God. May I not put these statements together, and draw my own inference from them? *You cannot prove me wrong*, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable. And, at last, *what great harm, though I be mistaken?* I do no violence to the sacred text; I am guilty of no irreverence towards the holy Persons in question, for reverence towards them is the very basis of my supposition; and, for myself, I rise from such meditation, as I trust, holier and better than I went to it; more indifferent to the world, more dissatisfied with myself, and fuller of love to God and my brethren."—pp. vi. vii.

And so, because you cannot *prove* me wrong, I am at liberty to make whatever additions to the word of God appear to me not incongruous with the original story of the Evangelists. It is useless to attempt to reason with persons who have reduced their understandings to such a pitiable state. It is more to the purpose to lay before the reader the passage in this translation of the Life of Christ, which Mr. Oakeley is here covertly defending. Observing only, that Bonaventure does not pretend

that his account of the Nativity is altogether a flight of his own imagination. Here follow his words in Mr. Oakeley's translation "for the use of members of the Church of England."

And now let me earnestly entreat you to attend diligently to all which I am going to relate; the rather, *because I had it from a devout and holy man of our Order, of undoubted credit, to whom I believe it to have been supernaturally imparted.*

When the expected hour of the birth of the Son of God was come, on Sunday, towards midnight, the holy Virgin, rising from her seat, went and rested herself against a pillar she found there: Joseph, in the meantime, sate pensive and sorrowful; perhaps, because he could not prepare the necessary accommodation for her. But at length he too arose, and, taking what hay he could find in the manger, diligently spread it at our Lady's feet, and then retired to another part of the building. Then the Son of the Eternal God, coming forth from His Mother's womb, was, without hurt or pain to her, transferred in an instant from thence to the humble bed of hay which was prepared for Him at her feet. His holy Mother, hastily stooping down, took him up in her arms, and tenderly embracing Him, laid Him in her lap; then, through instinct of the Holy Ghost, she began to bathe him in her sacred milk, with which she was most amply supplied from heaven; this done, she took the veil off her head, and wrapping Him in it, carefully laid Him in the manger. Here the ox and the ass, kneeling down, and laying their heads over the manger, gently breathed upon Him, as if endowed with reason, and sensible, that through the inclemency of the season, and His poor attire, the blessed Infant stood in need of their assistance to warm and cherish Him. Then the holy Virgin, throwing herself on her knees, adored Him, and returning thanks to God, said, "My Lord and heavenly Father, I

give thee most hearty thanks, that Thou hast vouchsafed of Thy bounty to give me Thine Only Son: and I praise and worship Thee, O Eternal God, together with thee, O Son of the Living God, and mine."

Joseph likewise worshipped Him at the same time; after which he stripped the ass of his saddle, and separating the pillion from it, placed it near the manger for the blessed Virgin to sit on; but she, seating herself with her face towards the manger, made use of that homely cushion only for support. In this posture our Lady remained some time immoveable, gazing on the manger, her looks and affections all absorbed in her dearest Son.—pp. 23, 24.

There was a time when such a daring, such a loathsome fiction would have been regarded with horror by every respectable clergyman in the Church of England. But Mr. Oakeley defends it.

The Blessed Virgin *must* have been in some posture, why not in this? *This is the most natural and reasonable. Why may I not please to imagine* that she knelt to the Divine Infant when she first beheld Him, and that He smiled on her with a look of uninfantine intelligence?—Introduction, p. vii.

Why not? Why may I not imagine what I please, and publish to the world whatever I please to imagine? Why not, certainly? And are such gross and disgusting liberties with the Word of God innocent and allowable? Is the only record of that stupendous mystery on which the whole hope of human salvation depends,—a subject on which an unchastised imagination, or a gross and vulgar taste may lawfully disport itself?

Bonaventure, as the reader will already have

observed, gives this part of his story as a report from one of his brother Franciscans, "of undoubted credit," to whom he says, "I believe it to have been *supernaturally imparted*." Mr. Oakeley, however, treats it as if no testimony or tradition was pretended. Nothing can be more worthy of notice than his question—"*What great harm*, though I be mistaken?" As to the lawfulness of such proceedings, it seems to be not worth considering. Provided he does not *see* any "*great* harm" done by such licentious abuse of his imagination, he is satisfied. Mr. Oakeley adds, "I do no violence to the sacred text." I should like to know what he would consider "violence." But certainly to represent Christ as smiling on his mother "with a look of *uninfantine intelligence*," the moment after his nativity, seems as plainly to contradict the doctrine of Holy Scripture regarding the infancy of the Lord, as the language, in his first chapter, contradicts the doctrine of the Incarnation. The passage I refer to is this—

> Now you may piously imagine, how the Son of God, on undertaking this laborious mission of obedience, inclined and recommended Himself to the Father, and that in the same instant His soul was created and infused into the womb of His mother; perfect man, *according to all the lineaments of the body, but very minute;* so that, though He afterwards grew in the womb, as naturally as other children, yet his soul was infused, and *his body perfectly formed, from the first.*—pp. 12, 13.

Is this notion of the perfect formation of Christ's

body from the instant of the Incarnation, reconcileable with catholic doctrine? I cannot but consider it remarkable that the words I have here printed in italics are not found in the translation published by the Roman Catholics in Dublin.

Another remarkable passage is, the account of the ministering of the angels after the Lord's temptation in the wilderness, and Mr. Oakeley's defence of it:

As soon as Satan has been repulsed, the Angels flock in numbers to our Lord Jesus Christ, and prostrate on the ground adore Him, saying; "Hail, Lord Jesus, our Lord and our God." And our Lord humbly and benignly raises them, inclining His head, as the Son of Man, who was made a little lower than the Angels. The Angels say to Him, "Lord, Thou hast fasted long; what wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee?" To whom He replies, "Go to My dearest Mother, and if she have anything at hand, bear it to Me; for of no food do I partake so gladly as of that which she prepares." Then two of the number set out, and in a moment are with her. They respectfully salute her, and, having acquitted themselves of their embassy, bring a mess of pottage, which she had got ready for herself and St. Joseph, and a piece of bread, with a linen cloth, and other necessaries; perhaps, too, our Lady procured, if she could, a small fish or two. Then they return, bearing the repast in their hands; and, spreading it on the ground, pronounce in due form the solemn words of benediction. Here consider Him attentively in each of his actions. How composedly He sits on the ground, and with what studious regard to every minute propriety He comports Himself, and how temperately he partakes of the food. The Angels stand around, ministering to their Lord. One serves Him with bread, another with wine, another prepares the fish, and others sing some of the songs

of Sion, and rejoice with gladness and festivity before Him.—pp. 96, 97.

Fearful must be the state of the church if any great number of the clergy can approve of translating such horrible impiety "for the use of the members of the Church of England." Mr. Oakeley has not only translated and published it; he has defended it, and here is his defence:—

Scripture says, that, after our Lord's Temptation in the Wilderness, "Angels came and ministered unto Him." If we are to conceive of their ministry, *we must also conceive of the way* in which they ministered; surely it is profitable, with all reverence to do so. On first thoughts, I suppose, we should all say that these ministrations were spiritual alone. Yet this seems an unreal view, considering that our Lord came in the likeness of sinful flesh, all but its sin; that he was tempted like unto us, and that the Sacred History has just before recorded for our instruction, that He was "an hungered." Our Saint, pondering these words, and again reading elsewhere in Scripture of the employment of Angels in the carrying of food to God's elect, *devises a sweet conception*, that such was one mode in which these blessed comforters ministered to our Lord. But farther, whence did they seek this food? Our author carries them, *in the same strain of devotional poetry*, to the little dwelling at Nazareth, and introduces into the scene our Lord's Blessed Mother (who had for the twenty and nine years before ministered to her Divine Son with devout reverence and affection) as the associate of the Angels in this work of earthly consolation towards Him, who, though He were not "of the earth earthy, but the Lord from heaven," yet vouchsafed for our sakes to "empty Himself" for a time, of the exclusive prerogatives of His Divine Nature. This instance has been selected as well

for other reasons, as because it is one of the strongest which occur in the following pages, of addition to Scripture, and presumes an interpretation of the sacred text *for which our minds are, I think, not at once prepared.*—Introduction, pp. xv. xvi.

So that, acknowledging the violence done to the sacred text, both by addition and interpretation, Mr. Oakeley deliberately undertakes to defend Bonaventure for writing, and himself for translating, such profane fiction. How, I would ask, is it possible for any persons to allow their imaginations such unbridled licence for any length of time, and retain any distinct perception of what is true and what is fiction? Is it not certain, that *they will gradually come to regard the truth itself as fiction?* Disguise it with whatever sophistry he may, no argument Mr. Oakeley could adduce can shake my conviction, that this system of turning the gospel into a romance and a myth, must tend to the subversion of Christianity itself. At present it may serve the purposes of superstition; by-and-by it will be proved, how direct is its tendency to promote infidelity itself,—and infidelity the most incurable and hopeless. For, the worst species of infidelity is that, which begins in lowering the standard of Scripture as an inspired record. He who takes such liberties as these, can have little idea what inspiration really is; and in after times, every thought of retracing the steps which led to infidelity, and of searching the Scriptures as the oracle of truth, must

be met by the recollection, that Christians consider their sacred records merely as a text to found romance and poetry upon. And with that will inevitably come the suspicion, that truth may have been treated with equal freedom by the Evangelists themselves, and that the gospel itself may, after all, be no better than a romance, a legend, a myth, a meditation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ANNUNCIATION—DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MEDITATION—THE LATIN MONKS OF PALESTINE—THE GREEKS—THE CANONS OF LORETTO.

If the laws laid down by the advocates of what they are pleased to call Meditation be acted on, we must not be surprised to find something like discrepancy in their accounts of the same transaction. A very simple instance will suffice to illustrate my meaning. From the narrative in the Gospel of St. Luke, nothing can be gathered as to the scene of the Annunciation, except that Mary seems to have been in the house, when the angel appeared to her. Bonaventure, according to his manner, determines the point somewhat more precisely.

When the fulness of time was now come, the Ever-blessed Trinity having decreed to redeem mankind by the Incarnation of the Word, it pleased Almighty God to summon to him the Archangel Gabriel, and send him to Nazareth, *to a Virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, and the Virgin's name was Mary.* Gabriel, with a calm and beaming countenance, reverently and devoutly prostrate before the throne of God, listens to the gracious message, and accepts the embassy. Then rising on the wings of joy, he quits the heavenly courts, and is instantly present, in human shape, before the Virgin Mary, whom he discovers in the innermost retreat of her lowly dwelling.—Life of Christ, p. 9.

Other persons, however, have thought themselves

equally free to meditate after their own fancy. And some of the meditators of former times seemed to have preferred assigning some other situation. The Latins of Palestine will have it that the Annunciation took place in a cave under ground, and will show the traveller the very spot where both the angel and the blessed Virgin stood at the precise moment of the Incarnation, marked by two pillars erected by the Empress Helena, who, according to their account, was divinely informed of the exact places. But if the Greeks are to be the guides of our meditations, they will tell us that we must leave the city of Nazareth; for according to their Meditation, the angel, not finding the Virgin at home, followed her to a fountain, whither she had gone to fetch water, and there delivered his message. And this is the form into which Mr. Newman's meditations appear to develop themselves; for in the second volume of the Lives of the English Saints, the editorial preface to which purports to be written by Mr. Newman himself, we find the following passage:—

In the time of St. Willibald, tradition showed the spot where the Annunciation was made to Mary, as she returned from drawing water at the Fountain of the Virgin. The church dedicated to the Archangel Gabriel, was built over the very source. "That church," says the narrative, "has often been redeemed for a sum of money from the violence of the neighbouring populace, who have desired to destroy it; as though heathen hate were ever hemming in, and pressing hard, in fiendish malice, upon Christian love. It is interesting, if not more than that, to learn,

that after a lapse of eleven hundred years, the fountain still flows with a feeble stream, and a church stands over its source."—St. Willibald, pp. 33, 34.

So that the meditations of the Greeks and Mr. Newman will teach us to reverence a church over a fountain some distance from the town, as the scene of the Annunciation, while those of St. Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley take another direction, and the monks of Nazareth will fix on a chamber in a subterranean grotto, in the church of their convent within the city. Why everything sacred should have happened under ground, they do not say; but, as it must have happened somewhere or another, and, according to Mr. Oakeley's canon of Meditation, "Why may I not please to imagine?"—"You cannot prove me wrong, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable"—the Meditators of old time chose to let their meditations take a subterranean direction.

But others might meditate in another line. And some saint in Italy might say—Do you suppose that the holy house could have been left in Palestine exposed to the insults of the infidels? Of course they must have known exactly whereabouts to look for it—or at least they might. "You cannot prove me wrong, nor suggest any alternative which is not equally unauthorized, and more improbable,"—as Mr. Oakeley would say;—"And," as he adds, "what great harm though I be mistaken?" And so, as we

cannot disprove, that the infidels would know the precise spot where the Annunciation took place,—or that they would somehow or another come to discover it,—or, having discovered it, would infallibly set about profaning it,—or at all events, would prevent Christians from approaching it with reverence and acts of devotion—do you think, asks the meditator, that it is likely the sacred house would be left exposed to their profaneness, or suffered to remain in such sacrilegious hands? You may reply,—I am not bound to suppose they would ever have discovered it, or have treated it with indecency if they had. But is not one supposition at the least as probable as the other? and so, why may not I, in the exercise of the divine art of Meditation, "please to imagine" whichever alternative is most agreeable to my fancy. "And, at last, what great harm, though I be mistaken?" Well, I do "please to imagine," that the infidels would have found it out,—and would have profaned it,—and would have excluded the feet of the pilgrim from visiting the sacred shrine;—and, having got so far in my meditations, why may I not go a little further?—why may I not suppose, that the profanation of the infidels may have been guarded against and prevented? You may suppose, that they were supernaturally prevented from discovering the holy house. Why may I not piously suppose, that it was carried away from them; and if so,—and remember, as Mr. Oakeley

says, "you cannot prove me wrong,"—it must have been miraculously removed to some other place, by some supernatural means. We may "devise a sweet conception," that angels were sent to transport it through the air—and then we may suppose, that they carried it all the way to Dalmatia, to a mountain near the Gulf of Venice—they must have carried it to some one place—why not to this? as Mr. Oakeley would argue. So we will suppose, that they did set it down on this particular mountain—and that the people of the place would take notice of so strange a circumstance—perhaps they might see the angels carrying it; we may suppose that they did;—or that some hermit would dream about it, and tell them how it came there; for you cannot prove that there might not be a hermit there, and that he might not have a remarkable dream or vision to explain the history of the house which had so suddenly arrived, nobody knew how nor whence; and then we may also suppose the people of the place would be rather inclined to be too Protestant to credit the story, and so they would not express a due veneration for the relic —and we may conceive how grieved *our* hermit would be, and what a quantity of ashes and muddy water he would eat and drink, and how he would repeat the entire Psalter nine times a day, standing up to his neck in an uncommonly cold well for exactly three years and seven months,—until at last we may suppose that the angels returned, and carried the

house over the Gulf of Venice, to a wood, as the legend piously relates, about three miles from Loretto—for there would be a noble lady named Loretto there, from whom the place was afterwards called—at least you cannot prove that there was not, or that the place came by its name in any other way. However unfortunately, we are obliged to suppose, that there may be wicked people in Italy as well as elsewhere—at least there were formerly; and so we may conceive that, on account of the wickedness of the natives, the holy house was removed from the place near Loretto, where it had been deposited. But, unhappily, it was not yet destined to find a resting place—at least, we may suppose that there would be two brothers there who would have a quarrel about the ground on which it was placed—when we may piously imagine that it was moved once more, and that it is now to be seen in a very magnificent church, and that the walls are made of a sort of stone found only in the neighbourhood of Nazareth, —though it is plain they are built of bricks; but then we may piously suppose them to be stone from Nazareth,—and also, (as we cannot prove the contrary) that a certain image in the chamber was carved by St. Luke himself. And we may also suppose, that at first nobody knew where the house came from, till a vision appeared to a devout man in his sleep—and then we may suppose that sixteen persons were sent to Nazareth to measure the foun-

dations which had been left behind, who would find them exactly of the right dimensions, and would also find an inscription on a wall adjoining, stating that the house belonging to the foundations had left the neighbourhood—which may well be taken as a demonstration.

Now, why may not the Italians meditate in this fashion? May not they claim the right of supposing that the house was really transported from Nazareth to Loretto, just as fairly as the monks of Nazareth suppose they have it still in its original subterranean grotto? And why may not the Greek exercise his right of meditation in his own way, and suppose, that the Annunciation could not have taken place in a house at all, but beside a fountain, which the legend Mr. Newman adopts will tell us, is still to be seen—flowing "with a feeble stream,"—with a church standing over its source? The Italian has thought proper to meditate as *his* imagination led the way, and so he has concocted the legend after *his* taste, and he can show to this day the very chamber and the very window through which the angel entered. But then, says Mr. Oakeley, and the defence will hold good for the monks of Nazareth, as well as for the canons at Loretto, whatever may be said of the Greeks, "I do no violence to the sacred text."—Yet, surely, one who had any just notion of what revelation is, would feel—if I am not greatly mistaken,—that it is nothing short of a sinful irrever-

ence to add anything to the narrative which the Holy Spirit has thought fit to dictate, under the notion,—that something must have happened, and if so, why not one thing as likely as another? It *is* violence to the text of any history, to insert events and conversations after one's own taste. It is the sure way to destroy the whole value of historical testimony, and to involve truth in impenetrable obscurity. And when such violence is done to the *sacred* text, it is not only violence, but profane and irreverent violence, and tends at once and directly to undermine the certainty and stability of the foundations of the Christian faith.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE PROGRESS OF MEDITATION—SCRIPTURE FALSIFIED TO SERVE THE PURPOSES OF SUPERSTITION.

The evil is not likely to stop short with making additions to the sacred text. Such tampering with truth leads people to go further, and to give such a colour to the language of scripture, or even to imagine such circumstances, as may help to prop up the peculiar doctrines which they incline to; and from that the step is easy to the last stage, of contradicting the statements of the text itself.

For example: in the chapter already quoted from the Life of Christ, which Mr. Oakeley has translated for the use of members of the Church of England, the meditation is so constructed as to favour the peculiar notions of the advocates of monasticism. And so a statement is made regarding the angelic salutation, and an explanation given of the words of Mary, to which the text gives not the slightest countenance.

Not till she had heard the Angel *twice* deliver his wondrous message, could she prevail on herself to make any answer; so odious a thing in a virgin is talkativeness. Then the Angel, understanding the reason of her trouble, said, "*Fear not, Mary*, be not abashed by the praises I utter; they are but truth: for thou art not only full of grace thyself, but art to be the means of restoring all mankind to the grace of God, which they have lost. For behold thou shalt conceive, and bring forth the Son of the

Highest. He, who has chosen thee to be His Mother, shall save all who put their trust in Him." Then the blessed Virgin, waiving the subject of her praises, was desirous of knowing how all this could come to pass, without the loss of her virgin purity. She, therefore, inquired of the Angel the manner of the Conception. *How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?* I have dedicated myself to my Lord by a vow of perpetual virginity.—Bonaventure's Life of Christ, p. 11.

Of course, the statements that the angel spoke twice, and that Mary used the words here ascribed to her, are pure fiction and falsehood; and at this rate of proceeding, it is perfectly plain, anything whatever may be made out of the holy Scriptures.

In the account of the language of Christ at the marriage at Cana of Galilee, Mr. Newman, in his Sermons on Subjects of the Day, finds an argument for the "PRESENT INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD."

Observe, He said to His Mother, "What have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Perhaps this implies that *when* His hour was come, then He *would* have to do with her again as before; and *such really seems to be the meaning of the passage.* "What have I to do with thee *now?*" I have had, I shall have; but what have I to do with thee now as before? what as yet? what *till* my hour is come?—pp. 39, 40.

What grounds Mr. Newman has for saying that this "really seems to be the meaning of the passage," I cannot pretend to conjecture. But the use Mr. Newmnn makes of it will be obvious from the following, which occurs shortly after:

As to St. Mary, He had said, "Mine hour is not yet come;" so He said to St. Peter, in the passage just cited, "Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now, but thou shalt follow me afterwards." And as at His first feast, He had refused to listen to His Mother's prayer, *because of the time*, so to His Apostles He foretold, at His second feast, *what the power of their prayers should be*, by way of cheering them on His departure. "Ye now therefore have sorrow, but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you. In that day ye shall ask Me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." And again, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you." In the gifts promised to the Apostles after the Resurrection, *we may learn* THE PRESENT INFLUENCE AND POWER OF THE MOTHER OF GOD.—pp. 42, 43.

By such modes of commentating, the Bible may be made to support any superstition whatever, as the taste of the commentator pleases. But, I must beg my reader to observe that Mr. Oakeley, who seems anxious to recommend monasticism to the members of the church of England, has adopted quite a different version of the story. The extract is long, but it is too curious a specimen of this system of meditation to admit of its being abridged:—

Though *it is uncertain whose marriage it was* that was celebrated at Cana of Galilee, *let us, for meditation's sake, suppose it to have been that of St. John the Evangelist*, which St. Jerome seems to affirm in his preface to

St. John. Our Lady was present at it, not as a stranger invited to it, but as the elder sister, and as the person of the highest dignity: for it was her sister's house, and she was as it were at home, as the principal lady and manager of the feast. And this we may gather from three things. First, from the sacred text, which tells us that *the Mother of Jesus was there*, but says of Jesus and his disciples, that they were invited; which we are to understand likewise of the rest of the persons present. When her sister, then, Mary Salome, the wife of Zebedee, came to her to Nazareth, which is about four leagues distant from Cana, and told her that she designed to celebrate the marriage of her son John, she went back with her to Cana, some days before the appointed time of the feast, to make preparation for it, so that, when the others were invited, she was already there. Secondly, we may gather it from her taking notice herself of the want of wine, which would seem to show that she was not there in the character of a guest, but as one who had the management of the entertainment, and observed therefore the want of wine. For, had she been sitting there as a guest, would the modest Virgin have sat, think you, by her Son, amongst the men? And, had she been sitting amongst the women, would she have discovered the want of wine, rather than any other? and, had she noticed it, would she have risen from the table to acquaint her Son? There appears an unseemliness in this; and therefore it is probable that she was not there at the time as a guest, but that she was engaged in arranging the entertainment; for *we are told of her*, that she was ever attentive in helping others. Thirdly, we may gather it from her giving the directions to the servants to go to her Son, and do whatever He should command them; for from this it appears that she had an authority over them, and that she had the control of the feast, and was then anxious that there should be no want of anything. According to this view of the circumstances,

then, regard our Lord Jesus eating amongst the rest, like any one of the company, and sitting not amongst the chief guests, but in one of the lowest places, as we may gather from His own words. For he would not imitate the manner of the proud, who chose out the chief rooms at feasts, whom He designed afterwards to teach; *When thou art bidden of any man to a wedding, go and sit down in the lowest room.* But He began first to do, and then to teach. Regard our Lady also, how considerate and cheerfully alert she is, and diligently attentive in seeing that everything is rightly done, and how she gives the servants what they require, and shows them how and with what things, to serve the several guests. And upon their returning to her, towards the end of the feast, and saying; "We have no more wine to set before them;" she replied; "*I will procure you more; wait awhile.*" And going out to her Son, who was humbly sitting, as I have said, at the end of the table, near the door of the room, she said to Him, "My Son, there is no wine, and our sister is poor, and I know not how we shall get any." But he answered, *Woman, what have I to do with thee?* This answer appears indeed severe, but it was for our instruction, according to St. Bernard, who says upon this passage, "What hast Thou to do with her, O Lord? Art not Thou her Son, and she thy Mother? Dost Thou ask her, what have I to do with thee, Thou who art the Blessed Fruit of her pure womb? Is she not the same who conceived Thee, without injury to her modesty, and brought Thee forth, remaining still a Virgin? Is she not the same, in whose womb Thou sojournedst for nine months, at whose virgin breasts Thou wast fed, with whom when twelve years of age Thou wentest down from Jerusalem, and wast subject unto her? Why then, O Lord, is it that Thou dost now treat her thus severely, saying, *What have I to do with Thee?* Much hast Thou every way. But, ah! now I plainly see, that not as in anger, or as wishing to

abash the tender modesty of Thy Virgin Mother, Thou saidst, *What have I to do with Thee?* For on the servants coming to Thee, as she bade them, Thou doest without delay what she suggested. Why then, brethren, why had He thus answered her before? truly on our account, and on account of all who have been converted to the Lord, *that we should no longer be disturbed by our regards for our earthly parents, or entangled by such ties in the exercises of a spiritual life. For, so long as we are of the world, we are plainly under duty to our parents; but having forsaken all things, even ourselves, much more are we free from anxiety as regards them.* [That is, those who have taken monastic vows are freed from the fifth commandment—making void the law of God, by their tradition.] Thus we read of a hermit, who, upon his brother's coming to him to beg his advice, desired him to apply to another of their brothers, who had died some time before. Upon the other's replying with surprise that he was dead, "So am I also," answered the hermit. Admirably, therefore, has our Lord taught us not to be careful about our earthly relations farther than religion requires of us, in the answer which he made himself to His Mother, and what a Mother! *Woman, what have I to do with thee?* Thus, too, upon another occasion, when some one told Him that His Mother and brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him, He answered, *Who is my Mother, and who are my brethren?* Where then are those who cherish such a carnal and vain concern for their earthly relations, as if they still lived in the midst of them?" Thus far St. Bernard. His Mother then, in no way cast down by this reply, but, relying upon His goodness, returned to the servants and said; "Go to my Son, and whatever He shall say to you, do." They went then, and filled the water-pots with water, as the Lord commanded them. When they had done this, He said to them; "Draw now, and bear to the governor of the feast." And here ob-

serve, first, our Lord's discretion, for He sent first to the most honourable person at the feast. And, secondly, that He sat at a distance from him, for His words are; Bear it to him, as though he were some way from Him. For, as he sat in one of the chief places, we may gather that our Lord would not sit there near him, nay, that He chose for Himself the lowest place. The servants then gave the wine to him, and to the rest, speaking openly at the same time of the miracle, for they knew how it had been wrought, and His disciples believed on Him. *When the feast was over, our Lord Jesus called John apart, and said to him,* "PUT AWAY *this your wife, and follow Me, for I will lead you to a higher marriage.*" Whereupon he followed Him. By His presence, then, at this marriage feast, our Lord sanctified earthly marriage as an ordinance of God. *But by His calling John from it, He gave us clearly to understand that the spiritual marriage of the soul with Him in a single life is far more perfect.*—pp. 103—107.

And is it of that Lord who hath said, "that He hateth putting away," that this impious falsehood, worthy only of the heresy of the Manichees, is told for the benefit of members of the Church of England? Mr. Oakeley does not know at whose house the marriage took place. He does not know that St. John was the bridegroom. He does not know that he or his parents ever had a house at Cana. But "*for meditation sake, let us suppose,*" and so we may go on supposing, until the spirit of falsehood and delusion who presides over such arts of Meditation has brought us at last to teach men to violate the laws of God, and to represent the Lord as com-

manding an act which he has expressly forbidden, and of which he has solemnly declared his abhorrence.

Bonaventure was a Franciscan friar. And so he endeavours to recommend the voluntary mendicancy of his order, by representing the Lord himself as receiving alms. The passage is in the account of the return from Egypt:—

The next morning, when they are ready to set out on their journey, you will see some of the most venerable matrons of the city, and the wiser part of the men, come to accompany them out of the gates, in acknowledgment of their peaceful and pious manner of life, while among them. For they had given notice, throughout the neighbourhood, some days before, of their intention to depart, that they might not seem to steal away in a clandestine manner, which might have looked suspicious; the very reverse of their proceeding when they fled into Egypt, at which time their fear for the Infant obliged them to secresy. And now they set out on their journey; holy Joseph, accompanied by the men, going before, and our Lady following at some distance, with the matrons. *Do you take the blessed Infant in your arms, and devoutly carry Him before her, for she will not suffer Him out of her sight.*

When they were out of the gates, the holy Joseph dismissed the company, whereupon one of them, who happened to be rich, called the Child Jesus to him, and compassionating the poverty of His parents, bestowed a few pence upon Him; and many others of the number followed the example of the first, and did the same. The Holy Child is not a little abashed by the offer, yet, *out of love to poverty, He holds out His little hands, and, blushing, takes the money, for which He returns thanks.* The matrons then call Him, and do the same. Nor is the Mother less abashed

than her Son; however, she makes them her humble acknowledgments. Do you share His confusion and that of His holy parents, and meditate on the great lesson here set you, when you see Him whose is *the earth and the fulness thereof* making choice of so rigorous a poverty, and so necessitous a life, for Himself, His blessed Mother, and holy foster-father. What lustre does not the virtue of poverty receive from their practice! and how can we behold it in them, without being moved to the love and imitation of their examples?—pp. 58, 59.

Did Mr. Oakeley understand Bonaventure's motive for representing Christ as receiving alms in this manner? And, if so,—is religious mendicancy one of the virtues which it is the object of this movement to recommend? But these are matters of secondary moment. The point of real importance is the way the Scripture narrative in these examples is turned and twisted, and circumstances invented, to give colour to a particular doctrine.

In a similar spirit, the writer of the Life of St. Gilbert has the audacity (for it is no less) to represent the surprise of the disciples at seeing the Lord conversing with the Samaritan, as if it was occasioned by their finding him in the company of a woman. It is really most distressing to me to be obliged to transcribe such disgusting profaneness, but I feel it absolutely necessary to expose the mischievous character of the system. The passage occurs in the account of St. Gilbert's residence in the village of Sempringham, of which he was lay-

rector. He and his chaplain lodged with a man who had a wife and children. The biographer proceeds;—

The daughter of the householder with whom he dwelt was a holy and devout maiden, whose modest graces endeared her to the hearts of all the villagers. She was Gilbert's scholar, and was growing up beneath his eye in simplicity and holiness. God however did not allow him to dwell long beneath this peaceful roof. One night he dreamed that he had laid his hand upon the maiden's bosom, and was prevented by some strange power from again withdrawing it. On awaking, he trembled, for he feared lest God had warned him by this dream that he was on the verge of evil. He was utterly unconscious of the danger, but he revealed the temptation and the dream to his confessor, and asked him his opinion. The priest, in return, confessed that the same feeling had come over him; the result was, that they resolved to quit the neighbourhood of what might become danger. Gilbert had never wittingly connected evil with the pure and holy being before him; but his heart misgave him, and he went away. He knew that chastity was too bright and glorious a jewel to risk the loss of it; no man may think himself secure; an evil look or thought indulged in, have sometimes made the first all at once to become the last; therefore the greatest saints have placed strictest guard upon the slightest thought, word, and action. Even the spotless and ever-virgin Mary *trembled when she saw the angel enter her chamber.* And He, who was infinitely more than sinless by grace, even by nature impeccable, because He was the Lord from heaven, He has allowed it to be recorded that *his disciples wondered that he talked with a woman.* All the actions of our blessed Lord are most real, for He had taken upon Himself the very reality of our flesh of the

substance of the Virgin Mary; but each action is also most highly significant and symbolical, so that, though all conduce to our great glory, yet all may be a warning to us in our greatest shame. Thus, though it would be unutterable blasphemy to connect with Him the possibility of sin, yet *by this little act he has been graciously pleased to leave us an example*, that as we should keep a dove-like purity of eye and thought, we should also, for the love of God, brave the scandal of evil tongues. And Gilbert imitated his blessed Lord, for though he fled from the very thought of danger, he still continued to guide her by his counsel; she does not disappear from the history, and by and bye we shall see that the dream might have another meaning."—pp. 23, 24.

How could any person of ordinary purity of mind write such a disgusting story, and circulate it as edifying and instructive! But my object in quoting it is to show how the Bible itself is made to serve a purpose, and the passages of our Redeemer's life distorted in order to furnish sanctions for superstition—just as if the example of the Lord could be made to sanction that monastic "jealousy of intercourse with women," which these writers tell us is "characteristic of all the saints."

CHAPTER XL.

SUPERSTITIOUS REVERENCE FOR THE VIRGIN MARY—MR. NEWMAN'S SERMON ON THE ANNUNCIATION—MR. OAKELEY'S MEDITATION ON THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST TO THE VIRGIN AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.

THERE is no error which these fictions are more plainly designed to promote, than a superstitious reverence for the Virgin Mary. The reader has already seen what countenance this grievous delusion has received from Mr. Newman himself, in the passage quoted above from his Sermons on Subjects of the Day. Another most extraordinary passage is found in his Sermon on the Annunciation, in the Second volume of his Parochial Sermons.

Who can estimate the *holiness and perfection* of her, who was chosen to be the Mother of Christ? If to him that hath, more is given, and holiness and divine favour go together, (and this we are expressly told) what must have been the transcendant purity of her, whom the Creator Spirit condescended to overshadow with His miraculous presence? What must have been her gifts, who was chosen to be the only near earthly relative of the Son of God, the only one whom He was bound by nature to revere and look up to; the one appointed to train and educate Him, to instruct Him day by day, as He grew in wisdom and in stature? This contemplation runs to a higher subject, did we dare follow it; for what, think you, was the *sanctified state of that human nature*, of which God formed his *sinless* Son; knowing, as we do, "that what is born of the flesh, is flesh;" and that "none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean."—pp. 147, 148.

Now, to say nothing of the absurdity of this argu-

ment—for if it be of any value at all, it must amount to a denial of the doctrine of original sin, and the fall of Adam; but, passing this by,—what can Mr. Newman mean by such language as this? Does he mean to propagate the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?—and if not, what is the meaning or force of his argument? If the assertions he quotes from Scripture "that what is born of the flesh is flesh, and that none can bring a clean thing out of an unclean," be used, (and for this purpose he plainly uses them) as a ground for determining the degree and nature of the sanctity and perfection of the Virgin Mary, *because* from her proceeded that which was without sin,—then, it is obvious, her nature could not have been such as he supposes it necessary it should be, unless it had been kept free from original sin by an immaculate conception, as is commonly taught by Romanists. Nor is it easy to believe that so shrewd a writer as Mr. Newman, could have penned such an argument without having perceived its force. Indeed, the whole of the former part of the argument is just the common one used by the most extravagant writers in the Romish Communion—namely, that Mary must have *merited* to be the mother of the Lord; and it would be extremely absurd to suppose that, in this stage of the controversy, Mr. Newman could have been ignorant of the school from which his doctrine and reasoning were derived.

If such be the doctrine of the master, none can wonder at the extravagancies of the disciples. But it is not my object just now to expose the extravagance of their doctrines, but to show the lengths they go in their tampering with the word of God. I shall submit another example to my reader. It is distinctly stated by St. Mark, that the first person to whom the Lord appeared after his resurrection was Mary Magdalene. "Now when Jesus was risen early, the first day of the week, he appeared *first* to Mary Magdalene." From which there have not been wanting Romanists to draw such reflections as naturally present themselves to the devout mind. But Bonaventure and his translator, Mr. Oakeley, wrote under the influence of that superstition which would make the Virgin Mary the first and chief of all created beings; and therefore, in defiance of the words of holy Scripture, they will have it that the Lord appeared to her before he appeared to any one else. "You are to know," says Mr. Oakeley, "that nothing is contained in the gospel on his appearance to our Lady; but I mentioned it at the first, because the church appears to hold it;"* and, in another place—"how he appeared to his mother, is nowhere written; but pious belief is as I have related it."† So, although it is nowhere written, and nothing is said of it in the gospel, he proceeds to describe the appearance in the following terms:—

* Page 251. † Page 263.

Our Lord Jesus very early in the morning came with a glorious multitude of Angels to the sepulchre, and took again to himself that most holy Body; and, the sepulchre itself being closed, went forth, having risen again by His own power. At the same hour Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Salome began their journey to the sepulchre, with the ointments they had prepared.

Meanwhile, our Lady remained at home and prayed, *as we may devoutly conceive*, in words of affection such as these: "O most merciful, O most loving Father! my Son, as Thou knowest, hath died; He hath been crucified between two thieves, and *I have buried him with my own hands;* but Thou art able to restore Him to me unharmed; I pray Thy Majesty to send Him to me. Why delays He so long to come to me? restore Him I beseech Thee, for my soul can find no rest until I see Him. O dearest Son! what hath befallen Thee? what is Thy employment? why dost Thou delay? I pray Thee tarry no longer; for Thou hast said, *On the third day I will rise again.* Is not this, my Son, the third day? for not yesterday, but before yesterday, was that great, that bitter day; the day of suffering and of death, of clouds and darkness, of Thy separation from me and Thy death. This, then, my Son, is the third day; arise, my Glory, my Only Good and return. Beyond all other things I long to see Thee. Let Thy return comfort whom Thy departure did so bitterly grieve. Return, then, my Beloved; come, Lord Jesus; come, my only Hope; come to me, my Son!" And while she thus prayed, and gently poured forth tears, lo! suddenly our Lord Jesus came in raiment all white, with serene countenance, beautiful, glorious, and glad. Then she embraced Him with tears of joy, and, pressing her face to His, clasped Him eagerly to her heart, reclining wholly in His arms, while He tenderly supported her. Afterwards, as they sat down

together, she anxiously gazed upon Him, and found that he was still the same in countenance, and in the scars of His hands, seeking over his whole person, to know if all pain had left Him. They remain and happily converse together, passing their Easter with delight and love. O what an Easter was this!—pp. 244, 245.

Now, it is very easy for Mr. Oakeley to satisfy his conscience by saying—"how he appeared to his mother is nowhere written;" there is nothing of this in the gospel, but "*pious belief* is as I have related it." But, really, it is not very obvious how one can *piously* believe anything which rests on no testimony of God, but only on his own fancy and invention. A pious man may allow too great a licence to his *imagination*. And many pious persons have done so. But in *believing* the creations of one's own imagination to be realities, there is no *piety* whatever, but the reverse. This story, however, is quite out of the range of *pious* belief or imagining, for this very obvious reason, that it contradicts the sacred narrative. For the Evangelist expressly tells us, that it was to Mary Magdalene he appeared first. Mr. Oakeley has met this difficulty in so remarkable a manner, that it would be wrong to withhold it from the reader.

That such an appearance there was, although not recorded in the Holy Gospels, it seems almost a result of natural piety to suppose. That She, whose blessed soul had been pierced through and through at the Crucifixion, and who had been remembered on the cross in her own especial relation, when the beloved Apostle was consigned

to her as a mother, should yet have been left without the consolation of an interview with her glorified Son, when all the Apostles, and the other holy women, and St. Mary Magdalene, and others, were thus favoured, is, it may safely be said, immeasurably more at variance with what may be called religious probability, than that such interview should not have been recorded. Nothing whatever can be gathered as to the occurrence or non-occurrence of a fact from the silence of scripture; especially when the Holy Spirit expressly says, on two separate occasions, and both times immediately in connexion with the history of the Resurrection, that *our Lord did many more things than are written*.—pp. xvi., xvii.

But St. John says, that they were done by the Lord "*in the presence of his disciples*." These words, however, would have overturned Mr. Oakeley's argument, and he omits them.

Surely the New Testament bears no appearance whatever of being a complete or formal system of teaching; each inspired writer seems to "speak as he is moved," at the time, without reference to the consistency of the several portions of the actual Sacred Volume, as it has since been collected and promulgated by the Church. How does the special Appearance of our Lord to St. Peter after His Resurrection "come out" in scripture, but by the most incidental mention of the circumstances in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, fallen in with a yet more incidental mention of it in the Gospels? How casually does St. Paul in the same passage *drop*, as it were, that our Lord appeared to St. James! But it will be said that Scripture is mysteriously silent about the Blessed Virgin. That it is more silent* than we should expect DID WE COME TO IT,

* What does Mr. Oakeley mean by saying "*more* silent." Is not the Scripture *totally* silent. Bonaventure confesses it:

RATHER THAN TO THE CHURCH AS EVOLVING IT, FOR INSTRUCTION IN DIVINE TRUTH, may be readily allowed; but *except upon that hypothesis, which Catholics cannot receive*, its silence upon this subject proves no more than its silence upon any other matter of ancient belief besides that of the honour due to St. Mary, *e. g.* the use of prayers for the dead. Is not this argument, grounded upon the absence from the page of Scripture of such notices as we might expect about St. Mary, one of those which, as the saying is, "prove too much?" Is it not prejudicial to her *acknowledged* claim—acknowledged, I believe, by the ancient Fathers, and *certainly by many of our own divines —to all such reverence as is short of adoration?* Moreover, if the silence of Scripture upon the high claims of St. Mary be mysterious, (let it be remembered, however, that Scripture is not panegyrical,) are not the Scripture *intimations* of that "blessed among women" strangely significant also? Let the reader turn in thought to the narratives of the Annunciation, of the Visitation, of the Marriage of Cana, of the Crucifixion, and again to the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles,* and surely he will remember passages which are at least *suggestive* of very wonderful thoughts concerning the Mother of God.

Moreover, there is precisely the same extent and kind of silence in the three former Gospels as to the Blessed Virgin's presence at the Crucifixion which all four preserve

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Mr. Oakeley is obliged to confess it himself. Unless, therefore, he wishes to mislead, what can he mean by saying that it is *more silent* than we should expect?

"* In Mr. Newman's Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day, pp. 36—43, will be found a deep view on our Lord's mysterious sayings relative to His Blessed Mother, as connected with His Ministry, which would bring them into strict harmony with the belief of her ineffable dignity." [The reader will recollect, that this note is Mr. Oakeley's. It plainly proves how Mr. Newman's own friends understand his teaching with regard to the Virgin Mary.]

upon our Lord's Appearance to her after the Resurrection. Other holy women are mentioned by name, both as present at the Crucifixion, and as assisting at the Burial, and watching at the Tomb; but of her there is not even a hint. Can anything seem more like purposed exclusion? Is there any conceivable amount of traditionary proof, or ecclesiastical impression, which, by those who stipulate for direct Scripture evidence, would have been held sufficient to outweigh the circumstance of a silence so complete, and apparently so pointed? Then comes the beloved Apostle, and discovers to us the Holy Mother just where piety would have anticipated, in the *place of honour*, as it were, admitted to the most intimate communion with the sacred Passion, and singled out among the whole female company for special notice and high privilege. *There is reason, then, to think* that the absence of St. Mary's name from the accounts of the Resurrection, far from implying any slur upon her, is even a token of honour; and *imports rather that she was signally favoured, than that she was postponed to others.* Certainly the fact of total silence is beyond measure more arresting than would have been that of passing mention.—pp. xviii.—xix.

What an extraordinary idea does this passage give of Mr. Oakeley's notions of argument. Three of the evangelists have omitted to mention a certain circumstance. St. John supplies the omission; and by his supplying it, we know that the fact took place. In this instance, then, we know something, *through St. John*, of which we must have been ignorant, had *he* not recorded it: and, hence, we may fairly conclude, that the silence of the other three Evangelists is not sufficient of itself to prove the non-occurrence of any particular event. Now

from these premises, Mr. Oakeley proceeds to draw a totally different conclusion, and in a perfectly dissimilar case. He takes an instance where *all the four* Evangelists are silent, and from their silence, and our consequent ignorance, he argues *à fortiori* that a certain circumstance which they have not mentioned must have taken place. He actually argues, just as if the silence of revelation must give an additional degree of probability to our own inventions—and the less we are told by the sacred historians, the more certain we may be of the truth of any particular fancy which we may choose to imagine for ourselves. Bishop Burnett says, somewhere, that "though there is much sophistry in the world, yet there is also true logic and *a certain thread of reasoning*." It would be very sad if there were not; but really, it is impossible to read the productions of this school without being convinced, that by indulging in a poetical dreamy mysticism and in a habit of trifling with truth, they have reduced their reasoning powers to such a condition, that the "thread of reasoning" has got into rather an unsatisfactory state of tanglement. However, if they would only abstain from meddling with the Holy Scriptures, this would be a matter of little moment except to themselves. But I must allow Mr. Oakeley to proceed.

Upon the grounds of that silence it would be of course presumptuous to speculate: [a strange scruple, truly. How

can it be more *presumptuous* to speculate on the cause of an omission, than to undertake to *supply* it?] yet it may be observed how great is the difference between meditating upon the acts and privileges of St. Mary as matter of distinct *revelation*, and merely of *pious conjecture*. It may be, that minds so feeble and undiscriminating as ours, would have been unequal to the task of dwelling upon so tangled and delicate a theme as a *certainty*, while yet it would by no means follow that the withholding of knowledge (properly so called) is tantamount to the discouragement of *contemplation*. Does not this denial of perfect satisfaction to our curiosity tend to infuse into our meditations that special element of *indefiniteness*, which, in this very peculiar case, may be *the necessary condition of the benefit to be derived from them;* and, by removing the subject from the province of history into that of poetry, (not discredit it, but merely) obviate the temptations to a confused and unspiritual view of it?

I must beg my reader to forgive the interruption, but I really cannot pass over this extraordinary passage without notice. On this theory, the less Scripture tells us, and the more we are left to make things out for ourselves, the less danger there is of our taking confused and *unspiritual* views of them. A curious use of the word *unspiritual*, truly! Why, if this be true, we should be safer without the historical parts of Scripture altogether, and should be under fewer temptations to take *unspiritual* views, if all the articles of the faith were removed "*from the province of history into that of poetry*," since the subjects become only more tangled and difficult by being proposed to us as *certainties*. Why this

difficulty, however, should not be increased by the mysteriousness of the person,—and why the necessity for our being left to our own fancy and imagination should not be greater in the case of our Lord, than in that of the Virgin,—is not very apparent on Mr. Oakeley's principles. But, certainly, it is very hard to read such a piece of sophistication from the pen of a man who has had a university education, and taken some lead in controversy, without feeling, that it is not always easy to discover where mental confusion ends and dishonesty begins. I should like also to know, what this school of meditators would consider to be "*tantamount to the discouragement*" of what they call "contemplation." And, surely, if indefiniteness be, in any case, "the *necessary condition of the benefit to be derived*" from meditations—it does seem a very odd sort of method of securing the *benefit* to set about violating the "*necessary condition*" on which the benefit depends, by destroying this "*indefiniteness*," and supplying by the vagaries of our own fancy—each particular person for himself,—the circumstances, which, all the while, it is admitted are *purposely* concealed. There is a certain class of persons, who, as Mr. Locke describes them, "make very few or no propositions, and reason scarce at all," and on this account are regarded as an inferior class of beings;—but really, they are very much more harmless than those, who do reason after a fashion of their own,

and are not satisfied with mistaking the "disorderly jumbling of ideas together" in their heads, "for true logic and a certain thread of reasoning," but must take upon themselves to correct others and to revolutionize the church. Any form of craziness would have been safer than a taste for this kind of meditation. But I must proceed with Mr. Oakeley's argument.

Had acts of the Blessed Virgin been recorded, one by one, as those of our Lord have been, they had seemed so like His own, that we had been tempted to forget her immeasurable distance from Him. They had been the acts of *a perfect human nature not in union with the Divine*, and thus essentially different, at once, from those of our Lord, and from those of the Apostles. *There would not have been, as in the latter, the imperfection of humanity* to temper our veneration, nor, as in Him, the Divine Nature to justify our worship. St. Mary was the very mirror of the Divine perfections *in human nature;* reflecting the Divine Image (as in a measure all Christians do) *with a faithfulness to which other Saints have but approximated* (with whatever closeness,) the while she was but a Woman. On the acts and privileges of such an one, it might have been unsafe for us to dwell, had they been brought before us in the full blaze, as it were, of revealed light. Yet it is plain that meditating on them to whatever extent as mere *deductions* from revealed truth is absolutely different in kind from meditating on them as *revealed facts*. That Scripture has drawn a veil over them, may be fully granted; but *it has still to be proved that this veil is meant to conceal the light from our eyes*, and not merely to adapt it to their feeble powers.

I should like to know, what this party would

consider a proof, that when "Scripture has drawn a veil over" any facts it means "to conceal" them from us—or, what amount of notorious superstition and idolatry in those who have presumed to say what is behind that veil, would be taken by this school of meditation as a warning against following such examples.

But it will be said, that Scripture is not only silent about any Appearance of our Lord after His Resurrection prior to that with which St. Mary Magdalene was favoured, but speaks of the appearance to St. Mary Magdalene as the first. "Now when Jesus was risen, early the first day of the week, He appeared first to Mary Magdalene . . . and she went and told them that had been with Him." I cannot think, however, that, *read naturally*, this text would ever have been thought to contradict the belief in a prior appearance. Did Scripture indeed speak emphatically and with a controversial object, no doubt the word "first" would be meant not only to assert, but to exclude. If, on the other hand, we suppose a writer to be speaking with reference to the point just before him, and no other, we can, I think, perfectly understand the use of the word "first," without any emphatic or preclusive meaning whatever; or rather I would say, that the context added to other intimations of Holy Scripture, render such an interpretation of this text not merely a possible, but even the more natural, one. St. Mary Magdalene, says the Evangelist, went and told *them that had been with Him, as they mourned and wept;* thus seeming to draw our attention to *prior* claims, which *they* had, to see Him on His Rising. "Yet," the Evangelist seems to say, "they did not actually see Him before they had heard of His Resurrection from another." Moreover, the Greek word is not πρώτῃ, but πρῶτον, which, in the New Testament,

if I mistake not, almost invariably means, not "very first," or "first of all," but "first of the following," *i. e.* "before." —pp. xix.—xxi.

A criticism which, if it be worth anything at all, will serve some other meditator to prove that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea may have seen the Lord before Mary Magdalene did—that any one, in fact, may have seen Him, to whom the Scripture does not inform us He appeared at all.

Really, there seems to me something so amazing in this mode of treating the word of God, that I scarcely know what to say to it, or whether I have any need to say anything; whether I may not safely leave it to the piety and good sense of Christians, to visit it with that condemnation, which it is sure to receive from every right-minded person. Scripture is silent, with regard to a particular circumstance, on which we are tempted to indulge our imagination.—What then? Surely we may "devoutly conceive,"—to use the phraseology of these writers, (and with somewhat more of propriety than they do,)—that it is not without good and sufficient reason the divine wisdom has seen fit to leave us in ignorance. A very obvious reason, one might have supposed, would have occurred to any such exercise of the understanding as deserves to be called *meditation*—namely, that it is important to us to acquire the habit of keeping our imaginations under control —within defined bounds and limits,—and, conse-

quently, it can be no other than a merciful provision for our infirmities, that these bounds and checks are not left to our own discretion to supply, but are already furnished for our use, by the silence of holy Scripture on those innumerable points on which curiosity would not unnaturally seek for satisfaction. What we are intended to know, the word of God has recorded. What it is good and desirable and profitable for us to know, is revealed, and is made matter of certainty by the providence of our Heavenly Father's goodness. But the whole Book is constructed in such a manner, as to exercise our faith in His wisdom and love, and our submissive and contented acquiescence in His will, in all those cases where He has seen fit to leave us ignorant.

There is a silence of the soul, which is a divine and heaven-inspired virtue, that curbs the rambling excursions of a lively and impetuous fancy, and bids the imagination be still and prostrate, hearkening only to what the Almighty thinks proper to disclose. It is an earthly and sensual curiosity which *will* know, and *will* conjecture, and *will* imagine, and *will* try to force its presumptuous entrance into that mysterious darkness, in which the divine teacher has involved everything, except what he has deemed it safe and useful for us to know. The vice is ill-concealed, by dignifying it with the name of *Meditation*. In effect, what is this virtue, which I have here so feebly delineated, but a perception of the

inestimable preciousness of truth?—a jealous anxiety, lest the truth may get confused with fiction, and the mind lose its keenness of discrimination. A man must have lost all just reverence for truth, before he can dare to *meditate* on the awful realities of the gospel in the fashion this school desire to recommend. He must in a fearful degree, have lost his reverence for sacred names and sacred things, before he can presume to turn the life of the Son of God into a legend, the irreverence of which assumes a form a thousand times more criminal, on account of the fact,—of which proofs are everywhere afforded, —that circumstances are continually invented, not because they seem *probable*, or even because they appear *edifying*, but because they may serve to give colour to a superstition. Thus Bonaventure and Mr. Oakeley will tell us that Mary adored the cross, after the Lord's body had been laid in the sepulchre—

> when they came to the Cross, she bent her knee and said; "Here rested my beloved Son, and here was poured forth His most precious blood." And, after her example, all did the same. For we may well believe that our Lady was the first to pay this devotion to the Cross.—p. 236.

But where there is no particular error or superstition to be recommended, still is it a most sinful presumption and irreverence, and a no less sinful disregard of truth, that *will* speak where God is silent. Can anything be more calculated to repress a licentious curiosity than the manner in which the Evangelists

record the agony of the Lord in the garden—His brief and thrice-repeated prayer—His bloody sweat?—what reverent spirit will desire to conjecture the mysterious import of the one, or to imagine the details of the other? Who will not rather prostrate his spirit and adore in silence? But this is just the sort of subject which suits this spirit of Meditation; and so, having presumed (in contradiction to the whole tenour of our Lord's actions and words,) to expound His mysterious prayer in this manner,

> He prays the Father that the hour of death may pass from Him: that is, that, if it be God's pleasure, *He may not die;* and in this prayer He is not heard.—p. 209.

Mr. Oakeley gives us a prayer of considerable length, which Bonaventure dares to put into the lips of the Son of God;—and then, in order to bolster up the foolish traditions about the holy places, he ventures to say, without a shadow of authority from holy Scripture,

> He prayed in three different places, distant from each other about a stone's cast; not so far as with a great effort one might throw a stone, but with a gentle impulse; perhaps about the same length as our houses, as I hear from one of our brethren who has been there; and still on those very spots are the remains of the churches which have been built upon them.—pp. 211, 212.

And then presently he says,

> He rises, then, from prayer the third time, His whole person bathed in blood; behold Him cleansing His face from it, or haply immersing it in the stream.—Ibid.

It is needless to comment on writing from which the mind turns with loathing; but it is important to take the opportunity of observing, that the writers of this school are endeavouring to instil into people's minds the notion, that it is possible to *realize* the sufferings of Christ by these flights of imagination; as if any such exercises can have the remotest tendency to enable one to realize sufferings, whose essential peculiarity consisted, neither in their nature nor their intensity, but in the vicariousness of their import, and the divine nature of the Person who endured them. Other methods also besides those of *meditation* are recommended by these writers: for example, by Dr. Pusey; who, in a work of Surin, the Jesuit, that he has lately "Edited and Adapted to the use of the English Church," gives the following directions, which may serve to indicate the existence of some practices, of which the public has not yet been informed.

Another and more efficacious means of feeling the Sufferings of Christ is, in some measure to experience them. "No man," says our author, "has so cordial a feeling of the Passion of Christ, as he who hath suffered the like himself. B. ii., c. 12. St. Bonaventure teaches us, that this is done by looking at this Divine Model of patience, and trying to feel in ourselves the rigour of His Tortures; and thus, *that we may know in ourselves what he suffered at the pillar*, WE MUST, says this holy Doctor, DISCIPLINE OURSELVES TO BLOOD. One who sincerely loves our Lord, and who desires nothing so much as to participate in His Sufferings, can *thus* best judge how cruel His Scourging

was, and how great the pain caused by the nails which pierced his Hands and Feet. Many pious persons of the present day, falsely persuaded that it is enough to care for the interior, might learn by such experience that the *exterior exercises* of virtue are of no little service to the soul which desires to be hid with Christ in God."—*The Foundations of the Spiritual Life.*—p. 193.

The whole notion here put forward by Dr. Pusey for "the use of the English Church," is founded on utter ignorance of the nature of the sufferings of Christ; since no arts of realization,—whether by pictures in the imagination, or by self-inflicted torments of body,—can ever give one the faintest perception of the meaning of that suffering, which consisted in *sacrifice*, in His offering up, by the eternal Spirit, His body and soul for the sins of the world. But this error,—and it is a very dreadful error,—does, by reducing the sufferings of the Lord to a spectacle which is to move the feelings and excite the imagination, tend but too directly to the denial, not only of the doctrine of the Atonement, but of the Godhead of Christ. And let me add also, my conviction, that this error has grown out of a habit of trifling with truth, and tampering with holy Scripture, until, at last, the moral sense has become blunted, and the distinction between truth and falsehood has become mystified and confused in the understanding.

Mr. Oakeley acknowledges the reserve which holy Scripture maintains concerning the blessed

Virgin; but meditate he must: and therefore, instead of being satisfied to stop short, where Scripture is silent; he actually makes its silence a justification for the liberties he takes. It may well be granted to him, that the Lord *may* have appeared to his mother, although the appearance is not recorded. But he *may not* have appeared to her. He *may* have had wise reasons for not doing so. And therefore, as we have no possible ground for conjecture, who could desire to decide the question one way or other? still less, to supply what the Scripture withholds, and presume to detail what took place in a conversation, which (if any conversation of the kind ever occurred) the Holy Spirit has deemed it improper to record? As to the attempt Mr. Oakeley makes to evade the charge of contradicting the Evangelist, it is not likely to find much entertainment among persons competent to form a judgment on the subject, and only proves that he is conscious of the grave censure to which he has laid himself open.

CHAPTER XLI.

EFFECT OF THIS SYSTEM ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY —THE VISION OF ST. MAMERTINUS.

The whole tendency of the system is to undermine the authority of holy Scripture, and to weaken the evidences of Christianity. People are to be affected by poetry, and not by truth;—by meditation, and not by the divine record;—by disciplining themselves to blood, and not by a thankful remembrance of the sacrifice by which their sins were atoned for. The letter of the Scripture is of little value or importance. The Gospel is but an outline, which must be filled up in order to make it edifying. The Old Testament, "if not made Christian by Allegory, is, after all, no more than Jewish History."

In the Life of St. German is a story of a vision, which bears such internal proof of its legendary character, as to be undeserving of serious consideration. The credit of this tale the Biographer of German has endeavoured to save by an argument of so surprising a description, that it would be wrong not to lay it entire before the reader.

I. What are we to think of St. Mamertinus's wonderful story, as related in Chapter VIII.? That he was a Pagan, and lost the use of his sight and hand, and was induced by one Sabinus to go to Auxerre, to seek for St. German, and came at night into the Mons Autricus, the Cemetery, and

there fell asleep on the tomb and in the cell of a departed Saint—this is plain enough and indisputable. But what was that which followed? Was it a real thing, or was it a vision? And here the subject becomes serious, and we must "put off our shoes from our feet, for the place where we stand is holy ground." For *what, indeed, do we mean, when we draw a distinction between realities and visions? Is it untrue to say that everything is real*, that everything is the action of Almighty God upon His creation, and especially upon His spiritual creation, if such distinction may be made? God works by instruments, or what we view as instruments; He makes the things of the external world, objects, times, circumstances, events, associations, to impress the action of His Will upon men. The bad and the good receive the same impressions, but their judgment concerning them differs. The moral sight of the one is vitiated, that of the others indefinitely pure. If, then, the only real thing to us be the communication of the Divine Mind to our mind, *is there room to inquire whether the occasion or medium of that communication is real?* At least, it would appear that St. Mamertinus considered the inquiry superfluous. The very obscurity which impends over his narrative, and which has purposely been preserved in this Life, may, for aught we know, be owing to *the impossibility of drawing any material distinctions between what are called, real events and visions, or dreams.* For it must be remembered that Constantius introduces the very language of St. Mamertinus into his Life of St. German. It was a book which apparently had but recently come out, in which St. Mamertinus published to the world the history of his own mysterious conversion. And Constantius seems to have a scruple in taking any liberties with it, and consequently inserts it as it was into his own work. Now it is certainly remarkable that the subject himself of so wonderful an occurrence, should hesitate whether he ought to call it a reality or a vision, sometimes adapting his

phraseology to the one aspect of the matter, sometimes to the other. Yet *what is this but what had four hundred years before been exemplified and sanctioned by Inspiration itself?* In the history of Cornelius's conversion, himself a Gentile, *the same ambiguity is apparent.* In the very beginning, how singular, if we may so speak, the words, "He saw a vision *evidently*." [But these are not the words. The text says, "He saw *in* a vision," ἐν ὁράματι.] Here, however, the apparition of the angel is clearly called a vision. Yet, when the messengers of Cornelius came to St. Peter, they said nothing about a vision, but "Cornelius, the centurion, was warned from God by an holy angel." Nay, Cornelius himself, when Peter came to him, spoke as if it had been no vision. "Four days ago, I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and *behold a man stood before me and said.*" Was this not, at once, both a vision and a reality? Could God's purposes be more distinctly revealed? In like manner, the whole of what happened to Mamertinus had but one end, one object, the imparting of Almighty God's gracious mercies to a lost and sinful creature. *Life itself is as much a vision as anything in sleep;* it is the moving to and fro of ever flitting images; there is one, and one only, substantial fact in life, the existence of created beings in the presence of their Omnipotent Maker. And such, apparently, was the ultimate aspect in which St. Mamertinus came to view his conversion, ever less complex, more simple, more one, as he advanced in holiness, "without which no man will see the Lord." He most probably lived till 468, about fifteen years before Constantius began to write his Life, and would therefore be at that time an old man, one who had fought the good fight. For he was a young man when St. German was above forty, and apparently outlived him as long as twenty years, having become Abbot of the Monastery only at a late period. But so it is; Almighty

God has never been seen, and yet is always seen. Every thing around us is a symbol of His presence. Does not the sublime author of the City of God speak after this wise? "Be not surprised," he says, "if God, though He be invisible, is said to have appeared *visibly* to the Fathers. For as the sound which conveys the thought that dwells in the silence of the mind, is not one and the same thing with it, so that form in which God is seen, who yet dwells in the invisible, was not one with Him. Nevertheless, He was visible in this same bodily form, just as thought is audible in the sound of the voice; and the Fathers knew that *they saw an invisible God* in that bodily form, which yet was not He. For Moses spake unto Him who also spake, and yet he said unto Him, "If I have found grace in Thy sight, show me now Thyself, that I may see Thee with knowledge."

To conform, however, to the ordinary modes of speech, (and we cannot but do so as long as things appear multiple, instead of simple) it is conceived that what occurred while St. Mamertinus was in the cell of St. Corcodemus, was what we call a vision. St. Florentinus in white and shining garments, at the entrance of the cell; St. Corcodemus issuing from the tomb and joining his ancient companions; the beautiful dialogue concerning the penitent Pagan; the five holy Bishops celebrating their Votive Mass in the Church; the discourse between the Apostle St. Peregrine and Mamertinus; and the subsequent antiphonal strains issuing from the Church,—all was part of the vision. But the vision was so clear; its effects and fulfilment were so complete, that it had nothing, as it were, to distinguish it from real event, except that it occurred in sleep. Dreams and visions have ever held a prominent part in God's marvellous dispensations. The form is a dream, the substance a reality. We cannot bear the reality without the form. "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then

shall I know even as I am known." A notion attaches to dreams and visions which we think we can cast off; they do not hang by us with the vividness of real events. They have a meaning; yet they admit of being otherwise viewed. This is our infirmity, but it is wisely ordained, for we are men.—St. German, pp. 284—288.

Now, will any one calmly consider the manner in which truth and falsehood are sought to be confounded in this extraordinary passage, and the manner in which they manifestly are confounded in the author's mind, and ask himself,—where this movement is to end. It is impossible, we are told, to draw "any material distinctions between what are called real events, and visions or dreams." If so, what becomes of the evidences of Christianity?—of the certainty of sensible miracles?—of the proofs of the truth and reality of the Incarnation, the Death, or the Resurrection of Christ?

END OF VOLUME I.

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